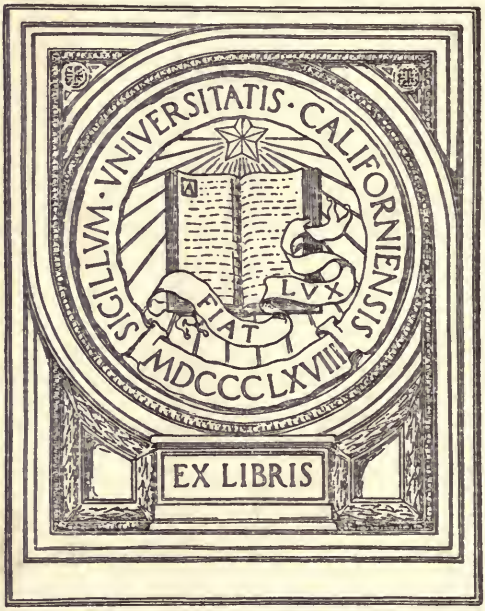
A CHAUTAUQUA BOY IN '61 AND AFTERWARD

REMINISCENCES BY

DAVID B. PARKER

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



A CHAUTAUQUA BOY

Sincerely yours
Willard B. Parker.

A CHAUTAUQUA BOY

In '61 and Afterward

REMINISCENCES

BY

DAVID B. PARKER

Second Lieutenant, Seventy-second New York, Detailed
Superintendent of the Mails of the Army of the Potomac,
United States Marshal, District of Virginia
Chief Post Office Inspector

EDITED BY TORRANCE PARKER

INTRODUCTION BY

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D.

Eaton Professor of the Science of Government,
Harvard University

BOSTON

SMALL, MAYNARD AND COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

COPYRIGHT, 1912
BY SMALL, MAYNARD AND COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)

Entered at Stationers' Hall

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

E601
P22c

To my son Torrance:

I have complied with your request to have written out some incidents, happenings and reminiscences which my memory has retained from my army and official life.

It has given me pleasure to do this because you have always, boy and man, been a good son and comrade.

DAVID B. PARKER

195900

INTRODUCTION

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, PH.D., LL.D., LITT.D.

Eaton Professor of the Science of Government, Harvard University

THE tendency of military history and memoirs is to emphasize operations on a great scale: plans for a campaign, concentration of armies, selection of fighting ground, approach of the enemy, preliminary skirmishes and small fights; above all, great pitched battles with troops shifting from point to point, occupation of vantage points, and subsequent movements of victor and of vanquished — these are the staple of the military historian.

In the long run such accounts of military operations are not history; they are simply technical descriptions of the working of a highly specialized human force. Single battles seldom decide campaigns; single campaigns rarely settle the fate of nations. A defeat may be a Bull Run, which nerves the beaten side to unrelenting resistance; a victory may be a Cedar Creek, reversed almost before it is gained. The importance of war from the point of view of history is that it furnishes new combinations for statesmen, that it makes possible a national development which up to that time has been blocked. Napoleon smashed the map of Europe and reassembled the fragments much according to his will; but that greatest of modern soldiers could not build up an empire that would live as long as he did himself. Other people profited by the new state of things brought about by his wars, to create new political units.

Nor are battles all or the essential part of warfare. A silent and uneventful blockade may be as effective in completing a peace as a great battle; and preparations, drill, transportation, and hospital service are the means by which armies are commonly put into the position where they win or lose battles. Hence the man in the ranks and the observant officer may see as much that makes up the true history of a war as the dashing general who writes the reports, or the military critic who points out the flaws in those reports. The effect of war upon a country is measured quite as much by its influence upon the individual soldiers as by its effect on national existence.

From the beginning of military history the world has valued military memoirs, two of which — Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand and Cæsar's Commentaries — have for ages been classics, admired not for their account of battles but for their revelation of the writers. Our own Civil War has been rich in such writings. Three of the great Union commanders, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, and two of the Confederates, Johnston and Longstreet, wrote elaborate accounts of their own service and relations to the struggle; and there have been numerous personal narratives based on letters and memoranda of the time or on memory by participants of every rank in the service. Those works, particularly by minor characters, have made possible an insight into the spirit of the two armies. We can march with the column, go through the monotony of the barracks, serve the grape-shot, and suffer the agonies of the surgeon's table, from a comfortable seat in our own armchairs.

People who went through the Civil War realize what a later generation hardly understands, that the war was

not fought by the man at the front alone; that at every post, from the picket line back to the recruiting stations in Maine or Minnesota, there were men acting a part essential for the spirit and the morale of the troops. Indeed one might go beyond the rearmost line and say that the war was fought also by the farmers who raised the food, the tailors who made the clothing, and the women who brought up the children and watched for news from the army. We need to realize that the Civil War was on both sides a struggle of the whole people, infused with a spirit of passionate self-sacrifice and devotion to an ideal such as the peaceful and well-fed generation of to-day can scarce imagine.

Among the narratives of men who participated in the Civil War in active fashion, the memoirs of David B. Parker will henceforth have an honorable place. His early training and experience in warfare are nowise unusual: a million men had a similar life in a prosperous countryside; hundreds of thousands were in more battles and heard the zip of more bullets; scores of thousands of ex-soldiers like Parker again took their place in the body politic and rendered good service to their communities; hundreds have written memoirs equally long and touching similar matters. Nevertheless this book has some characteristics which mark it as unusual of its kind.

The first is Captain Parker's remarkable power of graphic and interesting writing. From the first chapter to the last the book holds its ease and vivacity. You may read it over and then turn backward and begin again, and it will still be fresh and interesting. Without laying claim to literary skill, the book possesses the charm of easy narrative and a sense of the graphic.

The larger part of these memoirs is not military:

besides the account of his service in the army Parker describes his later career as United States Marshal for Virginia, and as Inspector in the Post-Office Department during a period which is still hard to comprehend; and he reveals some workings of a great public machinery, beyond the ken of the layman.

The military part of the memoirs begins with the boy of eighteen who is bound to enlist and is in a state of apprehension lest the country may try to get along without him. Almost immediately on entrance into the service the young soldier is sent for the regimental mail, and thus eventually is detailed to a service which brings him into personal relations with some of the great figures of the period. Few books on war time so clearly reveal the original helplessness of the armies, the lack of any traditional or regular method of caring for the men in the field. As simple a matter as the collection and distribution of mail, where every man had his fixed place in the line, had to be organized as a new function. Young Parker did his share of fighting in the Peninsular Campaign of 1862, and has recorded some striking and entertaining things about the soldiers in the trenches, as for instance the Dutchman who was left in the timber badly wounded but managed to pot four or five enemies, shamming dead between his shots. Parker's career was determined when he was put in charge of the mail of Hooker's command and made Second Lieutenant; and throughout the war he developed a talent for cutting red tape, quite foreign to the traditions of the regular army, as for instance when he went on issuing as many money orders as the soldiers called for and could pay for.

Parker was at Gettysburg, but was able to see little of the fight. His main service at that time was literally

to shake up the chief commissary of the army at Baltimore and compel him to ship supplies to the front without regard to the usual military routine. Parker knew Hooker well, Meade — whom he thought cold and unlikable — a little, and was so fortunate as to command the high regard of General Grant, whose favorable impression of the young man was to have a great influence on his later life. In one of his interviews he says that Grant "had not heard from Washington but did not seem to be disturbed about that." Dispatches from Grant brought him into personal relations with Mr. Lincoln, who "looked very haggard and careworn." Characteristically enough, Lincoln bestowed on the young man a little story of an experience of his own at Dunkirk. The singular unwillingness of General Grant to stir up General Butler comes out in the superior officer's advice to the young man when Butler threatened to arrest him: "Just ignore them and don't go there to General Butler's army." When Parker tried to leave the service in 1864, Grant insisted on making him Special Agent and continued him in the service.

One of the livest parts of this volume is the sketch of that extraordinary character, William B. Cushing, whose famous exploit of blowing up the Albemarle will be remembered while deeds of reckless bravery are told. That this combination of Paul Jones and Sir Lucius O'Trigger should have come from a place so far from the seacoast as Fredonia, New York, where Parker knew him as a boy, is one of the wonders of his career. His love of mischief and disregard of discipline had caused him to be separated from the service, and it was through the personal influence of Lincoln, who liked this spirited lad, that he got his opportunities. The blowing up of the Albemarle was only one of several

impossible deeds. Parker's account of the escapades of his friend, and still more the narrative which Cushing gave him of his proposed dash, add much to our knowledge of the naval officer.

Immediately after the war Parker was detailed to reorganize the mail service in Virginia. As Postal Agent it became his duty to travel across the mountains, and he has left a narrative of his experiences in the farmhouses, on the bad roads, and among the moonshiners, including a trip through the Cumberland Gap and into East Tennessee. Among his friends was Miss Van Lew, the Union woman who helped so many officers to escape from Libby, and who, when she was made postmistress of Richmond, proved to be as unwilling to obey Uncle Sam as Uncle Jeff; and Parker had a hard job to persuade her to follow necessary instructions. The service of special agents of the Government, both postal and treasury, comes little before the public notice; and not the least interesting part of this book is the account of the difficulties of the mail service on the frontier, and the startling incidents in the necessarily secret pursuit of criminals.

In 1868 Parker was twenty-five years old, the time of life when many men have not emerged from a professional school, but his devotion to duty and his skill in organization had attracted the attention of powerful friends. After the election, and before the inauguration of Grant as President, he invited the young man to his house, and bluntly informed him that he proposed to make him United States Marshal for Virginia. "You need not place any papers on file; it will be a personal appointment. . . . In case of a personal appointee going wrong, I would be more severe than I would upon anyone else." Parker's previous service

and friendly relations for four years in Richmond made the appointment welcome. He speedily became a part of the reconstruction system, and it was his duty to have something to do with the jury in which negroes appeared for the first time in a Virginia jury box. He brings out the curious fact that Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase was very much discomfited to see a negro member of the venire, and apparently suspected a trick. His service brought him into contact with many public men, then or thereafter leaders; among them General Garfield and Secretary Boutwell, who objected to the service of so young a man in an important district, and told him that he looked like a boy. He also met many ex-Confederates, among them Mosby and Governor Wise.

Among other interesting duties was that of breaking up a body of filibusters organized in Richmond to go to Cuba. Another was to deal with the moonshiners who from 1865 to 1869 had had their own way and were sometimes defended by ex-soldiers. The tales of Parker's experience with counterfeiters and other desperate characters would set up a writer of detective novels. Among the incidents of his office was the honorary title of Colonel, which, like that of the civilian inspectors in the Indian service, adhered to him throughout his life; though the only basis was the belief of a clerk in the State Department that any United States Marshal who had acted as escort for the President at his inauguration was by a mythical executive order created a colonel. At least, his title was not based on the principle claimed by one of his Southern friends who became a colonel when he married the widow of a colonel. He had one experience with the Ku-Klux, who, having duly organized in a Virginia

town, made for the only Union man they could find in the neighborhood, took him out and whipped him, and subsequently went to jail for it. Parker was reappointed Marshal by President Grant, but after two years withdrew and was requested to designate his successor.

A fourth field of public service was shortly opened to Parker when he was summoned to Washington and made Inspector of the Post-Office Department, to investigate supposed frauds in transportation of mails in Louisiana. He was successful in discovering a long and expensive mail route by river on which there were no chartered boats at all; such mail as came in was carried anyhow. A man at one of the landings kept a register of imaginary arrivals of steamers, and regularly started a stage out from the landing, which, after going a few miles, returned to its eyrie. The author makes a significant comment on fraudulent claims to the amount of $40,000 which he held up: "But experience in Washington has taught me that such claims generally found their way into the hands of a persistent claim agent, who, by act of Congress, or otherwise, obtained some part of the money." His next experience was on the Pacific coast, where he had many entertaining experiences of breaking into established usages and unearthing corrupt methods. Oregon at that early period made upon him the impression of immense resources and capable population which it makes upon the visitor to-day.

From the coast he came back to Washington as Chief Post-Office Inspector with a body of ninety men under him, whom the Postmaster General called "the fingers of the Postmaster General's official hand." So effective was his service that he went undisturbed through six

changes in the head of the Post Office Department. The book abounds in instances of ingenious methods of defrauding the Government, and of the increasing vigilance necessary to head off the robbers. On the other hand, Parker relates one almost incredible case of a contractor for leather pouches who applied to the government to reduce his compensation on the ground that the price of leather had fallen. The student of American government, and particularly of national administration, may learn much of the interior workings of a great executive department from this story by a man who was on the inside.

Among the numerous public men whom Parker met were two young members of Congress named William McKinley of Ohio, and Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois. An entertaining item is his account of the method by which the Democratic National Committee of 1876 sent out personal typewritten letters to voters, a system recently taken up by a Kentucky politician who actually undertook to dispatch a signed letter to every voter in the state. The famous cipher dispatches sent out in that campaign were, for a time, in the custody of Mr. Parker, and he gives some interesting details about the Electoral Commission of 1877.

Among "Post Office Depredation Cases" put in Parker's charge were several on the frontier and in the Indian Agencies, and he made a friend of the Ute chief Ouray. He was also interested in, although not an organizer of, the railway mail service, the originator of which was practically Theodore N. Vail. This service from the beginning included the principle of retention of skilled men, to the wrath and dismay of the newly elected congressmen, one of whom indignantly asked, "Do you mean to say that I can't put

anybody out, and put anybody in, in my district?" Mr. Parker was also acquainted with the organization and development of the money order system and the free delivery service.

Parker's efficiency in the government service led, in 1883, to his appointment by the American Bell Telephone Company to a responsible position; and while it was pending he was made postmaster of the city of Washington, but he did not accept. Nevertheless, he was not allowed to leave the service without tributes and presentations from his superiors and friends in the department.

In this service of a private corporation Mr. Parker remained throughout the rest of his active life, retiring from business in 1898. He was for twelve years an invalid, and at the very end of his life dictated these interesting and admirable memoirs, full of racy and instructive anecdotes and experiences. President Johnson once summarily removed him, under the belief that a violent speech against the President had been delivered by Parker instead of by one Porter, but he was immediately reinstated. President Grant knew and thoroughly appreciated this straightforward and indefatigable man. President Hayes had a habit of asking that Parker be detailed on investigation of special complaints. With Garfield and Harrison, James G. Blaine, and Speaker Thomas B. Reed he had acquaintance. He knew President Arthur well. He met Horace Greeley at the time he went on the bail bond for Jefferson Davis, and occasionally thereafter, and relates some interesting details about Frederick Douglass.

The remarkable interest of this book is due in part to the large scenes and large men among whom the relator's life was passed, but still more to his own

interest in what he was doing, which was the reason why he stood among men in high places. A third element is his thorough enjoyment of a good story and a dramatic situation. There are many volumes of reminiscences in the same period of time by people who were more immediately connected with the political side of the Government; but hardly any of them reveal so much of the inner workings of the army, of soldier life, and of the public service during the critical period of the Civil War, and the years immediately following. It is an extremely entertaining account of a resolute and eventful life, devoted for many years to straightforward, unflinching public service.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE

THE following is reprinted from the "Army and Navy Journal" of October 1, 1910:

"Col. David B. Parker, U. S. V., who died recently at his home in Ellicottville, N. Y., after an illness of many years' duration, was a native of Chautauqua County, and won distinction for himself and the county of his birth through a varied and honorable military and business career. 'At the age of eighteen years,' writes a correspondent, 'he enlisted in 1861 as a soldier in the Civil War as a member of the 72d Regiment, N. Y. Volunteers. He was early promoted to a lieutenancy, and was placed by General Hooker in charge of the mail service of the Army of the Potomac. This assignment was continued when General Meade took command of the Army, and still later under the command of General Grant. General Grant was greatly attached to the efficient young officer, and made a request of President Lincoln to have him appointed a special agent of the Post-Office Department to continue his duties in the postal department of the Army, and the request was granted. So faithfully had he performed the duties assigned to him that his ability attracted the attention of superior officers, and at the close of the war he was employed to re-establish the U. S. mail service in Virginia. General Grant still retained his interest in Lieutenant Parker, and after he was elected President he appointed him U. S. marshal for the district of Virginia, and at the end of a four-year term reappointed him to the same position. Later he resigned the marshalship and re-entered the postal service of the

Government, and then he was made chief of the post-office inspectors of the United States, serving in that capacity from 1876 until 1883, when President Arthur appointed him postmaster of the city of Washington. His strong executive ability having been recognized by men of affairs in the nation, he was, at about the same time he was named as Washington's postmaster, offered a position with the American Bell Telephone Company, which was then in a formative period and required the services of able men in its various departments. He did not qualify as postmaster, but accepted the place offered him by the Bell Company. To him was assigned the duty of organizing branch companies of the parent organization, a work in which he was signally successful, and he held the position of director in many of these companies. He organized and was made superintendent of the New England Telephone Company with headquarters in Boston. Later he was made general manager of the New York Telephone Company, and still later he was made vice-president and general manager of the Bell Telephone Company of Buffalo, where he made his headquarters for a number of years. In his services for the Government during and after the war and in his business career with the Bell Telephone Company he obtained a wide and favorable acquaintance with the most distinguished statesmen and men of affairs in America. He was thrown into close relation with President Lincoln, and became intimately acquainted with Presidents Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Arthur, from all of whom he received important commissions. As an executive officer in any line of work he attempted he was successful, winning the respect and confidence of the men with whom he was associated and of those against whom he was pitted in extensive business enterprises. He was recognized as being honest and straightforward in all of his business dealings. Both of his grandfathers were soldiers in the War of the Revolution. They were Benjamin Parker and Major Samuel

Sinclair, the latter the first settler within the limits of the present town of Charlotte, in this county. His father was Dr. Charles Parker. For the past ten years David B. Parker had been a confirmed invalid, unable to leave his bed or to assist himself in any way. Yet during all of these years he kept fully abreast of the times. He retained a keen interest in public affairs, both in the field of business and politics. None of the important events of the day escaped him. The daily papers and current literature were read to him regularly by those who administered to his wants. Friends of his more active days took pleasure in keeping up their acquaintance and in discussing with him the various affairs in which humanity has been interested during these years. His mind was as clear to the very last, apparently, as it was during the days of his vigorous manhood, and no one ever left his bedside without feeling the better and wiser for the time spent in his company. Although helpless, yet with perfect brain and speech, he has written (dictated) a large volume in the past two years on his experiences with General Grant, President Lincoln, Arthur, Johnson, Horace Greeley, the Cushings, and hundreds of others. He is survived by a wife and two sons.'"

CONTENTS

		Page
	Introduction by Albert Bushnell Hart	vii
	Biographical Preface	xix
Chap.		
I	The War Through Gettysburg	1
II	From Gettysburg to Richmond	37
III	War-Time Friends	65
IV	Reconstruction of the Postal Service in Virginia	109
V	United States Marshal for Virginia	150
VI	Postal Secret Service, Part I	195
VII	Postal Secret Service, Part II	243
VIII	Some Recollections of Public Men	286
IX	Country Life in Western New York	335
	Index	371

ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

David B. Parker. Portrait enlarged from a group taken in 1895 . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Order detailing Private Parker as Mail Agent of Hooker's Division 6

Copy of Letter from Non-commissioned Officers at Hooker's Headquarters, presenting him with Major General's shoulder straps 10

Copy of Major General Hooker's thanks for shoulder straps 10

Order commanding all officers to aid and assist Private Parker, Mail Agent of Sickles' Division 12

Pass for Private Parker, Mail Agent of Centre Grand Division 16

Order from Major General Meade for delivery of mail to David Parker, Fifth Corps Mail Agent 20

Commission as Second Lieutenant, signed by Governor Seymour 22

Lieutenant David B. Parker 24

Order installing the Money Order Service in the Army . 28

Army Mail, Army of the Potomac 37

Letter of recommendation from General Hooker . . 40

Pass for Lieutenant Parker, Mail Agent, superintending mail for the Army of the Potomac 44

PAGE

W. M. Beckwith, Captain, Aide-de-camp, Major, and Colonel 48

Letter conveying thanks of Post Office Department to Special Agent Parker for promptness in taking possession of Post Office at Richmond 54

Special Agent Parker and Captain C. E. Scoville . . . 58

Commander William B. Cushing 65

Provost Marshal General M. R. Patrick 88

Robert Selkirk, Duryee's Zouaves, detailed as a mail agent 104

Circular containing oath required of postmasters during Reconstruction 109

Mr. and Mrs. David B. Parker. From photograph taken on their wedding trip 150

Commission as United States Marshal, signed by President Grant 162

Mrs. David B. Parker 176

Postmaster General Key and Chief Officers of the Department 195

General Charles Adams 243

President Chester A. Arthur 286

George A. Sheridan 314

Parker Hill 335

George Sinclair at the age of 87 348

A CHAUTAUQUA BOY

CHAPTER I

THE WAR THROUGH GETTYSBURG

I WAS born at Ashville, Chautauqua County, New York, December 25, 1842. My father, Charles Parker, was a practicing physician and the son of a Revolutionary soldier from Rhode Island, who settled in the town of Ellery, near Bemus Point, Chautauqua County, in 1812. My mother was the daughter of Major Samuel Sinclair, a Revolutionary soldier belonging to the First New Hampshire Regiment, commanded by his uncle Colonel Joseph Cilley. After the Revolutionary War my grandfather lived in Oneida County, New York, but came to Chautauqua in 1809, making a settlement where the town Sinclairville bearing his name stands.

While a boy I lived at Fredonia, Jamestown, and Forestville, Chautauqua County, and attended the schools and academies at those places. My father moved from Fredonia to Ellery Center, Chautauqua County, in 1860. His health, which was quite delicate, had given way under the lake winds prevalent at Fredonia, while riding the country over, practicing his profession. My grandfather's original settlement in 1812 was distant about a mile from our home in Ellery Center, and I worked upon the farm and raised some crops. Everyone was excited over the political events of '60, and I was an ardent Republican and admirer of

Abraham Lincoln. In the spring of 1861 I felt that if war was declared it would be my duty to go. So, when Sumter was fired upon, and President Lincoln issued his call for three-year volunteers, I was fully determined to enlist, but did not announce the fact to my parents. Every evening there was a gathering at the post-office to hear the latest news, which was read from a daily paper. Someone who had just returned from Jamestown announced that Captain J. M. Brown was raising a company to go to New York and join a brigade which General Sickles was organizing. I drove the next morning (Sunday) to Jamestown and sought Captain Brown. He informed me that his company was full and uniforms were being made, and that he expected to take his men to New York in a few days, but that he had just heard Captain Stevens of Dunkirk would also take a company to join the same regiment, and if I would hurry over there perhaps I could go with that company, and then later on an exchange to the Jamestown company might be effected, if I wished. The Jamestown company attended services at the Presbyterian Church in a body, and I heard a sermon preached to them and then drove back to Ellery. When I informed my father that I wanted to go at once to Dunkirk and enlist, he objected at first, saying that more volunteers would offer than could be accepted; that I had better wait awhile; that I was very young, eighteen, etc. I felt it was right for young men who had no family to go first. Father yielded, and we made ready to drive to Dunkirk. A young man, Martin Boyden, who lived with my uncle, begged to go with me, so we two and my father started at nightfall and drove as far as Cassadaga, eight miles from Dunkirk. The horses were very tired, and we put up at the hotel

at two A. M. We were all placed in one room, and as soon as my father was asleep we boys stole out, and, leaving word with the hostler for my father to drive to Dunkirk at his leisure, we walked on and, arriving at Dunkirk, sought Captain Stevens' house and sat on his porch until he arose. He said that he had a sufficient number enrolled for his company at bedtime, but that perhaps some might back out or be rejected by the surgeon, and that he thought I could go, but that my friend was under stature, and he noticed his front teeth were not good, so he did not think he would be accepted. In those days the cartridges were of paper, and in loading the end was torn off by the teeth, hence sound front teeth were considered a requisite. We went to the armory and waited for Captain Stevens. On his arrival he found that parents had induced several to withdraw, and the surgeon had rejected several, and he said to us, "You may go in, and if the doctor passes you, I will take you. You seem anxious to go, and I like your grit." The doctor examined and passed us, and we were told to go in the armory yard and commence drilling. Sergeant Daniel Loeb, of Captain Stevens' old militia company, headed a squad of about twenty men and commenced to teach us the rudiments of marching. We were in double file, and he explained that his order would be: "'Forward!' Then you don't do a thing. Then when I say, 'March!' you start straight ahead. Then I will want to turn you to the right or left, and I will say, 'File right!' Then you don't do a thing, just keep marching straight ahead. Then when I say, 'March!' you turn to the right — only the head file — the rest don't turn till they get there. Now, you keep step and start when I give the order." So he marched us about the yard,

filing right and left and teaching us to keep in step. After a while, as we were marching, he gave the order, "File left, March!" and led the column to the right. When my turn was reached, I went to the left as he had ordered, but the rest filed on to the right. I reached a woodpile, climbed up upon it, and was partly over the high board fence, when I heard the command, "Halt!" The little Sergeant was heated and worried over drilling raw recruits, and when he saw me up on the fence he commenced to swear in a mixture of English and German, saying, "You damned fool, I get you discharged now," but some of the squad of men immediately said to him, "You said 'File left!' but went to the right." Instantly Loeb said, "I can fool every damned man of you but that fellow. You get down and come back here, and I make you Corporal." So I commenced my soldier life.

Our Captain was District Attorney of Chautauqua County, and had lived in the county but a few years. He was a very brilliant young man, and Captain of a militia company which took second prize in a national drill at New York the year previous. The first prize went to the company of Captain (afterward Colonel) Ellsworth, of Chicago. Captain Stevens was a fine soldier, and was promoted until he became Colonel of the regiment, and was killed at Chancellorsville. A tablet to his memory is in place in Memorial Hall at Harvard University — William Oliver Stevens.

Uniforms were made for us by the ladies of Fredonia and Dunkirk under direction of tailors, and we departed Wednesday for Staten Island. While there our company was selected to act as escort for the Seventh Regiment, which returned to New York after sixty days' service at Washington. The New York

papers announced our detail and spoke in complimentary terms of Captain Stevens and his drilling there the year before. We marched from the Cortlandt Street ferry up Broadway to the reservoir at Forty-second Street. Our handsome little Captain attracted attention, and we tried to march correctly; in fact, we kept our eyes on the ground fifteen paces in advance, and marched about New York without seeing a thing but the pavements ahead of us. The veterans behind marched at will and saluted their friends on the sidewalks, but we thought it incumbent upon us to behave in the most soldierly manner. We returned down Fifth Avenue, and all were given refreshments in City Hall Square, where tables had been erected and ladies waited upon us.

While in camp at Staten Island it happened one day that I was on guard in front of Colonel Nelson Taylor's tent, when Captain Stevens stopped to speak to him. Colonel Taylor asked Captain Stevens to send a soldier who wrote plainly to him; that he wished to have copies of the muster rolls of the regiment made, and that he would advise each Captain to do the same, saying that after the Mexican War (in which he was a Captain) he had so many official inquiries regarding the soldiers of his command which he was unable to answer fully, that he had determined to keep a private copy of all records of the men of his regiment for future reference. Captain Stevens replied, " That soldier on guard belongs to my company, and I have no doubt can do what you want." I was then asked if I could write plainly, and was told to commence the work. So I wrote a part of each day for the Colonel, and although continuing my drill with the company, I was still attending to his correspondence after we went

to Washington. One day the Colonel directed me to take his order and thereafter go to the post-office at Washington daily for the mail of the regiment. Many of our soldiers had no money and were not paid for some time, and I used to take their letters every day to the Member of Congress from our District, Reuben E. Fenton, who franked them, and after a while authorized me to write his name, so I franked the letters of the regiment "Free. R. E. Fenton, M. C." Mr. Fenton fairly earned the title of "Friend of the Soldier." He had several men appointed to clerkships in the Departments, who gave a part of their time, under his direction, visiting the hospitals and rendering assistance in every way possible to New York soldiers, not confining their efforts to his own District. As he did very many acts of kindness and franked letters for very many New York soldiers, his name was carried to the homes of soldiers throughout the State, and in 1864, when he ran for Governor of the State of New York against Horatio Seymour, he received, in almost every precinct of the State, votes beyond those given other candidates of his party; and while, for three days after the election, Horace Greeley telegraphed him daily that he was beaten, he answered, "Wait till all the returns are in, and you will find I am elected"; and he was, by the personal vote of friends and relatives of New York soldiers.

A few Sundays after we arrived in Washington, and were encamped at Good Hope, about two miles out, on a bluff overlooking the Potomac River, President Lincoln, William H. Seward, and their wives drove out to see the evening dress parade of the regiment. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward stood on the brow of the hill behind the Colonel, Mr. Lincoln looking

Head Quarters Hooker's Division. 3d Corps.
Camp near Fair Oaks Va. June 9. 1862

Special Orders
No 172

1. Private D B Parker, 72d Regt. N.Y. Vols. is detailed for duty as Mail Agent of the Division, and will report as soon as practicable to Capt. John S. Godfrey, Chief Quarter Master of the Division.

By Command of Brig. Genl. Jos. Hooker

Jas. Dickinson,
Asst. Adjt. General

Order detailing Private Parker as Mail Agent of Hooker's Division

abstractedly across the Potomac where the Confederate soldiers were encamped. After the parade was formed, the Colonel turned and saluted the President. We could see Mr. Seward reach out his hand and attract the President's attention. The President, who looked to be nearly twice as tall as an ordinary man as he stood on the bluff, turned suddenly and seemed to unhinge his joints and make an awkward bow. Mr. Seward was very familiar with Chautauqua County, and that camp was named Camp Seward, and he probably brought Mr. Lincoln to see the regiment in the camp bearing his name.

The next time I saw Mr. Lincoln was in the National Theater, on Eleventh Street in Washington. The play was a burlesque called "Pocahontas," in which Mrs. John Wood was the star. At that time the newspapers of the entire country, and we soldiers as well, were abusing the regimental sutlers, whose prices seemed to us exorbitant, and who were called by the patriotic people of the country thieves and robbers unstintingly. Mr. Lincoln sat in a box with two or three other gentlemen and was in plain view. He seemed to enjoy the burlesque very much, and at a time when Mrs. Wood quarreled with John Smith, she said, "John Smith, you are a cruel man. John Smith, you are an unkind, thoughtless man; you are a bad man in every respect; you are the worst man I ever heard of; John Smith, you are a S-U-T-L-E-R!" Mr. Lincoln laughed immoderately, his chair fell over back and his feet came up in view, and the other gentleman with him caught the chair and straightened it up.

Our brigade was assigned to Hooker's Division, which was then created, and we spent the winter of '61 and '62 in lower Maryland on the Potomac River,

our regiment and the First Regiment of the brigade being camped near together. For a time the mail carrier of the First Regiment and I rode daily between the camp and Washington, which was thirty-five miles, each one carrying the mail for both regiments. Later a small steamer was placed in service to a point a few miles from our camp, and we carried the mail on the steamer. While riding back and forth we became acquainted with some people on the road, including Union people. Men from Baltimore and other parts of Maryland came nightly to points on the Potomac River and crossed over in small boats to join the Confederate Army; and I was warned repeatedly not to be on the road after night or I might be interfered with. One night I was a little late in getting back from Washington, and when I was about a mile and a half from camp and in sight of its lights, where the road passed through an undergrowth of bushes on either side, three men sprang out, with guns in their hands, and commanded me to halt. I had a very good mare, and as I touched her with my heels she sprang forward. One of the men caught the bridle rein but could not hold it, and then he caught my foot, which was also pulled from his hand. The mare ran rapidly, and the men fired at me when a few feet distant. I judged by the sound they were shot-guns, but neither the horse nor I was struck by a shot. A detachment of cavalry near our camp hurried back and scoured the country but failed to find the men.

During the winter the batteries on the other side, at Cockpit Point and below, frequently tried to shell our camp. The Confederates maintained a blockade of the river, which was effectual ordinarily, but there were some violations. I recall a sloop loaded with

wood and with one man aboard passing up the river one day, and the batteries, evidently for practice, commenced firing at him. Several shots struck the wood on his deck, and one or two passed through his sail. The skipper had a United States flag up, and he had a long duck-gun that he would fire in return, popping up between the piles of wood and blazing away at the Confederate batteries. Our soldiers enjoyed this as he slowly passed, and artillery officers estimated that the Confederates fired many thousand dollars' worth of shot and shell. One night the frigate Pensacola, which had been building for many years in the Washington Navy Yard, passed down the river without her armament, but in other respects ready for service. The Confederates fired in the darkness, but the frigate passed in safety.

General Hooker recommended to General McClellan that an armed reconnoissance be made upon the other side and the Confederates driven away. Permission was eventually given, but in a very restricted form. One morning our Colonel directed me to go to General Hooker's headquarters before I went to Washington, and General Hooker himself gave me a letter addressed to Major D. H. Rucker, Quartermaster, at Washington, and told me to deliver it to no one but Major Rucker. I carried my mail to the post-office in Washington and then hurried to Major Rucker's office and was admitted to his room, where I was told to take a seat. A Member of Congress and a constituent were trying to impress the Quartermaster with the value of a sample of ground mixed feed for horses, for which the Congressman asked a contract in behalf of his constituent. Major Rucker was polite, but said that the army preferred corn and oats, and would not buy any

mixed feed. The Congressman was abusive and his constituent more so, and the Congressman went out threatening that he would see what he could do on the floor of the House. Then there came a Colonel of a newly arrived regiment, a pompous man. But between these visitors I handed the letter to Major Rucker and he pointed to a clerk at a desk in the other end of the room and said, "Give it to him." I returned to my seat. Then the Colonel said, "You are the Quartermaster?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to send at once, where my regiment is marching to encamp, full supplies for a regiment of a thousand men, tents, wagons, and mules, and full supplies of every nature."

Major Rucker said, "Colonel, I will detail a clerk immediately and he will — or, have you got your Quartermaster with you?"

"Yes, he is here," said the Colonel.

"Well, this clerk will go over the matter with you and make out the necessary requisitions for your Quartermaster to sign and for you to approve, and then all supplies can be sent. The Quartermaster will receipt to me for them. All supplies are under my receipt now, and I have to observe the forms in every way in issuing them, or I would be held personally responsible. Here, also, is a volume of the Army Regulations in which you will find all necessary instructions and the forms of blanks which the Quartermaster will procure, but which you can have here for this purpose. The clerk will help you."

He rang his bell and called for a clerk. But by that time the Colonel had exploded and was frantic, and said, "I have come here to put down the Rebellion,

Camp near James River Va. August 18th 1862

Major General Joseph Hooker

Comdg 2d Division 3d Army Corps

General

Permit the undersigned to present to you their humble congratulations upon your recent promotion and to respectfully request your acceptance of the enclosed as a small token of their affection for their beloved General and an assurance of the high honor they feel in being identified with your command.

We are General

Most respectfully Your Obdt Servants

Thomas Nastam A.A. Gen'l's Dep't

Frank H. Dow Commissary "

Chas Constantine Medical "

D. B. Barker Post Master

J.A. Wells Commissary Dep't

Jno Martin Quartermasters "

A. H. Flory

(Signed)

Copy of letter from non-commissioned officers at Hooker's Headquarters presenting him with Major General's shoulder straps

Head Quarters Hookers Division 3rd Corps
Camp near James River Va August 11th 1862

Messrs Thomas Haslam. Frank H. Dow
Charles Constantine D. B. Parker
Jno Martin Jd. Wells and H. H. Glow

Gentlemen

Your kind letter of the 10th Inst transmitting an elegant set of Major Generals Shoulder Straps "as a small token of your affection" was received by me yesterday.

I feel that I am undeserving of this expression of your generous regards and friendship and in accepting this beautifull token it is with the hope and desire that I may favor myself more worthy of it than I have yet been able to do.

Next to the success of our cause I value nothing in life more highly than the approval and good opinion of those who have been deeply identified with me in the hardships and perils of this Campaign.

May you and may all our lives be spared to witness our final triumph is the prayer of

Your friend and Servant
(Signed) Joseph Hooker
Major Genl Comdg Div

Official Copy
Jos. E. Dickinson
A.A.G.

Copy of Major General Hooker's thanks for shoulder straps

and I won't stand any such damned red tape. If you won't send the supplies that we need to our regiment, I will go to our Congressman and he will rip up this Government, if necessary."

Major Rucker explained again to him and told the clerk to show him and prepare the blanks; and added, "This is the quickest way that you can get the supplies. They will be on the way to your camp in a few hours, while if you take any other course there will be delay. I cannot issue a single item of supplies without proper requisition, and will not." Major Rucker seemed very much worried and annoyed, but firm.

I again offered the letter. He said, "I told you to give that to that clerk in the corner there."

I said, "Yes, sir, but I am instructed to deliver it only to you."

"More of the nonsense of you volunteers! It's impossible to do business with you!"

"This letter is from General Hooker."

"Is that from Joe Hooker?" He opened it and read it, and said to his Chief Clerk, "I shall be absent about an hour. Come on with me, boy. I am glad to find some of you volunteer boys have got some sense anyhow."

He had an ambulance wagon standing at his door, and we proceeded to Georgetown quickly, where he went to the steamer Eagle, which was a New York ferryboat in charter to the Government, and gave the Captain some instructions, told me to get aboard and ordered the Captain to start at once. The Captain went to Liverpool Point, and that night General Sickles, with a force of men, crossed the river and made a reconnoissance, but exceeded his orders and engaged in a skirmish which, however, resulted in the

withdrawal of the Confederates. During the winter General Sickles devoted much time, at the request of the President, addressing "war meetings" and enlisting men. He should be credited, in addition to raising his own brigade of 5000 men, with raising many thousands of other volunteers.

The next April, 1862, our Division, with other troops of the Army of the Potomac, was transferred to the Lower Peninsula, our regiment going on a Sound steamer, the Elm City, which was used as a transport. General Sickles went on this boat also. We arrived at Hampton Roads just at morning, and I went up on the upper deck where I could see the transports loaded with troops, and General Sickles had the Captain run our boat close up to the little Monitor. We remained there, within a few rods of the Monitor, for a while, and suddenly the whole place was in confusion. A tugboat came to us and ordered us back, as they did all other transports, into the Rappahannock River. Aboard the Monitor everything was excitement. Awnings were taken down. We saw men soaping the decks with tubs of soft soap. Her anchors were taken up, and she steamed out toward Norfolk. In spite of the orders repeatedly given us to go with the other transports to the Rappahannock River, General Sickles made the Captain continue out after the Monitor. We could then see the cause of disturbance. What looked like the roof of a house could be seen coming from Norfolk, with two steamers convoying. This was the second appearance of the Confederate ram, Merrimac, which had sunk the Congress and Cumberland, and in turn had been disabled by the Monitor in the famous fight a month before. The Monitor again boldly proceeded toward her, and General Sickles had our ship

Headquarters, Sickles' Div.
Nov. 5th. 1862

The bearer, private D. B. Parker, Co. D. 72d. N. York Vols. is the authorized Mail Agent of this Division, and will be respected accordingly. All Officers of this Division, and of the Army, and all Officers of Railroads in the Military Service of the United States, will aid and assist him forward with the Mails; and at all times furnish him at once with such transportation as may be necessary.

By command of Brig. Gen. D. E. Sickles.
James F. Rusling.
Capt. & A. A. G.
Division Quartermaster, of Gen.
Sickles' Division.

Order commanding all officers to aid and assist Private Parker, Mail Agent of Sickles' Division

swerve off toward the Rip Raps, from where we could see the engagement. A few shots only were exchanged, and the Merrimac put back to Norfolk and never came out again. Her machinery was somewhat disabled, and she was destroyed and Norfolk evacuated soon afterwards.

Our Division was landed in Cheeseman's Creek, and we marched up in front of Yorktown, where a siege was begun. After the evacuation of Yorktown, and on the 5th of May, we were engaged all day in the battle of Williamsburg. I remained with the regiment and was somewhat free to go and come. After part of the day I gave what help I could to the Surgeon, who operated and dressed wounds near the fighting line and had his Assistant Surgeon establish a field hospital further back, to which wounded were carried after the first examination and first relief. The Confederates had slashed the timber before Williamsburg, and our Division took position in this slashing. General Heintzelman, the Commander of the Corps, and General Hooker, the Commander of the Division, remained in the road between two of our brigades, where a battery was stationed. The other Division of our Corps, Kearny's, was elsewhere by General McClellan's orders. The Confederate General, Jo Johnston, turned back and assailed us with a force largely superior to our own, and there was a very stubborn contest to dislodge us from our position. General Heintzelman's staff officers, and General Hooker's also, were sent repeatedly back to Yorktown asking General McClellan to order in reinforcements. I heard one of these officers say that General McClellan was at the gang plank of a steamer where Franklin's Division was being embarked to go up the York River when he delivered his

message, and General McClellan paid no attention whatever to what he said, but cautioned the men, when they went up the gang plank, not to fall off, etc. General Sumner with his Corps was in bivouac within a mile of us, but was not ordered to our relief. Our losses were very large during the day, the commanding officers of three companies being killed and a proportionate loss throughout the regiment, brigade, and Division.[1] About five o'clock in the evening General Kearny, who had been sent for by Heintzelman without permission of General McClellan, arrived, and as he did so the Confederates withdrew. I remember General Kearny coming up the road, which was very muddy from the rain, that was falling that day and had been for several days, his one arm guiding his horse and holding his sword, and calling to his men to come on, as he gallantly went in to the relief of our Division. Just at that time, probably fifty feet from where I stood, the head of a Confederate column, which had come around our flank, was pressing us. A tall red-headed Confederate officer, without a hat, was leading this charge, but as he saw General Kearny coming, he turned back, and I plainly heard him say, "Fall back to the ravine, the Yankees have got reinforcements." At that moment he was struck by a bullet and sprang in the air and fell back dead. I sent his sword, which had the letters "C. S. A." cast in the hilt, to Charles Bishop, of Jamestown, who had a museum of war relics.

As we buried our dead comrades that night, we realized for the first time the horrors of war. At a late

[1] The losses were, Seventy-second N. Y. Vols. killed, wounded, and missing, 195; Excelsior Brigade of four regiments, 772; Hooker's Division, three brigades, and artillery, 1632.

hour Orderly Sergeant Post, of Company D, and I, who tented together, spread some blankets under a little sapling and lay down to get some rest, but we could not sleep, and later a whippoorwill lit in the small tree over our heads and commenced his doleful song. We got up and drove him away several times, but he returned and kept it up till daylight.

When our regiment went into camp at Staten Island, we were placed four in each tent and assigned to them according to the alphabet, so my three tentmates' names commenced with P. This arrangement, however, did not last, and the men chose their own tentmates. I noticed rather an odd character named Carl Wriborg, who was made a laughing-stock by the tentmates with whom he happened to be assigned. He was a Hollander, but spoke English well, was merry, jolly, but quite deaf and unused to our ways. His comrades seemed to select him for ridicule. Although he showed no resentment, I sympathized with him, and as there was a vacancy asked him to come and tent with me. His father had been an officer of high rank in the Dutch navy, but there were no other members of the family; so when the father died, Wriborg came to America to make his fortune. He had been well educated, spoke several languages fluently, and had obtained a position as clerk in the office of the County Clerk at Mayville. When the war broke out, he enlisted; and although too deaf to hear orders well, he succeeded in passing the surgeon. Wriborg wrote a most beautiful hand, being able to write the "court hand" as it was called; and our Adjutant asked him to take the clerkship in his office, but Wriborg said, "I was a clerk at home; then I was a clerk at Mayville. I can always be a clerk and get good pay, but I want to be a soldier and fight for

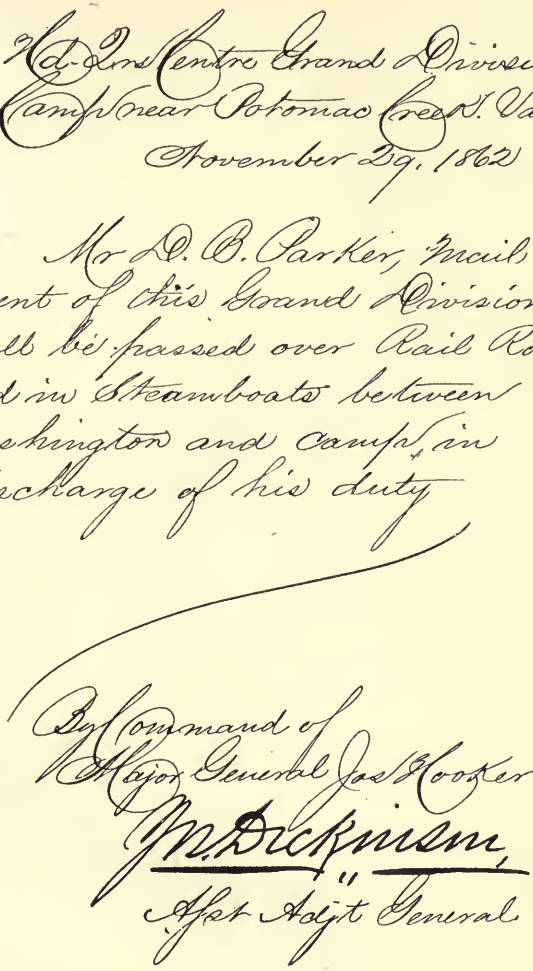
the country of my choice. I will not be a clerk here." So he attended to the duties of a soldier, was very zealous at drill, tried to be companionable, was always a perfect gentleman, and gradually became popular with his comrades. At the battle of Williamsburg the dead and wounded were gathered in the evening, but he was not found until the next morning. He was alive, but had been very badly wounded. He was in the most advanced position we had occupied in the slashing, lying by a large log, and had two rifles and cartridge boxes. He said that just as our regiment fell back he was wounded in the leg and could not go, and the Confederates charged over him. One of the men said, "This Yankee ain't dead," and struck him severely with the butt of his musket. Wriborg said to us, "Go right over there between those logs, and see if that man don't lie there." We found a Confederate soldier there. "Go over there," he pointed, "see if you don't find one there." So he pointed to four or five places, and a dead Confederate was found in each place.

"I could n't get up," he said, "and they charged over me, but I could shoot them in the back. I got another rifle from a dead man lying near and his cartridges, so I kept up shooting all the time while they were there, and after that they came back again. I pretended to be dead when they came back, and lay quiet, then I shot them in the face. I think I have done my duty."

We took him back, and the surgeon examined his leg and said it must be operated upon, but Wriborg said, "You have got three or four others there."

"Yes," said the doctor, "but I will take you now."

"No, not until all the others," and so much time


Hd-Qrs Centre Grand Division
Camp near Potomac Creek Va.
November 29. 1862

Mr D. B. Parker, Mail Agent of this Grand Division, will be passed over Rail Roads and in Steamboats between Washington and Camp, in discharge of his duty

By Command of
Major General Jos Hooker
W. D. Wilkinson
Asst Adjt General

Pass for Private Parker, Mail Agent of Centre Grand Division

elapsed, and Wriborg had lost so much blood, that he died. Before dying he said, "I left a will at Dunkirk disposing of some jewels and my father's swords, including one presented to him by the United States Government for rescuing a crew of an American ship. I intend that whatever I have shall be devoted for some good purpose, to relieve widows and orphans of our soldiers." I do not know whether this was ever done.

A few days after the battle of Williamsburg our Colonel, who was then in command of the brigade, told me that General Hooker had expressed a wish to make some better mail arrangements for the Division, and that he had told the General that I was getting our mail satisfactorily, and General Hooker asked him to send me to him and he would detail me to attend to the mails for the whole Division. So I became attached to General Hooker's headquarters, and, as it turned out, followed him as he was promoted to other commands. When he was placed in command of the Center Grand Division the winter of '62, it was composed of the Third and Fifth Army Corps, one third of the army. He sent for me and placed me in charge of the mails of the command, and I was promoted to be a Second Lieutenant in my regiment and detailed with that rank. Later General Hooker was placed in command of the Army of the Potomac, and he again sent for me and placed me in charge of the mails of the army. I devised the system which we afterwards used for the mails, which was very simple, and I was permitted to place some men in the Washington post-office who directed the manner in which the mails were put up for our army. I was also made an Acting Assistant Quartermaster, so that I could carry the nec-

essary teams and wagons under my immediate direction. When General Meade relieved General Hooker, I remained in the same position, and afterwards, when General Grant came east, I continued at his headquarters in charge of the mails of the armies operating against Richmond, until the close of the war.

After the battle of Williamsburg we moved up the Peninsula, and there followed the battles of Fair Oaks and Seven Pines. Our Division was on the extreme left when Couch's Corps was surprised and assailed at Seven Pines, and we were marched eastward to this position. I remember that we marched until we were mixed with the enemy in the darkness, and spent the night in the heavy rain storm. As soon as dawn came, lines were formed and firing commenced. I had a horse, but I found my old tentmate, Sergeant Post, and we lay on the ground in the mud with my horse standing close by. In the morning we held up our feet and let the water run out of our boots, wrung the water out of our coats and blankets, and soon had warm sunshine and were ready for whatever duty came. General Sickles had returned from raising troops and was in command of the brigade. I remember his leading the charge as the whole line was advanced. The Confederates fled in disorder, and I have never known any reason why we did not go on to Richmond, which was only about five miles. The Confederates retreated so quickly that some sharpshooters, who were in an oak tree, could not get down in time and remained in the tree, and as we advanced they evidently tried to kill General Sickles. Our soldiers saw this, and some of them broke ranks, ran ahead to the tree, and shot the two men, who fell to the ground. I rode up to where

General Sickles stopped, and as I did so a four-horse omnibus came toward us, with Captain MacDonald, of our regiment, driving with a colored man seated beside him. MacDonald had once been an omnibus driver on Broadway in New York, and he swung the omnibus up in front of General Sickles, put up his forefinger and said, "'Bus for the battery?" General Sickles told him that he would wait for the next one. MacDonald got off and told of the 'bus coming into our lines with that colored driver. The omnibus and team were turned over to our Quartermaster. It bore the sign "American House," and years afterwards some friends in Richmond told of the incident. One of the gentlemen said that they had organized a relief corps in Richmond of non-combatants, generally business men, and past the age limit for admission into the army, and that when the battle was going on, they got the American House omnibus and had four horses put on it and loaded it with delicacies and supplies for their wounded, and four or five of them started to the front with it. Out on the corduroy road near Seven Pines, as they began meeting fleeing Confederate soldiers, the team commenced to go very fast and the 'bus bounced about; and they tried to call to the driver, but he did not seem to be in his seat. One of them said he was down on the dashboard trying to run them through the Confederate lines, and they shot through the 'bus with their revolvers at him. They could not open the door until they cut the strap which was tied. Then they all piled out on the corduroy road, and the colored man succeeded in driving the 'bus through their lines and delivering it to his friends.

The scenes at Fair Oaks were horrible. The ground was very wet and in some places covered with water.

Both horses and men lay about in every direction, and the heat was intense. The horses would quickly swell up so that they would all be lying on their backs with their legs extended in the air, and the poor dead soldiers, on both sides, were in the same condition, swollen so full that their clothes would burst. As soon as possible men were detailed to bury the dead, but in most cases this was done by simply shoveling earth upon them as they lay, and the earth was in clods so that the covering was not complete. The stench was intolerable. No good water could be obtained. A little well was dug and a barrel sunk in the ground, which speedily filled with surface water, and this after being boiled was the water the soldiers drank. Strict orders were issued that all the water should be boiled. Sickness immediately affected nearly every man. Barrels of whiskey were issued. The open barrel was given a large amount of quinine, and soldiers stood by with a stick to stir it when the men were marched up with their cups, given a ration, and told to drink it then and there.

Our Division remained in this position, where they threw up a hasty line of defense works composed of rails, sods, and some earth, until the right was turned by Lee, and we were sent whirling back. Then followed the Seven Days' battles, fighting every day, and running away every night, ending at Harrison's Landing, and called by General McClellan and his friends " a successful and masterly retreat."

At Malvern Hill there seemed to be but little reason for our losing as many men as we did. The position was a wonderfully strong one. Our artillery was massed on a hill. The Confederates came through the white oak swamp and charged across a valley. The

Head Quarters Fifth Army Corps,

Dec. 26th 1862

The Postmaster of Washington
will please deliver to David
Parker (5th Corps Mail Agent)
any letters addressed to me
or my aides de camps

Capt Alex. B. Cope 9th Vols
Lt. A. G. Mason 5th Reg. P. R. V. C

Geo. G. Meade
Maj. Gen.
Comd. 5th Corps A. P.

Order from Major General Meade for delivery of mail to David Parker, Fifth Corps Mail Agent

morning of the battle Captain Doyle of Dunkirk, Captain of Company H of our regiment, a highly educated and accomplished gentleman, came to me and gave me a tin box, saying, "I want you to take this and if anything happens to me send it to Steven Caldwell. It contains" (he opened the box) "money, my watch and a diamond cross which was my mother's, which I have worn next my body suspended by a chain around my neck."

"Captain," I said, "why do you give it to me?"

"I expect to be killed this day."

"Oh," I said, "you can't believe in presentiments."

"I never have, but I expect to be killed this day, and I want you to take this and send it home if anything happens to me."

He was killed that day, I think the only officer of our regiment that was. Our men did not seem to be dispirited as I heard them talk, nor were the officers, including General Hooker. General Hooker and General Kearny were angry whenever I overheard them talking, as I did after we reached Harrison's Landing. They sat under a tree in the center of the camp. Hooker's words could not be heard where I was, but Kearny was very much excited in denouncing McClellan, saying that he was a traitor as well as a coward, and it would be proved so in time.

Our gunboats, especially the mortar boats, afforded great protection to us after we arrived at the river, and the heavy shells from the mortars went screeching through the air. Confederate soldiers I have met in after years said they feared them more than they did any troops.

While at Harrison's Landing, General Hooker was visited by George Wilkes, the editor and proprietor

of " The Spirit of the Times," in New York. He was an old friend of General Hooker's, probably in California. They had frequent consultations, in which General Kearny quite often joined, and it was not long before the press of this country was copying the able editorials written by George Wilkes, criticising McClellan. I have read that Wilkes, who died not very long after, showed an ability in his series of articles on McClellan and his campaigns never excelled in this country.

Mr. Lincoln visited Harrison's Landing and was brought up from Norfolk by the Dispatch Boat of Commodore Porter's squadron, in command of my friend Lieutenant William B. Cushing. Cushing got a horse while Mr. Lincoln was ashore with General McClellan, and rode up to our camp, and I went with him to General Sumner's headquarters where Alonzo Cushing, his brother, was Chief of Artillery for Sumner's Corps. Lieutenant Cushing could be gone but a few hours, so we all three rode back to his ship. The enemy, whom McClellan insisted that he had whipped in each battle during the retreat, was not so badly hurt nor so afraid of McClellan but that they could have immediately marched northward and without stopping at Richmond proceeded to Washington. Then our troops were hurried in transports around to Alexandria and ordered to General Pope, who was in command of the defenses of Washington, leaving McClellan without a command, and the second battle of Bull Run and the battle of Chantilly were fought under General Pope. General Hooker kept his Division together, and after General Kearny was killed at Chantilly, had both Divisions under his command, and was credited with covering the retreat of the army, which

The People of the State of New-York, by the Grace of God Free and Independent,

To Daniel P. Barker Greeting:

We, reposing especial trust and confidence, as well in your patriotism, conduct and loyalty, as in your integrity and readiness to do us good and faithful service, by virtue of the power and authority vested in the Governor of our said State, by the laws of the United States and of the State of New-York; Have appointed and constituted, and by these presents Do appoint and constitute you the said Daniel P. Barker Second Lieutenant in the 72d Regt 3d Excelsior Brigade NEW-YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS, raised under the authority of the President and Congress of the United States of America, "to aid in enforcing the laws and protecting public property," with rank from March 5 1863 You are, therefore, to observe and follow such orders and directions as you shall from time to time receive from the President of the United States, the Governor of the State of New-York, or any other your Superior Officer, according to the Rules and Discipline of War, and hold the said Office in the manner specified in and by the Laws of the United States, in pursuance of the trust reposed in you, and for so doing this shall be your COMMISSION.

In Testimony Whereof, We have caused our Seal for Military Commissions to be hereunto affixed. Witness, HORATIO SEYMOUR, Governor of our said State, Commander-in-Chief of the Military and Naval Forces of the same, at our City of Albany, the Twentieth day of August one thousand eight hundred and sixty three

John T. Sprague
Adjutant General

Horatio Seymour

Commission as Second Lieutenant, signed by Governor Seymour

had been ignominiously beaten. I remember General Kearny's body being brought in as I was starting for Washington, by General Hooker's orders, with dispatches. That night I rode with an Orderly through the village of Accotink in the moonlight, and as I did so I found that we were being chased by some cavalrymen, who I felt sure were Confederates, and afterwards I learned that they were. When we came to the place where the road turns in to Washington's home, I directed my tired horse into the plantation and on to the house at Mt. Vernon. It was a rule during the war that any one of either side was safe while in Mt. Vernon. There was no fighting there, and we were not followed into the grounds. I remained there until daylight and then went on to Washington. Our Division was soon placed under the command of General Sickles, and General Hooker was ordered to the command of the First Army Corps. General Lee pushed forward toward Pennsylvania, and McClellan was called to the command of the army again and met Lee at Sharpsburg or Antietam. Our Division, however, remained at Alexandria and Fairfax Court House, the defenses of Washington, so I saw nothing of the Antietam campaign. Lee retired to Fredericksburg after the battle, and the Army of the Potomac was concentrated in front of him under the command of Burnside. Then followed the failure of Burnside, and Hooker was placed in command of the army. I was at General Hooker's headquarters when he commanded the Center Grand Division of the army, and also when his headquarters were at Falmouth after he took command of the Army of the Potomac, and our base of supplies was at Acquia Creek with a railroad connecting it with Falmouth. That winter I ran daily on the steamer

from Acquia Creek to Washington with the mails. As soon as I was given larger responsibility, I inaugurated the plan of having a single mail agent bring the mail from Washington to a point of distribution within the army, where it was delivered to agents of divisions and brigades. So it happened that while I carried the mail of the Center Grand Division alone on the steamer, the other two divisions of the army sent thirty or forty men with passes for their mails. Very many of these men were also engaged in bringing in supplies which they traded in camp, the mails being a secondary consideration. When General Hooker called a meeting of the Commanders of the whole army and they discussed all affairs connected with the army, he said he found that everybody was dissatisfied with their mail arrangements except the Generals from his own Grand Division, who said they were receiving their mails satisfactorily. So he sent for me again and told me to put the same system in operation for the whole army. Ever afterwards only two men went to and from Washington with the mails, which were distributed systematically throughout the army. General Grant, in his report of 1864, said that the army under him had mail facilities equal in convenience to the most favored community.

The army regulations were silent as to any arrangements for mail-service facilities for sending or receiving money, and I was asked how I could send the soldiers' money home. I, at all times, urged soldiers not to enclose any money in their letters, and I devised a plan. I was seated at a table near the Paymaster when he was paying the men, who came in companies with their officer in charge, and as soon as a man was paid, if he wished to send money home he stepped over to

Lieutenant David B. Parker

my table, and I wrote his name and company on a pay-roll blank, which I used for the purpose, with the name of the person to whom he wished to send the money and the amount. The soldier was asked the name of the town nearest to his home that had an express office, and was told to inform his folks that the money would be at that express office. Then I put the money in a haversack and made a separate roll for each of the ten companies. The first occasion I did this, in the winter of '61, I did not get away from camp for Washington until so late in the day that I was unable to ride through and had to remain over night at Piscataway in the country tavern. The landlord was a Union man, and I had stopped there before. There were no fastenings on the door to my bedroom, but I put my haversack of money in the bed and secured the door as well as I could. That part of Maryland was infested with men from Baltimore and other parts of Maryland, who were making their way to the Potomac River and crossing to the Virginia side to go into the Confederate army, and some rather rough characters were met on the road at times. The landlord came to my room before morning and told me who he was, and I removed the barricade of chairs and things and let him come in, and he said he did not think it was safe for me to ride to Washington alone; that there were rumors that I was carrying money, and some suspicious strangers were about, and he was afraid they would waylay me. I told him that I would not go until daylight, and I did not think there could be any danger. But after I had ridden a distance in the morning two men appeared to be close behind me, and I thought, perhaps, were waiting until I reached a more lonely part of the road. I rode rapidly and they did the same. Finally

I concluded to stop in front of a house where there were men at work and let them go past; but they came up and spoke to me, and one of them said, "Young fellow, we decided that we would ride in part way to Washington and keep you in sight. We are Union men living at Piscataway, and there was talk you was going to have trouble going through to-day."

I thought the men were frank and honest, and I rode right on with them. We passed some men further on who behaved very suspiciously, and my friends said, "Two of those are the fellows that were at Piscataway last night. They are the men that were after you." My friends turned back a little later, and I went on to Washington. I went to the Adams Express Office and found the manager and told him that I wanted to send this money and showed him the sheets that I had prepared, and he said, "Well, we will tend to that this evening. I will put it in the safe for you now, and you come back after we are closed, and I will keep some clerks here and we will get off that money if it takes all night." This accommodating manager was named Hogg, but in spite of his name was ready to do anything for a soldier. We made up the packages, enclosed the money without a word of information, sealed the little bundles, and receipts were given me, and the money all went safe.

Later on, after I was in charge of the mails of the whole army, I used to go to the regiment when the Colonel sent for me to take the money, and this service was appreciated by the soldiers. When the regiment was mustered out in 1864 at the Baltimore and Ohio Station in Washington, they boarded a train of flat cars, having rude seats nailed on them, and as they started for home a big-voiced soldier called out, "Three

cheers for Lieutenant Parker. He sent our money home all the time, and every cint got home safe. Let 's pledge oursilves that we 'll all vote for him for Postmaster Gineral," and the regiment moved off giving me the cheers.

In the winter of 1864 the Post-Office Department installed the money order service, and it was arranged that that service should be established in the army under my charge. The books and instructions came, and I had several interviews with the zealous Superintendent of the Money Order System at the Department at Washington, who had objected to extending the service to the army. He had been several years preparing the details of the system and securing the necessary legislation from Congress, and was extremely anxious as to its success. I had an extension built on the post-office at City Point and a couple of young men detailed to be clerks in the money order room. Then I had an explanatory circular issued giving full information as to how money orders could be obtained and how they were paid, etc., signing my name as Special Agent of the P. O. Department, and below appeared the words, "Approved for Promulgation throughout the army. U. S. Grant, Lieut. General, by T. S. Bowers, Adjutant General." These circulars were posted up at every camp and were also read on dress parade by the adjutants of the regiments, and everyone was fully informed. We were not fairly ready when a steamboat arrived with paymasters enough to pay the entire army, General Grant having made this arrangement, contemplating movement of the army in the campaign. The paymasters went to their regiments, and the very next morning we found a long line of officers and soldiers at the office desiring

to purchase money orders. The instructions limited the orders in amount to $30 each, and stipulated that not more than two orders should be issued to any remitter payable at the same post-office the same day. I had remonstrated with the Superintendent of the Money Order Service regarding this limitation, but was stopped quickly and told that it could not be changed and was the law; but almost the first man who asked for an order had $1200 to send. He was a Captain who had been a prisoner at Andersonville a long while, and was now exchanged and had received his back pay. He wished to send this money to a small town in Pennsylvania. I said, "According to regulations you can only send $60 in one day. You will have to come back another day."

"Well," he said, "can't you take the money from me and keep it until you can send it? We may be in a battle to-morrow."

I said, "I will send the orders now. Your people may have to wait a little to get all the money."

"That's all right," said he, "it will be in a place of safety."

So I issued to this officer orders for all he wished to send, and continued to do so to others. The money received from the sale of money orders was sent daily by a soldier mail agent on the boat in a common haversack bag and delivered to the postmaster at Washington and receipt obtained therefor. Then the Money Order Superintendent's Office, on receipt of advices that the orders had been issued, arranged with the New York postmaster to have funds at the paying office to meet the orders, a small amount being allowed at each office and drafts being sent from New York when required. The third day after I commenced to issue

Post Office Department,

MONEY-ORDER OFFICE.

February 2, 1865

SIR:

The Postmaster General haa designated your office as a MONEY-ORDER POST OFFICE of the SECOND CLASS.

Pamphlets containing instructions with reference to the money-order business, as well as the forms, blanks, &c., required at your office for conducting the same, will be forwarded to your address as early as practicable.

I enclose herewith a blank bond, conditioned in the sum of $ 2000, which you are requested to execute immediately, and return to my address. Upon the receipt thereof, you will be duly notified of the mode of obtaining funds to commence the money-order business, and also of the date upon which it is to be commenced.

The amount of money-order funds which you will be allowed to retain in your hands as a reserve (see section 49 of the Instructions) has been fixed at $ 300. This amount will be increased or diminished, as circumstances may warrant; and of any such change you will be duly notified.

The deposits specified in section 47 of the Instructions you are directed to make with the Postmaster at Washington, D. C., who will fill up duplicate receipts for each amount deposited by you. Instructions have been given him to forward the originals of such certificates to the Department, and to transmit the duplicates to you.

You are requested to study carefully the Instructions with reference to the money-order business, and to lend your aid and assistance in rendering the system perfect in all its details.

Yours, respectfully,

A. D. Macdonald

Superintendent Money-order Office.

David B. Parker, Special Agent and Deputy *Postmaster at* City Point, Virginia.

Order installing the Money Order Service in the Army

the orders, I received a long telegram from the Superintendent of the Money Order Service, saying that the postmaster at Washington had reported the receipt of money with letters of advice that showed that I was issuing money orders without regard to the limitations of two orders a day, and that I must discontinue the practice immediately, or my disregard of orders would be brought to the attention of the Postmaster General. I replied by telegraph that the army was being paid off preliminary to entering upon a campaign, and that the soldiers had no place of safety in which to deposit their money, and desired to send it home; that I had deliberately drawn the orders for any amount asked for, and that any delay at the paying office would not imperil the soldiers' money which they wished to send to their families; that I should continue to issue the orders as I was doing, and that I congratulated the Superintendent of the Money Order Service on the fact that the soldiers were availing themselves of the privilege to an extent that would advertise the Money Order Service throughout the whole country and make it fully understood.

I heard no more on the subject, but twenty years afterward, when I resigned as Chief Post-Office Inspector at Washington, a banquet was tendered me by the Postmaster General and officers of the Post Office Department, including this same Superintendent of the Money Order Service, and he brought to the banquet these telegrams referred to and read them, and said that he felt indignant when he received my telegram and took it to Postmaster General Dennison, and said, "'I demand this man's immediate suspension from duty.' The Postmaster General read my telegram to Mr. Parker and his answer, and then said, 'Dr. Mc-

Donald, I guess that young man is right. You had better let him alone. It would not be a popular thing to stop his work and require those soldiers to carry their money in their pockets into battle.' "

General Hooker's reverse at Chancellorsville seemed to worry and humiliate him greatly. I heard many officers say, however, that he was unpopular with the commanders of his army; that while they were nearly all most excellent men, they did not like Hooker, who had resigned from the old army in California to engage in business, in which he failed and had afterwards served as a wagon-master with the army. The general feeling among General Hooker's staff officers was that he did not have the free and full support of his Generals that would have been secured to General McClellan. Certainly the Corps Commanders of the Army, with the exception of General Sickles, were not often seen visiting General Hooker. I never saw General Meade calling upon him even while General Hooker commanded the Third and Fifth Corps, composing the Center Grand Division, and the Fifth Corps was commanded by General Meade. I recall the time that General Hooker was sent for by Mr. Lincoln. General Meade rode over the next morning, after General Hooker had gone, to command as Senior Officer. The Adjutant General and other officers were at breakfast. General Meade went to the Adjutant General's office, which was a Sibley tent, and opened the flap to stoop and enter, as a soldier, who was building a fire in the stove and taking up ashes, was coming out. The pan of ashes struck General Meade's breast and covered him. He showed a very irascible temper and cursed the soldier roundly. All that I saw of General Meade afterwards, however, was a reserved courtly gentle-

man. He was not personally popular with his staff officers, but no one could criticize his conduct or his patriotism. I remember that, after Gettysburg, the staff officers of the army, under a recent law, were given more rank and pay than they had been receiving. Recommendations from the generals of the army passed through General Meade's headquarters daily to Washington and were approved, but his own staff was ignored. This occasioned comment one evening about the camp-fire. His own son being one of the staff officers was included in the conversation, but he said he did not dare speak to his father on the subject, and thought quite likely that if he recommended promotions his father would leave him out. General Seth Williams, the Adjutant General, who was one of the great men of the war but served in a position that did not bring him prominently before the public, volunteered to speak to General Meade, and said he would do it then. He approached General Meade and brought the matter to his attention. General Meade said, in a petulant way, " Make out a recommendation for promotion for every mother's son of the whole crowd." This was done, but General Meade's remark was repeated, and his hard-worked staff officers felt that his manner was not as agreeable as they knew his heart was good.

I am not competent to review the Chancellorsville campaign, and do not undertake to do so, but I think that Stonewall Jackson's attack upon the Eleventh Corps and their quick retreat effected such change in Hooker's plan that he was not able to make a success of the movement. Certainly General Hooker was beloved by his men immediately under his command, and was kind-hearted. No one has ever questioned his

patriotism or his valor. Lieutenant General Schofield, in his Memoirs, recalls an incident where General Sherman and General Hooker stood in a position that was assailed by a storm of shot and shell. They were not friendly, but neither one would start first to move away, and General Schofield describes it as something remarkable, the calm demeanor of these two brave men who he thought would both be shot down in an instant. I saw General Hooker under fire more than once, and I am sure he gave no thought in the world to the danger.

General Meade was respected by everyone and had the confidence of his men and officers, but I never heard anyone say that he had developed love and affection for him.

When General Lee started for his Pennsylvania campaign in 1863, General Hooker moved north nearly parallel with him and between him and Washington, until relieved at Frederick by General Meade, who kept on the same course until Gettysburg was reached and the eventful battle took place.

I kept up the best communication I could for the mails of the army, and they were not interrupted for more than three days at any one time, until General Grant moved south from the Rappahannock River in the spring of 1864, when, I think, the mails were not delivered to the soldiers for five days. I returned from Frederick, Maryland, where Meade relieved Hooker, with the mails to Washington, and then started the next day with two men and a car-load of mail to reach the army. A guerrilla party under Harry Gilmore had raided about Baltimore and burned some of the railroad bridges, returning successfully to Lee's army again. When we came to one of those burned bridges near Baltimore

with our car-load of mail, we found there a company of Pennsylvania infantry and a temporary raft bridge that had been built across on the water, and the passengers from our train climbed down the bank on one side and crossed the river and then up the bank on the other, where another train awaited them. I went to the Captain of the company of militia and asked him to have his soldiers carry our mail-bags across the river and to the car on the other side, else I would not be able to take them along with the train. He was very indignant and insulting, saying they were soldiers and not pack-carriers. I then went to the tent where a telegraph operator was, and asked him to get the War Department at Washington and address a telegram direct to the Secretary of War, telling him that I was there with a car-load of mail for General Meade's army, and that this Captain, whose name I gave, refused to allow his soldiers to carry the mail across the river, and that I would be unable to take the mail to the army unless he did. The operator said he could get a direct wire, and there came an answer almost instantly, addressed to the Captain, telling him to turn over the command to his next officer, who was to order out his entire command to carry the mail for their brother soldiers who were in battle across that river, and that charges would be preferred against the Captain. Thereupon the Lieutenant and his men turned out and cheerfully carried the bags across. I had shown the Captain the signature of General Hooker requiring all officers of the army to give me assistance, etc.

I really saw but little of the battle of Gettysburg. I reached there by Westminster, and the mail was delivered throughout the army by the Quartermaster's wagons. By the system that I had, letters were gath-

ered from the soldiers, no matter if upon the firing line, daily, and taken back to a place of safety and then dispatched as soon as possible, so that every soldier felt that he could write at any moment that he could take the time, and hold the letter, knowing that it would be gathered up and taken back, even if there should be delay afterwards in its transmission. A large mail was ready to go from the army, and I succeeded in arranging so that it was dispatched every day until the army crossed the Potomac at the Point of Rocks, going southward after Lee. I was ordered by General Meade to get an engine, if necessary, and go in with dispatches that were given me, to Washington, and stop at Baltimore and deliver requisitions for supplies to the Commissary there. Colonel Clarke, the Chief Commissary of the army, said that he preferred to have me do that than to send anyone else. He said, " What you have got to do is to get an old man, whom I have known for my lifetime, almost, in the regular army, awake, and ship those supplies, things that we need very much, and do it without delay. Now you must exercise your own tact and ingenuity to do that. He would take a month to fill these requisitions if alone."

Baltimore was a large depot of commissary supplies and stores. I got an engine, and was accompanied by one officer, General Haupt, who happened to come just in time. We ran rapidly to Baltimore. On arrival I went to Colonel Prescott Smith's house. He was the General Manager of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. I knew him. He was energetic and patriotic. He had a party at his house of some kind, but he came at once with me, bringing his ear-trumpet, for he was very deaf, and said he would know exactly what to do. He

first drove rapidly to his office, where he got in communication with his own people and ordered trains out. Then we drove to the Union League headquarters, where bells were rung by signals that were known to the Union men of the city. Then we drove to the commissary stores, which were long buildings with railroad tracks opposite them. Trains began to arrive in an incredibly short time, and men, that I understood numbered nearly ten thousand, came with rifles from every direction, at the call of the bells, the Union League call. These men embraced the leading citizens of Baltimore, and they went into those storehouses and hauled out barrels and boxes, without regard to tallying, and loaded them into the cars. The old Commissary was wringing his hands and saying that he was ruined; that all those supplies were under his control and responsibility, and here two or three million rations were being taken away from him without tallying or receipts being given. He said, "Your requisitions won't be filled because they are not taking out proportionately, according to the requisitions." I suggested to him that he and his two clerks could fix that by going about and directing that they should take the articles that would go to make the complete rations in better proportions, and I said, "You need have no fear, Colonel, but that your accounts will be made straight. The army can't wait for these supplies," and calmed him as well as I could, and Colonel Smith and some of the citizens, including a Mr. Pratt, a very rich and philanthropic man, talked the same way, and the Commissary took hold and helped. I then went on to Washington and returned with two car-loads of mail and one man, because the rest of the agents were with the army or on the road. This time we took the mail

to Point of Rocks, the advance of the Army of the Potomac having reached there, and the mails were placed in the Quartermaster's wagons for the different Divisions and taken to the army, so that the survivors of Gettysburg received their letters from home.

Army Mail, Army of the Potomac. Lieutenant Parker is seated over forward right-hand wheel

The Quartermaster and Corral Master both were proud of this team, and it was the result of trials and selections from shipments of horses aggregating many thousands. At the close of the war it was sold to the Adams Express Co. D. B. P.

CHAPTER II

FROM GETTYSBURG TO RICHMOND

THE army next made camp along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad in Orange and Culpepper counties, Virginia, General Meade's headquarters being near Brandy Station, and our mails, as well as other supplies, were taken to the army from Alexandria by rail. Two four-horse wagons carried the mail from the Washington City post-office to the train at Alexandria, a distance of eight miles, every morning, leaving the Washington post-office at five o'clock and driving the eight miles in one hour. In the afternoon the mails were returned in the same way.

General Grant came east and established his headquarters at Culpepper Court House. I went with the other officers of General Meade's headquarters and called upon General Grant to pay our respects. We were introduced and walked by, as is common in public receptions. I made arrangements with his Adjutant General covering their mail service and Washington dispatches, but did not see General Grant again, until one day about a week before the armies moved southward, when I received a message from Colonel Bowers, General Grant's Adjutant-General, to come over to Culpepper, a short ride. When I entered Colonel Bowers' office, he said, "General Grant wishes to see you and we will go right into his room." His headquarters were in a private brick residence. Colonel

195900

Bowers introduced me and withdrew, leaving me alone with General Grant. I have never in my lifetime felt so great a surprise as I did from the beginning to the end of that interview. General Grant said, in effect, "We are about to move against the enemy, and our mails are very important to us, so I have sent for you to inform you of my plans that you may make your mail arrangements accordingly." There was no imposition of secrecy or caution of any kind, but he went on to say what day the army would move, and that he would cross the Rappahannock and proceed toward the enemy, who probably would not make a stand at first, but his own movements would have to be regulated by General Lee's, as he proposed to find him and engage him in battle. He said he thought after leaving the Rappahannock a base for supplies would be made at Acquia Creek, and that I had better so calculate, but that I could have the mails delivered as the army left their quarters, and then probably be able to follow in a couple of days with the mails. Every newspaper in the country was discussing the probability of General Grant's advancing, and guessing as to the time and direction. I felt that a great responsibility had been placed upon me by giving me the information, and I also felt proud to think that I was entitled to confidence. General Grant further said that the organization of the army would change so that the Quartermaster's, Commissary's, and Provost Marshal General's Departments would be attached to his headquarters, which would be called "The Armies Operating against Richmond," and that Colonel Bowers would make the necessary order, also, for my transfer to his headquarters.

When the army moved the mails were delivered to

them up to the last moment, and the second day afterward mails were brought by train to Rappahannock Station, where hospital cars filled the tracks to be ready for receiving wounded from the expected battle and transporting them to Washington. No information was received from the army, but many stragglers came pouring in with all sorts of tales of disaster. High bounties and drafting had brought to the army recruits of a very different character from those who enlisted from patriotic motives earlier in the war, and, as General Grant moved southward, the country was filled with stragglers called by the soldiers "Coffee Coolers," who threw away their arms and slipped out from their commands. Small cavalry detachments were kept moving along the line of the railroad from Alexandria to Rappahannock, and guards were stationed in block houses at all bridges, there being danger of the destruction of the railroad by Mosby's very active guerrillas. Telegraph communication to Rappahannock Station was open, and I inquired at the War Department frequently as to the advisability of trying to go with the mails to General Grant. At length I was told not to endanger the mails nor to carry the packages of dispatches, which I had, and which I was directed to turn over to the Surgeon in charge of the hospital train, but that I might take an escort of cavalry and go through to General Grant, from whom nothing had been heard. I was told, at length, what to say to him, verbally, about news from General Sherman and General Thomas. Accordingly I left Rappahannock Station at one o'clock in the afternoon with an escort of fifty cavalrymen and rode in the direction he had marched, crossing at United States ford, and reaching General Grant at nine o'clock that evening, the ride

being a little over thirty miles. He had not heard from Washington, but did not seem to be disturbed about that. He asked me if I could start back early in the morning, and said that I had better go by way of Fredericksburg, so I started at five in the morning, bearing a dispatch and carrying some mail strapped on the troopers' saddles, for although Secretary Stanton had told me not to risk carrying the mails to the army from Rappahannock, I had had the small pouches containing the mail for the brigade, division, and corps headquarters, for the whole army, taken by the cavalry escort, so that the general officers of the army did receive their mail at that time. I rode back with an escort through Fredericksburg, where wounded men were being taken to the Court House and other buildings, and pressed on to Belle Plain opposite Acquia Creek. Some hospital transports and supply vessels were beginning to arrive at Acquia Creek, but were guarded by several gunboats. One of the officers told me that their orders were to proceed to Acquia Creek and then await further orders. I secured passage on one of the patrol boats and reached Washington very late at night, going at once to the War Department, where the Lieutenant of the Guard took me to the telegraphing room on the second floor, saying that Mr. Lincoln was there, having just come over from the White House. The Lieutenant opened the door of the room and said:

"An officer from General Grant."

Almost before I could get into the room, Mr. Lincoln stepped forward and said, "Give me the dispatches." I handed him the dispatch, which was in cipher. There was but one operator there, and he was not a cipher operator. Mr. Lincoln expressed impa-

Head Quarters 11th and 12th Corps
Brook and Valley Tenn. March 22nd 1864

To whom it may concern

Lieutenant David B. Parker 7th Regiment New York Volunteers (3d Excelsior) has been on duty at my Head Quarters, the Head Quarters of the 3d Corps, and Head Quarters Army of the Potomac as Mail Agent from early in 1862 until the present time and it gives me pleasure to testify to his uniform good conduct while of my command

His correct habits, and strict attention to duty were always a guarantee that any business entrusted to him would be well and faithfully performed.

Very Respectfully
Joseph Hooker
Maj. Genl Commanding

Letter of recommendation from General Hooker

tience and requested that the cipher operator should be sent for. I told him that I knew the contents of the dispatch, which had been read to me so that I might destroy it, if necessary, and I repeated to him as well as I could the dispatch, which was not a long one. He said, "General Grant ought to keep us better informed. This is the first news we have had from him." I said that I knew that messengers had been dispatched each day over land, and that probably they would arrive soon. He then plied me with questions about the army and its movements. I answered as well as I could, giving such information as I had obtained the night that I spent in camp. Mr. Lincoln looked very haggard and careworn, and had evidently arisen from his bed, pulled on some trousers and an old dressing-sack and slippers and walked over, a short distance, to the War Department, to see if any news had arrived. His anxiety seemed very great. He finally said:

"Come back early in the morning, and dispatches will be prepared for you to take back."

"What time do you call early, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Five o'clock."

I went away, got a bath and something to eat, and was back at the War Department at five o'clock. Mr. Lincoln was in Mr. Stanton's room, and General Halleck and Colonel Hardie were also there. I was given a blue pencil and made to mark upon a map the location of the army as well as I could, and to explain all that I knew. Dispatches were given me, and I returned immediately to General Grant, taking two men and the mail for the whole army on a small steamer. Communication had been opened with Acquia Creek, and large numbers of wounded were being brought in ambulances and wagons for transportation to the hospitals

at Washington. I learned afterward that soon after I left the War Department one of the scouts, Sergeant Plume, arrived with lengthy dispatches from General Grant, but he had been three days on the way, being afoot most of the time, because the whole country was full of detachments of Stuart's Confederate Cavalry, who picked up our stragglers and imprisoned them in Confederate prisons. I returned at once from the army to Acquia Creek and thence to Washington, and again delivered dispatches at the War Department. Mr. Lincoln was there again. I informed Mr. Lincoln that as I was leaving the army I heard that General Sedgwick had just been killed, and that his body was being brought in. The dispatch I bore, of course, did not give this information. Mr. Lincoln said:

"Poor Uncle John!" and turning to Mr. Stanton added, "General Wright must have that promotion. We have not treated him fairly."

As I left the room, Mr. Lincoln stepped toward the door and said, "Lieutenant, is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, sir, thank you; you need not take me on your mind."

"Where are you from?"

"Chautauqua County, New York."

"Is Dunkirk in Chautauqua County?"

"It is."

"When I passed through Dunkirk," said Mr. Lincoln, "to go to New York to make a speech in the Cooper Institute in '60, a queer incident happened. As the train pulled into Dunkirk, some men came into the car and said, 'Come out here, Mr. Lincoln, we want you,' and I stepped out. Some men were carrying a hogshead that had handles fixed to it, and quite

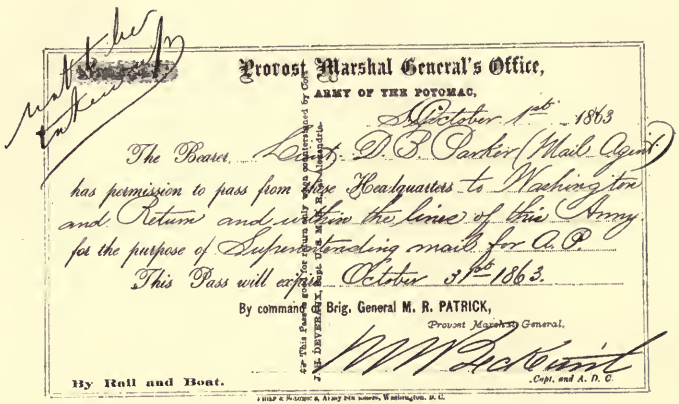
a crowd was collected. One of the men said, 'Please step up on that hogshead,' and as I did so, he said, 'This is Abe Lincoln, and I will swear to it.' I addressed the crowd for a moment, and the train started, and I got back to my seat. Then some of these men came in and rode to the next station and explained that they applied to the superintendent of the road to have the train stop five minutes, but their request was refused. They also explained that when Douglas came through some wag played a trick upon them. He got a man who was visiting in one of the neighboring towns, who bore a remarkable resemblance to Mr. Douglas, to personate him on the front platform of the train and bow and speak to the people, and so on. As the train moved out, Mr. Douglas was on the rear platform, and the mistake was discovered. So the novel way of vouching for my identity was explained."

While Mr. Lincoln was telling this incident, I could see the faces of Mr. Stanton and General Halleck, and they seemed apparently very much annoyed that he should relax and waste his time, but I felt, as I left the place, that he used such occasions to relieve the tension of strain upon his mind. The next winter I was present at an interview which, I think, throws some light on Mr. Lincoln's way of getting relaxation from care. I stepped into the Provost Marshal's office at City Point to pick up my two messmates to go to dinner. Major Beckwith and my tentmate, Captain Scoville, were the Assistant Provost Marshals, and passed upon all passes and permits. The daily boat had arrived an hour before, and all passengers had to go to this office and have their passes viséd or get new ones, to enable them to take the train to the front, some twelve miles, or to return from City Point. The passengers, offi-

cers and men and civilians, had gotten through with their visit to the office and were probably getting aboard the train, which, however, would not leave for some time, but there sat in front of the railing in the office a very singular-looking Irishman, who was called up by Major Beckwith with, "Now, I will wait upon you." The Irishman was dressed in corduroys, with hobnailed shoes, and in every way looked the fresh arrival from the Emerald Isle. He had a humorous, quizzical, ruddy face, and his eyes sparkled with active, vigorous mentality. He handed out a card, but held on to one corner of it. Major Beckwith explained that when he presented that card to get passes to the front, he had offered to give him a pass and take up the card, but the Irishman had said, "Don't you do that, sir, I 'm to kape that card." So Major Beckwith had said, "Take a seat and wait, there is plenty of time, and I will fix you out later." What I heard was, "Ye must send me to the front, to Thomas Francis Meagher's Brigade." The card read "Pass the bearer" (giving his name, which I forget) "to General Meagher's Brigade in the Army of the Potomac, and return to Washington, with free transportation. A. Lincoln. Washington, Dec. —, 1864."

"All right," said Major Beckwith, "I will give you a pass and you keep the card, but I want you to tell me how you got it."

The Irishman said, "I 'ad three sons in this counthry who went into th' army. One was killed. The two others sent me money to come over and visit them. They told me to come t' Washington and I could git a pass. I came t' Washington, but I could git no pass. I wint ivrywhere. I pushed me way into that old Turk in th' War Department, and I thought for a minnit he



Provost Marshal General's Office,
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
October 1st 1863

The Bearer Lieut. D. B. Parker (Mail Agent)
has permission to pass from these Headquarters to Washington
and Return and within the lines of this Army
for the purpose of Superintending mails for A. P.
This Pass will expire October 31st 1863.

By command Brig. General M. R. PATRICK,
Provost Marshal General.
Capt. and A. D. C.

By Rail and Boat.

Pass for Lieutenant Parker, Mail Agent, superintending mail for the Army of the Potomac

would put me in prison for gittin' into his room" (meaning Mr. Stanton), "but I stuck t' it and I hung around the White 'ouse. I went into the garden and talked with the gardener, who was a kind fellah, and told him me story. He said, 'You come to-morrow morning early, and I will put you at work here. When Mr. Lincoln walks in the garden, as he does every marnin', you can speak to him.' So in th' marnin' I wint there an' was a-fussin' wid some plants along th' walk as the gardener told me, an' when he was pritty well away from me, I saw th' master comin'. As he saw me, he stopped an' spoke. He said, 'New man here?' I said, 'I am helpin' the gardener a bit,' and he said, 'Are you a gardener?' 'I 'm just come from Ireland,' said I. 'But are you a gardener?' said he. 'I am,' said I, but it was a dommed lie, f'r I 'm a groom. Then he stopped there and talked t' me. I did n't tell 'im the whole story at onct, but I tried t' talk pleasant like, and he said, 'Come into the office and I will fix you out.' So the gardener told me what door to go in and what to tell 'im, an' I walked past those fellahs as if I owned the place, an' a little Dutchman at a door said, 'You 're the man that Mr. Lincoln said would come. You 're an Irishman, ain't you?' I said, 'Yes, I am an' I 'm the man.' 'Walk right in,' sez he; so I wint in, and Mr. Lincoln said, 'Have a seat, sir, and warm your feet by the fire.' He sat writin', an' a man was shovin' papers before him, an' he would sign them. He said, 'You must know lots of Irish stories,' an' I said, 'I know some,' an' he said, 'All right, talk to me, talk to me.' Well, I cou'd always talk if I had n't much to say, but I kep' talkin' and talkin', an' a man came in t' see 'im on business, an' he said, 'Never you mind, sit where you are,' an'

he kep' me there. When dinner-time came, he told th' man to take me down an' see that I 'ad some dinner. Then I came back again. I stayed with 'im day afther day. You have Thanksgivin' in this counthry? I niver heard of that before. What do you think! I took my Thanksgivin' dinner wid th' Master! Not at his table, but I took it there. I was given a dinner of turkey and ivrything, but there was no whiskey. Finally he said, 'It is time for you to go to the boys and I will let you go,' but he had pumped ivry story out of me that I had iver heard."

So the Irishman went to visit his two boys, one of whom was a Sergeant, and we all concluded that Mr. Lincoln had struck a rich vein which he would probably apply in his story telling.

Many years later, when Hay and Nicolay's "Life of Lincoln" was running in the "Century Magazine," I bought a magazine at a news-stand before taking a train one day, and seated in a chair in a drawing-room car I commenced to read the article. A portrait of Lincoln, one of the many that they printed, was at the head of the page, and I chanced to look at the gentleman who sat in the chair next me, and he had the same magazine opened to the same page. We looked at each other and smiled. He was an elderly man and he inquired, "Do you read all these articles?" and I replied, "I have, so far, and feel a great interest in them." Whereupon he volunteered the following:

"I saw Mr. Lincoln once before the war. I went to Springfield on a mission for a New York client, and was in the court room with a local attorney waiting to get an order signed in the matter of the collection of a debt, when I noticed a short stubby lawyer who was seated within the rail get up and step to the railing

and lean over it to whisper to a client who was sitting close to the railing on the other side. The little fat lawyer's short coat drew up and showed that his trousers were much worn. Immediately a young lawyer seized a sheet of paper and wrote what I afterwards saw: 'We, the undersigned, subscribe the sum set opposite our name to purchase a pair of trousers for Brother ——.' Several of the lawyers put down their names, 3 cents, and 5 cents, and 1 cent. A tall man sat at a table examining a package of legal papers, and the paper was handed to him, and he turned around in his chair and looked at the lawyer leaning over the railing, took a pen, and wrote, without a smile, 'I have no sympathy with the end in view. A. Lincoln.'

"An old friend of mine living in Ohio told me, many years ago, that he went to Springfield before the war and spent a whole day with a lawyer at his office, going over papers, titles, and deeds connected with some property in which he was interested. During the forenoon a tall man walked past them into the back office, saluting the lawyer as he passed. The examination of papers continued, and at dinner-time the lawyer asked my friend to go home to dinner with him, which he did. After their return he saw that the tall man was in the back room, eating a lunch of crackers and cheese from a paper. The lawyer stepped forward and said, 'Why, Mr. Lincoln, I had forgotten your coming in here. I did n't remember that you were in the back room, or I would have asked you to go home to dinner with me. Folks away?' Mr. Lincoln looked very serious. 'No, folks are not away, I 'm away.' Afterwards the lawyer explained. 'This has happened before. Sometimes Mr. Lincoln's home is not very agreeable, though he has never been known to

speak of it, but I know that he takes it very much to heart and that it breaks him up when anything occurs. He has his own office near here with a partner and clerks, but he has come in to find a quiet place. I supposed when he went in that he had come to consult some law book that I had in the other room, but he has probably sat silently there all this time.' "

I did not see Mr. Lincoln again to speak to him until just before the final army movements in March, '65, when he was at City Point with his wife and son Tad. I went into the Adjutant General's office one morning to see the Adjutant General about something, and seated over in the far corner of the room, which was quite a large one, by the fire, were Mr. Lincoln, General Grant, and General Meade. I said to Colonel Bowers, " I will come again," and started to back out. General Grant said, " Lieutenant, transact your business." This seemed to cause Mr. Lincoln to turn in his chair, and he rose and walked forward with his hand out and said, " I know this young man. He brought dispatches to me last year," and inquired about my health, and just then General Sheridan came in to join what seemed to be a consultation of war, and I withdrew. I next saw him walking up the streets of Richmond after its capture. He walked in the middle of the street accompanied by Judge Campbell, who resigned from the United States Supreme Court to become Confederate Assistant Secretary of War, Commodore Porter, and some officers of his staff. No white people appeared upon the streets, but the sidewalks were quickly filled with colored people, whose exclamations were heartfelt and remarkable. I could hear such expressions as, " Bress God, I can see Mr. Lincoln," etc. They all

W. M. Beckwith, Captain, Aide-de-Camp,
Major, and Colonel

seemed to know who he was. I think he remained in the city but a few hours, and he was assassinated within ten days of that date.

I cannot well describe my own feelings and estimates of Mr. Lincoln. I was a boy only, earnest in the hope for success of the cause we were all engaged in, and felt at the time, from all that I heard and read and saw, that Mr. Lincoln was the man for the occasion. His simplicity and sincerity surely impressed everyone who came in contact with him. His kindness and consideration for others were also very apparent. I am sure that every soldier who saw him felt a renewed inspiration to do his best in his sphere, believing that Mr. Lincoln's wisdom, patriotism, and tact would do all that lay in the power of the President of the United States. I voted for him in 1864, my first vote, and I think I am more proud of that fact than of any other occurrence in my life.

On one of the occasions when I was riding to camp, returning from Washington, Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, rode with us, and we conversed about matters generally for several hours. He was at General Grant's headquarters and seemed to be a privileged character and on the very best of terms with General Grant and all of his officers, although there were some newspaper hints that he was stationed there by the War Department as a spy upon Grant's movements. When we separated, after the ride mentioned, Mr. Dana said to me, " If at any future time I can be of any service to you whatever, don't hesitate to call upon me." More than twenty years later I was General Manager of the Metropolitan Telephone Company at New York City, and one day the " New York Sun " contained a very violent attack upon the company in

its editorial columns. I traced this and found it was because Mr. Dana, who was at his summer home on Long Island, could not get good telephone service from his office at New York. The editorial was written by him. I also found the reasons for the bad service, and wrote Mr. Dana, reminding him of the ride more than twenty years before, and of his permission to call upon him for any service in the future. I said to him, "You can be of service now if you will see that the 'Sun' treats our company with common fairness. We are endeavoring to give good telephone service and know that we are giving the best service possible under the circumstances, but when a call goes for you on Long Island, we connect the office with the lines of the New York and New Jersey Telephone Company at Brooklyn, which is as far as our jurisdiction extends, and I find that that company admits that they cannot give good telephone service in your neighborhood with the present lines; that they are willing and anxious to build new lines, and have tried for years to get the requisite permission, which has been withheld by the authorities in your neighborhood. If you, as an influential citizen, can help them to get permission, they will build a line at once that will insure good service to your house. I told them they ought not to attempt to give any service when they knew it could not be satisfactory, and their General Manager told me that they had offered to discontinue the service to the subscribers in your neighborhood until such a time as they could build anew, but that the subscribers wished to keep it for what good they could get out of it. Your attack upon the company is general, and a reader would suppose that we were derelict in every respect; so I appeal to you." I also said, "If you will have tele-

phone service in your residence in New York for the winter, I think that you will see that the service this company gives would be of great help to you." I received a very polite note at once from Mr. Dana. He said he was glad to hear from me, and that if his daughter, who was a good deal of a tyrant, would allow him to have a telephone when he returned to the city, he would be better able to judge of the service of the company which had been assailed. The "New York Sun," thereafter, treated our company more than fairly in discussions which arose.

The end of the campaign of 1864 found the army on the James River with General Grant's headquarters at City Point and General Meade's headquarters about twelve miles westward in front of Petersburg. I had a building of rough lumber built quickly for a post-office at City Point, and in it quite a large business was transacted. General Butler commanded the Department of the James, with headquarters at Fortress Monroe and the Army of the James with headquarters near Bermuda Hundred, just north of City Point, across the Appomattox River. When General Grant came into that territory, General Butler raised the point that the autonomy of his command remained the same as before, as he was a Department Commander. General Grant treated this matter with tact and patience, but had to have Butler removed later, and General Ord succeeded him. In making the mail arrangements the same mail agent that acted on the river steamer running to Washington which stopped at Fortress Monroe brought the mail for the Army of the James, and the steamer, after landing at City Point, went on to Bermuda Hundred. I issued some orders that I suppose were reported to General Butler, regarding the mail

service at Bermuda Hundred, and I received a message from his Provost Marshal, Colonel Cassel, telling me that if I landed at Bermuda Hundred or interfered with their mail arrangements there, he was instructed to arrest me. I reported the matter at once to General Grant, who said, " Never mind; that matter is coming up in a larger way. Just ignore them and don't go there to General Butler's army." I mentioned the fact that I had received from the Post-Office Department a very large number of depredation complaints affecting the Army of the James, and that the Department had asked me to investigate them. General Grant said, " Suppose you send them to General Butler with a letter saying that you are unable to conduct the investigation which the Post-Office Department has asked you to make, because of the message that your presence is not desired in his army." I did this, and the next day received the bag full of cases back at the hands of Captain Manning, who delivered the verbal message that General Butler wished me to investigate them, and that any facilities that I might need in his army would be given me. The cases all pointed to the post-office at Bermuda Hundred as the point of trouble. Lieutenant Bullus and three clerks had charge of this office. It took but a day or two to focus the matter, and a search in the trunks and private effects of Lieutenant Bullus and the others disclosed many of the stolen articles reported in the cases, including several watches that soldiers had sent away to be repaired and returned, and which were fully described and identified. At my request Colonel Cassel arrested these men, and I put some others in the post-office. I wrote a letter to General Butler, reporting all the facts, that day. He passed down the river to Fortress Monroe in his pri-

vate steamer the next day and telegraphed me from Fortress Monroe about as follows:

"I have read your report of the arrest of Lieutenant Bullus and the other clerks who have robbed the letters of their comrades. I will order a court-martial for their trial and if they are convicted, I propose to hang them. Benj. F. Butler."

He ordered the court-martial, but was relieved himself in a few days. The proceedings of the court-martial, however, were approved by General Ord, his successor, and Lieutenant Bullus and the others were sentenced to hard labor at the military prison at Dry Tortugas, Florida.

In June, 1864, the Seventy-second New York, to which I belonged, came from the front to City Point and embarked for Washington to be mustered out and go home, their three years' service having expired. I decided that I would like to go with them and perhaps return in some other capacity. I had not been home during the three years. I hurried over to General Grant's headquarters and found that he had just gone to the front; and I informed General Rawlins, the Chief of Staff, and the Adjutant General of my purpose, and placed a written recommendation with them for the appointment of William H. Proudfit, my Chief Assistant, to the position of Superintendent of Mails. Mr. Proudfit had a year longer to serve, and was a soldier of the One Hundred and Twelfth New York, from Jamestown, and I recommended that he be promoted to a commissioned officer and given the position that I held. General Rawlins thought this would be done, and I went to Washington with the other officers of the regiment. I went to the Treasury Department to settle my accounts, get a certificate of non-indebted-

ness and my pay from the Paymaster, and intended to go on with my fellow officers that night by rail, five companies of the regiment being from Chautauqua County. Late in the afternoon I went to the Post-Office Department to bid officials that I knew good-bye, and was informed that the Postmaster General had a messenger hunting for me, and I was told to go into the First Assistant Postmaster General's office and I would find out about it. When I did, I was informed that General Grant had telegraphed the President requesting my appointment as a Special Agent of the Post-Office Department, to return to him and continue in the position which I had filled while a detailed officer of the army, and that Mr. Lincoln had endorsed the back of the telegram, mentioning the importance of the mails to the soldiers and their families, and asking Postmaster General Blair to make the appointment. A commission as Special Agent had been made out, and on the information that I was in Washington, but about to depart with my regiment, a messenger had been hunting me. I accordingly returned at once to General Grant's headquarters, and continued in the service until the war closed.

The day that Richmond was evacuated word came to City Point from General Weitzel, who commanded the troops on the north side of the James nearest to Richmond, that the city was evacuated and burning, and that he was pushing his troops forward to enter the city. General Grant was up at General Meade's headquarters. I said to the Adjutant General that I would go up to Richmond at once and look after the Confederate post-office records and affairs, and he replied, "Go and make all arrangements, and perhaps General Grant will want to send some orders by you." I went

Post Office Department,

CONTRACT OFFICE,

Washington, April 6 1865

Sir:

I was much gratified to receive your telegram yesterday announcing the fact of your having taken possession of the Post office at Richmond You have the thanks of the Department for your prompt action in this matter. I now have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 4th inst. If you have an account of the Mail Matter in Richmond and Petersburg which was taken possession of by the Military authorities, you will please send a copy to this office It is desirable that the Richmond Post office should be put in operation as soon as possible, and upon the return of the Post Master General from Ohio, the last of this week, some one will probably be appointed to relieve you of your duties at that point

With great respect

Your obdient Servt.

J B Parker Esq
Special Agent P.O. Dept
City Point Va

Geo. W. Pelton
2d Asst Postmaster General

Letter conveying thanks of Post Office Department to Special Agent Parker for promptness in taking possession of Post Office at Richmond

to the Quartermaster, who gave me a boat, and ordered my horse and an orderly. When ready to start, I went back to Colonel Bowers' office, and he gave me a dispatch for General Weitzel and said that General Grant wanted I should go to Elizabeth Van Lew's house on Grace Street and see that she had protection and anything that she might need. Our boat was stopped by the gunboats eight miles from Richmond, the fear being entertained that the river was mined with torpedoes; so we landed at Akins Wharf and started over land for Richmond. As the roads were full of troops, Captain Penrose (who had joined me) and I took to the fields. We were well mounted, and our horses took the fences and ditches easily. When we arrived at Richmond, the lower part of the city was burning, and the first of our soldiers who had arrived were working hard in subduing the flames. I found General Weitzel at the State Capitol, and then went immediately to the city post-office, which was being ransacked by some of our soldiers. I placed a guard over the office, and put up a notice in the window that mail service would be resumed the next day and dispatched to all points with which communication could be had. The next morning I had a force of detailed soldiers at work, and opened the post-office and sent a mail to City Point in the afternoon. About noon I rode to Church Hill and found Miss Van Lew's residence, a fine place, her father, who had died within a few years, having been one of the old and wealthy merchants of Richmond. Miss Van Lew's mother came to the door and cautiously inquired who I was. When I told her, the door flew open, and the daughter, Miss Van Lew, who was about fifty years of age, welcomed me warmly. I told her what General Grant's instruc-

tions were, and she said, "I want nothing now. I would scorn to have a guard now that my friends are here." She invited me to come to supper and to remain that night, and I told her of my friend Captain Scoville, and she said, "Bring him also"; so we returned there at supper-time, leaving our horses at a corral, and we were seated at the table with a number of gentlemen to whom we were introduced. One of them was the clerk of Libby Prison, named Ross, and all of the others occupied prominent positions in various departments of the Confederate Government. Mr. Ross sat next me and said:

"You must think it a little strange to meet me here, but I don't dare be anywhere else. If I went on the streets of Richmond, perhaps some officer who had been a prisoner in Libby Prison might recognize me and put a stop to my career."

"Would you be so unpopular as that with them?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I have cussed them up and down in the prison."

Miss Van Lew then said, "Don't you believe all he says. I have had him in Libby Prison for years doing my bidding. These other gentlemen have been in affiliation with me, and you probably know that I have been in communication with General Grant all the time."

It was a fact that the house of Miss Van Lew had been the rendezvous in Richmond for our spies, and while we had been on the James River she maintained a farm just opposite City Point where information was sent; and an officer of our Provost Marshal General's Department visited this farm nightly, crossing the river, so that full information reached General Grant daily of all news that could be obtained in Richmond.

Years after the war I met Captain Lownsbury, who had settled in Jamestown, New York, and conducted a wholesale grocery establishment. Lownsbury sought my acquaintance, when I visited there, because he had heard I was residing in Richmond, which I did, while United States Marshal, for nine years after the war. He asked me if I knew Ross, who had been clerk of Libby Prison. I told him I did very well, and that he was a commission merchant in Richmond. Captain Lownsbury said:

"I was a prisoner in Libby, and Ross was the clerk who called the rolls and superintended the prison under Major Turner. He never called the rolls without swearing at us and abusing us and calling us Yankees, etc. We all hated him, and many a man said that the time might come when he could get even with the little scamp. Our attention had been frequently called to the fact that officers had been called out and never returned. We had no knowledge of what became of them, and one evening at roll call Ross struck me in the stomach and said, 'You blue-bellied Yankee, come down to my office. I have a matter to settle with you.' We were in line at the roll call, and some others whispered, 'Don't go; you don't have to,' but I followed Ross down to his office in the corner of the prison. There was no one in the office, but a guard stood in front of the door on the sidewalk. Ross pointed behind a counter, this office being a counting-room of the old Libby Tobacco Factory. I stepped behind the counter and found a Confederate uniform, and I lost no time in getting into it, although it was too small for me. Then I walked out the door. It was just after dark, and Ross and the sentry were walking down the sidewalk. I ran across the street to a vacant lot

which had brush growing upon it. As I did so, a colored man stepped out and said, 'Come with me, sah, I know who you is,' and he took me to Miss Van Lew's house on Church Hill. Miss Van Lew told me the roads and where to take to the woods to escape the pickets and to go down the James River, and I could, perhaps, before morning reach a place of safety where I could escape to our troops. Now, I want to send Ross a box of fine cigars," and I took them to him at Richmond.

When General Grant was inaugurated President, the post-office at Richmond had been remarkably well conducted for four years by Postmaster Alexander Sharp and Assistant Postmaster C. Jay French. Mr. French had had much experience before the war, and during the war he was in charge of the important post-office at Fortress Monroe and was in every respect a model official. When it became known that, as soon as General Grant became President, Dr. Sharp would be appointed United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, a petition was circulated in Richmond for the appointment of Mr. French as postmaster; and the patrons of the office signed with great unanimity, but General Grant desired to appoint Miss Van Lew, and arranged that Colonel French should be appointed Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service for the District of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky. Miss Van Lew's appointment was well received in Richmond, although it was well known that she had not only been a Union woman but had rendered service to the Union Cause. After she had been in office a few months, I, being in Washington, called upon President Grant, and he said:

"You are just in time to give me some information.

Special Agent Parker and Captain C. E. Scoville

The Postmaster General has just been here and handed me a statement regarding Miss Van Lew's insubordination, and insists upon her removal. I would like to retain her, if possible, but it looks very discouraging. The Postmaster General says that she has changed the pay of clerks, not only without authority from the Department, but in face of positive orders not to do so, and in other respects has disobeyed the rules and orders of the Department, and that a Special Agent sent especially to investigate and report upon the matter was ordered out of the office by her and told to go about his business. I don't see how I can retain her in office if she is to behave that way. What do you think about it?"

I replied that I had heard that she had reduced the pay of the mailing clerks in the office, who were the most important clerks there, in order to give increased pay to some clerks appointed by her who were old friends and acquaintances and whose positions did not warrant the amount of compensation she fixed, but I had not heard about the matter otherwise, as I was no longer connected with the Post-Office Department (being then United States Marshal). The President said:

"Can't you influence her to correct these matters?"

"No," I said, "I cannot influence her at all. She does not even speak to me when we meet. She came to me some time ago and asked me to support her brother for the office of Auditor of the city, and I declined. The incumbent of the office, who desired re-election, was very capable and satisfactory, and the office is an important one. Her brother is not fit for that office or any similar position, and I told her so. She was very indignant and said, 'If you are not my

brother's friend, you can't be my friend. I will never speak to you again,' and went away."

"How do the public regard her administration of the office?"

"She is giving eminent satisfaction. There is no complaint on the part of the public."

"Well, that is much in her favor," said the President, "if we can only make her behave herself toward the Department and its rules. I warned her when I saw her some time ago, and I can send for her again, but I am afraid she would continue the insubordination. I think I will appoint you arbitrator in the case, and send for her and tell her that she must adjust all those matters of difference with the Post-Office Department according to your suggestions, and if she refuses to do it, I shall have to remove her, much as I would regret to do so."

A few days later Miss Van Lew came to my office, bringing her pay rolls, and said:

"General Grant insists that I must fix these pay rolls of clerks as you direct, and that if I won't do it, I must give up the post-office, which I don't want to do. It is a great humiliation to me to have to come to you with them, but you tell me what I must do and I will do it."

So I looked over the new roll and the old one and told her:

"Just put all of these clerks back as they were in respect to pay. Then I would suggest that you write the Postmaster General a letter saying that you have done so, and that you will be glad to receive any suggestions or instructions that he may make as to the conduct of the office. If you do that, I think you will have no further trouble in the office,

and you will relieve General Grant from much embarrassment."

"I will do it," she said, "I have to do it. No thanks to you. Good day."

The mailing clerks who were reduced had been borrowed from post-offices at Northern cities when the post-office was re-established in '65, and were noted in the mail service as the very best clerks. After serving awhile temporarily, they had liked Richmond well enough to take permanent appointment, but this reduction of Miss Van Lew in pay was at so low an ebb that they would have had to to give up their positions.

Ten or twelve years later, while I was Chief Post-Office Inspector, Postmaster General Gresham sent for me one day and said that he had received a letter from General Grant asking him to do what he could for Miss Van Lew, who was then in Washington; that she had held the post-office at Richmond for eight years while he was President, but had not been reappointed by President Hayes; that she had been well off financially then, but had sought to establish her brother in the business of tobacco manufacturing, and had invested her money with him and lost it, as he had failed in business, so that she was now in financial stress; that she had been of great service to the Union cause during the war, and that I could tell him about her service, and that he hoped she might receive some appointment from which she could make a living. Judge Gresham added that he had sent for her and advised her to put in an application for a clerkship at the Appointment Office, which she had done, and that she had gone before the Examiner under the rules prevailing at that time and passed the examination

with the highest rating. Now, the Third Assistant Postmaster General had a vacancy to fill in his office and had brought in the order for the appointment of a Committee of three, which would be headed by himself, under the rules, to select from among the applicants who had passed the examinations a person to fill the vacancy. Judge Gresham said, "I struck off one of the names and inserted yours, and you must do what you can for Miss Van Lew." The Committee convened, and Judge Gresham came in and said, "I believe I am an *ex officio* member of this Committee. What 's the status of the thing?" The Third Assistant, Mr. Hazen, explained that three applicants had passed the highest rating, and that as the position to be filled was in his office he supposed his recommend would prevail; that one of the applicants whom he had met and was sure would make a fine clerk, desired the appointment for permanent employment, and would probably rank among the very best of employees in the Department. I inquired what State he was from, it being well known that the Third Assistant, who was a Pennsylvanian, was in touch with Members of Congress from that State and was active in securing places for Pennsylvanians.

He replied, "From Pennsylvania."

"Well, that 's a good State to be from," said Judge Gresham. "Let me see the other names. Here is Miss Van Lew of Richmond. She has passed the examination, too."

"Yes, but I don't want her," said Mr. Hazen. "She was postmistress at Richmond and was troublesome and hard to get along with. If I were to appoint her in my division, she would be quarreling with everybody."

"Well," I interrupted, "she rendered very important service during the war."

"Oh, I know all about that," exclaimed Mr. Hazen. "Everybody has heard of that and would hear of it all the time if she were here. We are getting tired of that."

"I don't think she would ever mention it herself unless asked," I said. "Perhaps her Chief of the Subdivision and fellow clerks are veterans or, at least, well-wishers of the Union, and they would be glad to aid her in every way and bear with her eccentricities. If she had been a soldier, she would be entitled to preference under the law. Surely she rendered services that ought to put her on a par with the soldiers."

"But I don't want her," insisted Mr. Hazen.

"Well," said the Postmaster General, "I rather think that Miss Van Lew ought to be selected, and, as Chairman of the Committee, I will put the question to a vote."

The other member of the Committee voted with us, and she was installed as a clerk.

A prominent citizen of Richmond once said to me:

"I suppose you folks think Betty Van Lew was a Union woman purely from conviction and high principles."

"Certainly we do."

"Well, that's where you are mistaken. I have known her all her life, and her father was one of my best friends and one of the best men in Richmond, but it is sheer contrariness on her part. If she was to fall off Mayo's bridge into the river and drown, her body would float up the rapids to Lynchburg instead of down the river to Norfolk. But she is one of us, and we are glad General Grant took care of her. It does

him credit, and we like him pretty well, too. He treated General Lee and our soldiers with such delicate consideration, and he did n't come into Richmond himself with his bands playing, ' See! the Conquering Hero Comes.' "

I think Miss Van Lew's financial affairs became more satisfactory from the advance in value of the real estate which she owned, but she held her clerkship until the Cleveland administration.

Commander William B. Cushing

CHAPTER III

WAR-TIME FRIENDS

DURING the war I frequently saw and kept in touch with a boyhood friend, Commander Cushing, of Albemarle fame. At Fredonia, in the early fifties, when I was a boy of ten or twelve years of age, Cushing's mother, a widow, lived in the neighborhood and had four sons and a daughter. I think the eldest son, Milton B., was already away from home in Washington, a clerk in the Navy Department, where a relative, Rear Admiral Joseph Smith, Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, father of Captain Joseph Smith, Jr., who commanded the Congress when she was sunk by the Merrimac, had given him a clerkship. The next son, Howard, went from home to Chicago about that time, leaving Alonzo and William, and a younger child, a sister, Mary. Mrs. Cushing taught a select school, and the family seemed in rather poor circumstances, but were surrounded by kind friends in Fredonia who were among the most influential people. William was the same age as myself, and we were fast friends and playmates, sitting together at the district school. He was very active, full of mischief and humor, but studious. He led and I followed, and we had many escapades. One I remember:

We had committed some prank in the schoolroom that attracted the attention of the teacher, and he ordered us to remain after school, but we ran out, and

the teacher quickly ordered some older boys to catch us and bring us back. We ran for the board fence, and by jumping upon it and striking on the breast, had a way of going over head first and landing on our feet. Cushing, however, was not satisfied to escape. The nearest boy was close upon us, and Cushing hesitated a moment so that he could kick him with both feet before going over, which, however, spoiled Cushing's fall and he fell upon his hands, breaking one arm. The arm swung limp and he was very pale, but we went on to Dr. White, a relative of his, who set it.

Cushing was very pugnacious, good-natured generally, but very quick to resent an insult, and he would fight any boy or man without the slightest hesitation. On one occasion in front of a grocery store, we came upon a man who had had some difficulties with Cushing and who turned upon us and said, "I 've got you now and I 'll give you a good spanking." Will jumped up on a raised platform in front of the store where there was a barrel containing axe helves, hoe handles, and other things of that sort, and seized an axe helve and struck the man a heavy blow on the side of the head, felling him to the ground.

He was not a bully, but he was perfectly fearless, and yet had very few accidents, not as many as boys usually. His dash and audacity were coupled with such good judgment in his movements that he seldom broke or hurt anything or injured himself.

My family moved away from Fredonia to a neighboring town, and I saw him only a few times when I was visiting there or he was visiting me, until about 1858, when my family had returned to Fredonia. I was a student at the Academy, and Will was then a cadet at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He came

home for a vacation, wearing a smart uniform and in every way creating a deep impression on his old acquaintances of both sexes. We were together much during the time that he was at home. We went to picnics and called upon the young ladies, and were in every way very pleasantly engaged. The night he was to return to the Naval Academy I drove him to Dunkirk to catch a train that would pass about eleven o'clock. When we got to the depot at Dunkirk, and he had purchased his ticket and checked his trunk, we found the train was more than an hour late, so we sauntered about and went into a German saloon opposite. It was a chilly night and we sat near the fire until the saloon keeper said, "Vell, vy don't you boys buy somedings?" Will straightened up with a brave air and said, "Let's have a farewell drink." I had never drunk a drop of liquor, and I do not know that he ever had. He walked to the bar with the air of a toper and ordered two brandy cocktails, proposed our eternal friendship, and we drank them down. Then we sat down again. After a while the German said, "Vell, you boys don't spend much money to pay for dat fire." Will had already treated; so I said, "Let's have two more cocktails," and we drank to the health of our girls. Then we returned to the depot and found the train was still another hour late and people were scrubbing the floors. We went back to the saloon, received more hints from the German, and drank some more cocktails, which vile stuff went to my head and legs both and to Will's head. Then we went out. I was carrying the buggy whip, and we locked arms and walked about, but my legs were uncertain, and Will took the whip and lashed my legs some. I became indignant at that and refused to walk further,

and managed to untie the horse and get in the wagon and drive off. I immediately fell into the bottom of the wagon and slept until I was awakened in the toll-gate by a teamster who wanted to come through. Both the horse and I were asleep. I straightened up and started on, and next time awoke at broad daylight. The horse was at the door of our barn. I was fearfully sick, and my father reminded me, when he smelled the liquor, that several years before a noted temperance lecturer had stopped at our house and had left some pledges. Father insisted that I sign my name to everyone of them, and that was the scolding I received. Will wrote me from Annapolis that when he got on the train, to which he was helped by a railroad man, his ticket was gone and he had an indistinct remembrance of two men who had probably taken that and his watch. He had no money to pay his fare, but the conductor of the Lake Shore Road believed his story and took him on to Buffalo and introduced him to another conductor, and they put him clear through to Annapolis. He delayed, however, at New York until he could secure a friend to help him on, which caused him to arrive one day late, and he had, therefore, to get the matter overlooked. He subsequently returned to each of the conductors his fare from the first money that he received.

After my arrival in Washington in '61 Will visited me and spent some time with me in camp, a couple of miles out of the city. He went in to Washington daily to look after some trouble about his service, which finally ended satisfactorily. From letters received from him and from what he told me during that visit and at other times, and from what I heard from naval officers who were associated with him, it can safely be

said that while he was proficient in study, and especially in navigation, mathematics, fencing, and in fact all that was of value in the naval course of instruction, he was so full of irrepressible mischievous life and action that it was with great difficulty that he retained any position in the Naval Academy and afterwards, for a time, in the service. For instance, Captain Boggs, who commanded the training ship on which the midshipmen made their cruise abroad, told me that Will got a string of demerits for sheer deviltry, one case being his arranging a wire so that, after leaving his watch in the night on deck and going below, he astonished the officers and crew by a broadside fire which, upon investigation, was brought home to him easily enough. In that, as in other cases, he never denied or evaded the responsibility. But Captain Boggs brought him safely to port, and remained his warm friend through life. These demerit marks accumulated and resulted in Will's suspension or dismissal, and he had come to Washington to try and get reinstated and assigned to duty. His relative, Rear Admiral Joseph Smith, was very severe in denouncing him and advising him not to go home and face his noble, struggling mother, but to enlist in the army and get killed as soon as possible. He even ordered him out of his presence and requested that he never again come to him. Fortunately, however, Will met Captain Boggs, who was temporarily in Washington, who took him to Captain Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and warmly advocated Will's cause, declaring that the Commandant at Annapolis, Commodore Blake, was running out every boy of spirit and dash and favoring and retaining only those who were pedantic goody-goodies. Captain Fox became inter-

ested, and at a time when he was Acting Secretary in the absence of Secretary Welles, he took Cushing with him to the White House and introduced him to Mr. Lincoln, saying something in his behalf. Will then pleaded his cause with Mr. Lincoln, and told him that if he would place him in active service he would not have any cause to regret doing so and that he would perform his duty with fidelity. Mr. Lincoln put his arm about the boy and told him that he would put him in service, and ever afterwards acted as though Cushing was a protégé.

From this time on I met Will occasionally. His service was brilliant, and he was placed in command of a gunboat before he was nineteen years of age and afterward commanded a large number of vessels at different times, and I think never had a serious mishap nor loss of but one, which he burned when it was aground in a river in North Carolina, where he succeeded in destroying salt works and other valuable property of the Confederacy; and being unable to bring his own vessel away, escaped in a captured smaller vessel. He received the thanks of Congress. His manner remained the same during all of this time of adulation. The fact that Congress passed a vote of thanks did not disturb his equilibrium at all. Public demonstrations in New York and Boston, where the freedom of the city was bestowed upon him by a public meeting of the city government, did not seem to have any effect upon him. He was still of the same temperament, the light-hearted, mischievous boy, shrewd, self-reliant, and absolutely without fear in planning his various brilliant exploits. Officers who served under him have told me that when he suggested the destruction of the rebel ram Albemarle, and at

other times, those who knew him put absolute confidence in his plans and his leadership, while those who had not had an opportunity to learn his thoroughness of preparation, grasp of detail, and masterful resourcefulness in execution were distrustful and almost afraid to follow him.

Intermixed with his brilliant exploits are many personal exposures that were entirely unnecessary and the subject of fair criticism. They only showed a part of his character which seemed in his case, as in the character of John Paul Jones, a necessary part of the whole that made the brilliant naval hero, as, for instance, when on the blockade before Wilmington he made personal reconnoissance upon the river, examining the defenses, and even attended church in Wilmington, wearing a Confederate uniform, and wrote his name with the date in a prayer book in the church, to be found by others in a few days. He did not ask others to share such exposures, but they were ready to volunteer and begged the opportunity to accompany him. His reconnoissance showed that it would be possible to make a dash into the camp of the defenses of Wilmington, and one evening he asked Commodore Porter, in command of the blockade, to come up to breakfast the next morning, and said he would go and bring off the Commandant of the defenses of Wilmington to keep the Commodore company. Porter knew him thoroughly, and replied that if he violated orders by any foolhardy acts he might expect a quick court-martial. But all the same he came the next morning to Will's ship and breakfasted, not with the Commandant, but with the Confederate Engineer in charge of the construction of the defenses. Will had landed near the barracks and passed through the camp

where twelve hundred soldiers were asleep and searched the house of the Commandant, but found only an officer who was ill but who escaped, and the Chief Engineer of the General Engineer Corps of the Confederate Government. He brought the Engineer away with him, and escaped through the camp which was turning out an alarm, and the Commandant and other officers of his staff were saved by the fact that they were in Wilmington attending a wedding.

Early in his service Cushing was on duty in the lower James River, and was the ranking officer of two gunboats. He was directed to co-operate with General Peck, the Commander of the Union forces, who confronted General Beauregard with a large Confederate force. General Peck was a very conservative old officer, and Cushing became impatient. He would go ashore, take batteries and make things quite lively, and he demanded that Peck should force Beauregard to action, and in other ways displeased General Peck. Finally, Cushing conceived the idea that Beauregard had escaped with his forces and joined General Lee, and he insisted that Peck should make a reconnoissance and should pursue them. As General Peck did not act, Cushing took a howitzer and a detail of men and made a complete detour and found that Beauregard had departed, leaving a sham camp to deceive the Federal forces. Cushing's report to the Navy Department, when shown, was offensive to the War Department, and Secretary Stanton demanded that he should be called to account for his reflections upon General Peck, especially one calling General Peck an "old granny." Cushing was ordered to Washington to explain the matter to Mr. Lincoln as well as he could, and Mr. Lincoln reprimanded him severely for

calling an honorable officer of the army an "old granny" and reflecting upon him as he did, but Cushing persisted. "Let me explain it fully," he said, "and I can prove that he is an old granny." Mr. Lincoln finally laughed and said, "You go back and tend to your business," and the matter was passed over without a court-martial. This information came to me from Cushing about the time of the incident.

Cushing's command was changed quite often from one ship to another, and he served on both the Charleston and Wilmington blockades at different times. He captured a number of blockade runners, and received quite large sums as prize money. For the destruction of the Albemarle his prize money amounted, I think, to forty-odd thousand dollars. There was a point of law involved as to whether the ship destroyed should be inventoried with its armament and supplies, and the case was adjudicated in the courts at Washington. Caleb Cushing, a distant relative, volunteered to appear and conduct the case, which he won.

My duty and position was such, being Superintendent of Mails for the Army of the Potomac, that I was in Washington often and was free to go and come as my duty required. I often met Cushing. On one occasion that I recall, when he had his ship in the Navy Yard for repairs, he undertook to make his home with his brother Milton in a boarding-house kept by two elderly ladies with whom his brother had boarded for many years. Cushing gave an organ-grinder some change at the door and asked him to play all the tunes that he had, and this offended the old ladies very much, and they told his brother Milton that it was

objectionable, and that his brother Will must send the organ-grinder away. Milton asked Will to do so, and Will went out and learned from the organ-grinder that there were three more in town with their organs; so he engaged them all to come at 8.30 that evening. He was at the door when they arrived, and took them up into his brother's room and started them to playing. This resulted in an open rupture, but the next day before leaving the house Cushing practiced with his revolver on some pigeons on the wall back of the house, alarming the old ladies very much. Looking down, he saw one of them raising a window on the floor below. She had in her hand a stick which she was to place under the window after it was raised. Cushing shot and hit the stick, knocking it out of her hand. He was not allowed in that house any more, and took up his quarters at a hotel.

He had a negro servant who was actually born in Africa, and whom he had picked up a contraband, down in the Carolinas. He was a peculiar-looking black man with very long arms, was a good servant and very pious. On one occasion when I visited Cushing in his room, Jacob came for some purpose from the Navy Yard, where the ship was, and Cushing said:

"Jacob, repeat after me these magic words, 'There was a man who lost his hat, but what to Hell did he care for that?'"

"Cap'n, I kyant repeat dem words. Dem words is sinful words. I kyant speak dem words."

"Well, Jacob, I will change it a little for you. 'There was a man who lost his hat, but what in the Devil did he care for that?'"

"Cap'n, I kyant say dat word, neither."

"Well, stand up against that door. Hand me my sword first."

Then Cushing, who was an expert swordsman, pierced the door within an inch of Jacob's bushy head. After doing this a few times, Jacob said, "Stop, Cap'n, an' I 'll say hit. I pray God not ter hold me 'sponsible."

Cushing then said, "Jacob, you need not say it."

On another occasion I went to the Kirkwood House, where he was stopping, to dine with him. After dinner we sat in the office by the window, and Jacob came to see if Cushing had any orders. Cushing said:

"Jacob, I 'm afraid to go out. I 'm glad you have come, for you can defend me. You see those men on the other side of the street" (pointing across the street to a line of carriages drawn up at a stand designated by the city), "those men with whips?"

"Yes, Cap'n."

"Well, those men are waiting for me to come out of the door, when they will pounce on me. Now, you must go out with me when I go, and if any of them come at me you must protect me."

"All right, Cap'n, I 'll do de bes' I can."

Cushing went out of the door to the sidewalk, and stopped and looked towards the carriages. He had been a good customer for several days, and three or four of the cabmen rushed across, whips in hand, to get his orders. They had no sooner reached the sidewalk than Jacob attacked them, knocking two of them over. Then Cushing ran Jacob back into the hotel and got him to a place of safety.

At the time of one of the important elections Cushing went to Philadelphia to join his ship, which was

at the Navy Yard and about to proceed to his station of Wilmington. On arrival at Philadelphia he registered at the Continental Hotel. He was in uniform, and at that time the Democratic newspapers were making very fierce attacks upon President Lincoln and declaring that he was seeking to carry the election of the country by using soldiers to intimidate voters. While Cushing was writing his name on the register, a man at his elbow said to others in the crowded rotunda, "Here 's another one of Lincoln's hirelings come to intimidate us at the election." Cushing completed his negotiations for a room, and then turned and used a small cane which he carried on the man who had made the insulting remarks, cutting his face quite severely. The people in the rotunda separated as if about to engage in a row, when the police entered and quelled the disturbance and arrested Cushing upon the complaint of the man whom he had struck. As many as fifteen or twenty wealthy citizens went along to the station house and gave bail for Cushing. He appeared in court the next morning and paid a fine. The second day after that Cushing's ship departed without him. Cushing planned to join it at Norfolk, and after timing the ride to the Southern station and having his belongings in a cab ready, he ran to the drugstore kept by the man who had insulted him, pulled him from behind the counter, and thrashed him severely. Then Cushing jumped into the cab and reached the station as the train was beginning to move, and the incident was considered closed.

I visited him on board his ship more than once. He seemed a thorough disciplinarian, but I have been told, by officers who served with him, that he was popular.

For a few hours one evening in Washington in

April, 1863, Cushing wore the uniform of the army instead of the navy. I came from General Hooker's headquarters to Washington, and the next day received a telegram from General Hooker asking me to bring back a new uniform coat which I would find at his tailor's. Mr. Lincoln was to visit the Army of the Potomac, which General Hooker then commanded, and a review was to be held and General Hooker wanted his best coat. I got the coat in a paper box and carried it to my room, intending to go back to the army in the morning. Cushing called there and opened the box and took out the coat and took off his own, saying, "I will see how the General's coat feels on me." Then he dared me to put on his coat, and we go to the theater, which we did. His coat was quite showy, but the Major General's coat with two stars looked overpowering on a young man of twenty. I am sure he attracted a great deal of attention. No doubt many people asked their neighbors if they knew who that young Major General was, but the provost officers did not disturb us, and a couple of days later at Falmouth General Hooker wore the coat at the great review of the Army of the Potomac as he sat beside President Lincoln.

In 1864 I received a letter from Cushing, dated New York, asking me if I could spare a few days to come on and stay with him; that he wanted somebody he could talk to. I knew this meant something unusual, and as I could get away at the time, I went at once. He was stopping at the Old United States Hotel, then kept near the Battery, and told me, in confidence, that he had come on there because his old friend, Captain Boggs, was on duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and he wanted to have two steam launches

built quickly and equipped according to his plans with torpedoes. He told me that the Confederate ram Albemarle, the most formidable craft constructed during the war by either the North or the South, had come out and destroyed several of our men-of-war and put back for some repairs to her machinery before making a cruise to our great Northern cities; that he had offered to destroy her, and had been given permission to make the attempt; that no one knew of his plans but Captain Boggs, and that the strain was getting so severe that he felt that he wanted some friend to talk to. I went over to the Navy Yard with him and went on a trial trip around the harbor in one of the launches with Captain Boggs and Cushing.

We visited the theaters in the evening for amusement. Cushing seemed determined, but showed the strain that was upon him. Walking down Broadway from Winter Garden Theater late at night, when the streets were deserted, we walked near to two of the type of firemen known in New York — men with red shirts, black trousers and patent leather boots, which was the uniform they wore at that time on the streets at all hours. The United States army and navy were unpopular in New York with many people, and our uniforms showed that we belonged to the service. There had been draft riots, and politics ran very high. These two men were very insulting and walked close to us and impeded our progress. I took Cushing's arm and tried to have him walk along without noticing them, but he turned, selected the biggest one, and told me to take the other. Although you would not have thought it to look at him, Cushing was very strong. He had his man *hors de combat* in a moment, and the other one only tried to pull him off from his friend.

I had no particular trouble. A policeman came running, and I expected that we would surely be arrested, because I supposed the police and firemen were in close accord; but to my surprise the big fireman seemed to be apologetic and the other one had nothing to say and the policeman did not arrest us.

Cushing did not appear to doubt the success of his enterprise, but seemed prepared for failure if it should come. His resolution was unflinching. Before leaving New York on his perilous mission, he made a hurried visit to his mother at Fredonia. After driving with her several miles into the country, he at length told her that he had undertaken to destroy the Albemarle, and he explained to her his plans in detail, adding that he could not start upon the expedition without first coming and asking for her prayers. She exclaimed, "Why could not someone else have been selected?" but quickly became reconciled and gave him her blessing and encouragement. Afterward she said that, although his plan seemed almost impossible of execution, she knew that he would succeed.

One of his launches was lost before reaching North Carolina, but with the remaining one, manned by thirteen officers and men who had been selected from a host of volunteers, Cushing ascended the river to Plymouth on a very stormy dark night, October 27, 1864. The Confederates had placed a guard of twenty-five men on one of our gunboats which had been sunk by the Albemarle, but which remained somewhat out of water part way up the river. Cushing towed a cutter manned by more volunteers, and intended to capture this guard on his way, but he passed the partially submerged gunboat without being challenged, and

reached the vicinity of the Albemarle before he was discovered. He then sent the cutter with its officer and crew back, and they captured the guard on the gunboat and took them to our fleet. In the meanwhile the Confederates gave the alarm, opened fire from the vessel and the shore, and materially aided Cushing by lighting large fires on their banks. He found about thirty feet from the ironclad a boom of logs, placed there to guard against just such an attack as he was about to make. He quickly turned the launch towards the opposite shore, and circled around, thus gaining headway, while his companions crowded into the stern and raised the bow out of water. Then, under full steam, the launch ran up onto the boom submerging it, and reached a position the right distance from the ironclad to enable Cushing to operate his torpedo spar, which he standing alone in the bow swung around and dropped so as to bring the torpedo beneath the overhang of the ship. All of this time a constant fire came from the shore and the Albemarle, and Cushing had the back of his coat and the sole of one shoe shot away. After waiting until the torpedo had risen against the hull of the ironclad, he pulled the cord which exploded the torpedo. At the same moment one of the large guns of the ship but a few feet away was discharged. The force of the explosion of the torpedo raised the ship so that the charge from the gun passed over him. He directed his companions to save themselves. He quickly removed his sword, outer clothing and shoes, and sprang into the water. He swam several miles down the river and eluded in the darkness the numerous boats searching for him and his party. He came up with one of his brave men, who was exhausted, and undertook to assist him to the shore, but Cushing's

own strength failed, and his companion sank from his grasp. With great difficulty Cushing reached the swampy shore and dragged himself back among the tangled briers and tall grass. Here he remained the rest of the night and all of the next day, a cold storm adding to his discomfort. He could see and hear searching parties pass near. A colored man came up the path within hearing, and Cushing took the risk of calling to him. Cushing's confidence was not misplaced, and at his request this man went to Plymouth and on his return reported that the Albemarle was sunk. The next night Cushing made his way down the shore of the river until he found a boat moored at the bank. Getting in the boat, he lay on the bottom paddling a little with a broken oar and floating with the tide, until he came near one of our gunboats. He was observed by the Lookout, and a boat put off and brought him on board. As he lay there fainting, clad only in the tattered remains of his underclothing, caked with mud, torn by briers, his lips swollen and cracked, almost unrecognizable, the commanding officer bent over him and exclaimed.

"My God, Cushing, is this you?"

The faint reply came, "It is I."

"Is it done?"

"It is done."

He was tenderly nursed back to life and strength, and the report of his achievement was quickly carried everywhere. Only one other, who eventually joined the fleets from the opposite shore, escaped death or capture.

Honors of all kinds were rained upon Cushing. In accordance with the recommendation of the President, he received the thanks of Congress, a recognition that

has been conferred on but seven other naval heroes, and the Secretary of the Navy wrote him the following personal letter:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, Nov. 9, 1864.

SIR, — Your report of October 30th has been received, announcing the destruction of the rebel ironclad steamer Albemarle, on the night of the 27th ultimo, at Plymouth, North Carolina.

When last summer the department selected you for this important and perilous undertaking, and sent you to Rear Admiral Gregory at New York, to make the necessary preparations, it left the details to yourself to perfect. To you and your brave comrades, therefore, belongs the exclusive credit which attaches to this daring achievement. The destruction of so formidable a vessel, which had resisted the combined attack of a number of our steamers, is an important event touching our future naval and military operations. The judgment as well as the daring courage displayed would do honor to any officer, and redounds to the credit of one of twenty-one years of age.

On four previous occasions the department has had the gratification of expressing its approbation of your conduct in the face of the enemy, and in each instance there was manifested by you the same heroic daring and innate love of perilous adventure; a mind determined to succeed, and not to be deterred by any apprehensions of defeat.

The department has presented your name to the President for a vote of thanks, that you may be promoted one grade, and your comrades also shall receive recognition.

It gives me pleasure to recall the assurance you gave me at the commencement of your active professional career that you would prove yourself worthy of the confidence reposed in you, and of the service to which you were appointed. I trust you may be preserved through further trials, and it is for yourself to determine whether, after

entering upon so auspicious a career, you shall, by careful study and self-discipline, be prepared for a wider sphere of usefulness on the call of your country.

Very respectfully,

GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

Lieutenant W. B. Cushing,
U. S. N., Washington.

At the time that Cushing was ordered to the Pacific coast with the Wyoming, I gave him a black and tan terrier which was unusually intelligent, and he took it with him and kept it ever afterward. He was very much attached to this dog, and they were constant companions. He wrote me one or two letters from the Pacific coast, and after his return gave me his journal to read, which I found most interesting. As usual, he found plenty of field for his activity, although the trip was supposed to be a peaceful one, with order to sail as much as possible and save coal. The first incident of importance was his landing at Santiago de Cuba and demanding that those that were left of the Ryan crew of the filibuster ship Virginius should not be executed. He did this without orders, and our State Department had to settle the matter with the Spanish Government, which was done satisfactorily, and Cushing, as in some other instances, was lightly reprimanded and his acts really approved.

The Commander of the Pacific squadron being disabled from illness, it was found that Cushing was the senior officer, and the command temporarily fell to him. He straightway furnished our diplomats with more work by interfering in Corea with the French fleet and army of invasion. The English war-ships co-operated with him, and the ambitions of the French

were frustrated, and Cushing, as usual, was "inquired of" about it.

On his return he brought me some Japanese curiosities and some cigars from Manila. He was much interested in Manila and the Philippine Islands, but did not foresee that another naval officer would achieve great fame at that place.

Cushing was placed on shore duty as an executive officer of the Washington Navy Yard, which position he held until his death in 1874. I was living at Richmond, and did not see him for quite a time before his death. My remembrance is that he had an attack of brain fever. When convalescent, he saw in the paper a list with scare headlines, such as "Thieves!", "Defaulters to the Government!!", etc. The Democratic Congress had asked the Treasury Department for a complete list of all officers, civil and military, who were in arrears to the Government. This list was then given out for political effect, headed as above indicated, in the public press, and Cushing found among the number his brother, Paymaster Milton B. Cushing, indebted in $10,000. Cushing went at once to the Treasurer of the United States with the paper in his hand, said that he had a package in the Treasury containing United States bonds, and asked the Treasurer to send for it and take out $10,000 and cancel the indebtedness at once. The Treasurer tried to calm him, and told him that probably it was a technical charge, and that he would send for the proper officer and inquire. Cushing was very much excited, and said, "*No* brother of mine shall appear as a defaulter while I have the means to pay." An officer came and explained that Paymaster Cushing had been the victim of a conspiracy; that he went with a ship to relieve a

man-of-war in the West Indies which had yellow fever aboard and had been ordered to the Newfoundland waters. The Paymaster of the other ship had died of the fever. His clerk turned over his trunk of funds and obtained Cushing's receipt for the alleged amount, which, after fumigation, was found to be $10,000 more than the real amount. The clerk had embezzled the $10,000 and absconded, and Paymaster Cushing was technically a defaulter until Congress passed a bill relieving him of the charge. Commander Cushing refused to accept the explanation, was very much excited, and demanded that the Treasurer should receive his $10,000. When the Treasurer refused, Cushing drew his revolver, was disarmed, and taken back to the hospital, where he suffered a relapse. With his devoted wife and his mother by his bedside, consciousness returned to him after long delirium. With his mother's hand in his, he repeated with her the Lord's Prayer, and as the last words were uttered his spirit passed on.

An excellent portrait of the late Commander Cushing is hung in Bancroft Hall, the quarters of the midshipmen, at Annapolis, to which are appended the words of appreciation and commendation sent him by the Secretary of the Navy, and situated on the most commanding point of the Academy Cemetery overlooking the Severn River, the Academy grounds, and the Chesapeake beyond, and shaded by tall oaks, is the monument in his memory. It is of dressed granite in the general form of a sarcophagus. On top lie the cloak, sword, belt, and service cap. Sides and ends carry six wreaths of oak leaves in high relief. The right side of the support has the following bold lettering:

ALBEMARLE
WILLIAM B. CUSHING

Lower on the front side appears:

WILLIAM B. CUSHING
COMMANDER, U. S. NAVY.

On the left facing the bay is inscribed,

FORT FISHER

and on the face of the pedestal,

Born Nov. 4th, 1842
Died Dec. 17th, 1874

Of the four brothers, Alonzo Cushing was appointed to the United States Military Academy at the same time that William was appointed to the Naval Academy. Upon graduating with high honors in 1861, Alonzo was appointed a Lieutenant of Artillery, and served with distinction with the Army of the Potomac until the battle of Gettysburg, where he commanded Battery A of Fourth United States Artillery stationed at the point where the full force of Pickett's charge was received. The terrific concentrated fire of Lee's artillery had disabled all but one of Cushing's guns. He had already received several wounds, two of them very serious in character, when, unable to stand upon his feet, lying upon the trunnions of his gun, he fired the final charge of grape and canister with Pickett's men upon him. At the same moment he received a death-dealing bullet. A monument marks the spot where he fell, and but a few feet in front of it another monument marks the spot where fell the Confederate General Armistead, who

led Pickett's charge. Alonzo is buried at West Point, and the memory of his heroism rests securely among the priceless treasures of the United States Army.

Milton took his brother's remains North from Gettysburg. Later he told me that when the mother heard the account of Alonzo's death as given by a sergeant who was with him, and who said that after two wounds had been received the surgeon insisted that Alonzo be taken to the rear where his wounds could be attended to, but he refused, saying that the battle would be gained or lost right then and there, the mother's eyes flashed as she said, "If he had left his post of duty at that critical moment, he would never have been son of mine." When William next saw President Lincoln after Alonzo's death, Mr. Lincoln asked if there was anything he could do that would please the mother. William replied that he had a brother, Howard Cushing, who was serving with a good record in an Illinois battery, and if the President would appoint him an officer in the regular artillery it would please his mother greatly. Howard was appointed, and served as a lieutenant in the regular artillery until after the close of the war, when he exchanged into the regular cavalry and was killed in battle with the Apaches in Arizona and was buried at Tombstone.

Milton, the remaining brother, who had long been a clerk in the Navy Department, was appointed Paymaster in the navy, and was finally retired from ill health. He died at Dunkirk, and is buried beside his mother at Fredonia.

All of the time that I was at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac and at General Grant's head-

quarters of what was designated as the "Armies Operating against Richmond," I messed with General M. R. Patrick and his staff.

General Patrick was the Provost Marshal General of the army, and sacrificed himself to this service, which he did not like. His services as Provost Marshal General could not have been duplicated, but it was conceded by all who knew him that if he had been allowed to follow his own ambition he would have been a great division commander. His was a very interesting personality. He was a graduate of West Point, had served in the old army in Florida, through the Mexican War, and on the frontier until in the 50's, when he resigned with the rank of Major, and reentered the service as a Brigadier General in 1861. In the Mexican War he at first commanded troops and then was made Commissary General of General Zachary Taylor's army, and achieved a very high reputation in that capacity. He was a warm friend of General Taylor, and one day, at dinner, he told of a call he made upon Taylor a short time after he was inaugurated President. When he entered the room, Taylor excused himself from all others and took Major Patrick into an inner room, where he threw his arm about his neck and said:

"Deacon, they are killing me. I ought n't to have accepted the nomination. They besiege me all of the hours of the day and night for office, office! office!! and they are insatiable. I have no adaptability for such work, as you know, and I can't stand it. They come to me without knowing what they want and without the slightest conception as to my power to grant their request, and they are impudent and importunate. A big man came in this morning and said, 'I was a

leading singer in your campaign, Old Zach, and I have come down here to get an office.' 'Well,' I said, 'I am afraid there are many more desiring offices than there are offices to be given. What place do you want?' 'Oh, I don't care. Any good place.' 'Well, what will you take and be satisfied?' 'I will take anything from a Cabinet office down to a pair of your old breeches, Old Zach.'" General Taylor did break down and die soon after.

During the war in Mexico General Patrick established bakeries to make bread and he used Mexican flour, rations being based upon weight of a standard adopted for the United States army, but he found that the Mexican flour made more bread than American flour, and the consequence was that there was quite a saving which he kept in a fund. This fund he undertook to deposit to the credit of the United States, but the red tape requirements stood in the way; the Commissary General could not accept it, the appropriations had expended it, and the Treasurer of the United States would only receive it as a deposit. Annually Congress was asked, when passing the appropriation bills, to include a line of legislation that would dispose of this fund, which was more than $50,000, but the law was never passed. When General Patrick resigned from the army, the Secretary of War designated another officer of the Commissary Department to whom General Patrick could transfer the fund. He said he heard no more about it until he was reappointed a Brigadier General in 1861, and then there came that fund plumped on to him again. Nobody would take it, and it lay in the Treasury to his credit, but he succeeded, under the change in manner of doing business, in getting authorization from Con-

gress to have it covered into the fund for the support of the Soldiers' Home.

General Patrick joined a Presbyterian Church when very young, always remained a consistent member of that church, and his companions in the old army called him Deacon. One time and another, old army friends, including some who had been classmates, visited him and ate at our mess, and although they were all advanced in years, they always called him Deacon, and in turn he called each of them by some nickname known in the early days. He had one friend who used to come occasionally who was an Inspector General of the army and who was a quizzical wag, but, apparently, a very dear friend of General Patrick's. This officer delighted in exposing old personalities and pranks at our dinner-table, and General Patrick bore it in good part. On one occasion this officer said:

"Deacon, do you ever see So and So?"

"Oh, yes, I see him often."

"Well, he is the same old scamp he was when he was a boy. I had a devil of a lot of trouble to get him out of a scrape. He was in command, temporarily, of a battery on the river, and I was there inspecting the post, and after we were all through our work and I had made up my report, he started in the way he used to. After a few drinks he wanted to break things. Don't you remember, Deacon?"

"Yes," said General Patrick, "he could n't drink without trouble."

"Well," continued General Patrick's friend, "it was bright moonlight, and he said, 'Come on out. Let 's walk the ramparts a little before we go to bed.' So we walked around the ramparts, and he could hardly keep himself on the ground. Finally, he went to a fieldpiece,

a brass Napoleon that stood on the ramparts, and lifted it out of the carriage, carried it to the edge, and flung it over into the river, and then there was talk. I had made up my report and signed it, fortunately, or I would, in honor bound, have had to mention it, and I suppose he would have been court-martialed. The soldiers tried to get it, but they could n't, as it had sunk into the soft mud. I made arrangements in Baltimore for a diver, and they got grappling hooks on it and raised it. Otherwise he would have had to pay for it. That Hercules has always refused promotion to a General's position, magnificent fellow that he is. I urged him and told him that he could control himself, but he said, ' You know I cannot do it. Once in a while I am liable to break loose, and if I was a General in command of troops, I might get into serious trouble and do harm.' "

General Patrick was given, when he re-entered the service, a splendid brigade of troops, the Twenty-first New York, the Ninety-third New York, the Ninety-fourth New York, the Eightieth New York, and a Pennsylvania regiment. I have been told by members of some of these regiments that when he assumed command and commenced drilling them and enforcing proper discipline, he became very unpopular, but the brigade developed rapidly in the line of drilling and care of themselves and discipline generally. At the first battle of Bull Run the brigade under General Patrick kept together; did not break and run, but covered the retreat, behaving with great gallantry, and receiving commendation in all orders. Then the soldiers began to say that their General was the best in the whole army and the bravest man they had ever seen. The brigade idolized him. But when General McClel-

lan took command of the army he asked General Patrick to take the position of Provost Marshal General, and General Patrick declined. It was considered very important, however, that his services be secured in that position, and he was urged on all sides and finally accepted, taking his brigade along to serve as guards, as required in the Provost Marshal General's Department. He retained this office during the whole war, but on one occasion, in the winter of '63 and '64, just before General Grant came East, Patrick and all of his friends combined in a determined effort to get him into more active service with a command. General Meade finally consented that if a good man could be found for the position of Provost Marshal General General Patrick should have a division of troops. General Sedgwick, who wanted General Patrick in the Sixth Corps, immediately suggested to General Meade and General Patrick that a Major General in his Corps, who had been sent to him fresh from a State Senate and a militia command, should be given the position of Provost Marshal General, in exchange for General Patrick as a Division Commander. It was all arranged. Then the volunteer Major General, who seemed highly pleased with the exchange, came to our headquarters to look the ground over, intending to come and take the position a couple of days later. We were camped near Brandy Station in Culpepper County, and General Patrick's headquarters and camp were a little away from General Meade's and in an oak grove at the foot of a small hill on the top of which was a very attractive residence. This was the home of General Taliaferro, a Lieutenant-General in the Confederate army, who was away with his command. His family, however, were in the house, as were several other fami-

lies of the neighborhood, who had gathered themselves together when our army occupied that section. General Patrick had served with General Taliaferro in the old army and knew him and his family intimately (they had been at two or three forts together) and perhaps had placed his camp where he could afford protection to his old friends. Several afternoons General Patrick had attired himself in his best and, accompanied by an aide, called upon General Taliaferro's family. In return Mrs. Taliaferro had sent some delicacies to him which he had served at the mess table. The day that the new Provost Marshal General elect came, he arrived just before dinner, a pompous and over-dressed man, with a staff appearing much as he did, and they were all invited by General Patrick to dinner. At the table the new General said:

"Well, Patrick, you have about the plainest table I have seen in the army. No wine and no delicacies. I will bet that when I am here and issue the permits to all the sutlers and traders to bring in supplies, if you will come and dine with me, you will find a good bottle of wine on the table."

General Patrick's face fell, and the other conversation at the dinner was equally inappropriate. As we went out from the mess tent, the new General looked up at the house near by, and, it being a pleasant sunny day, ladies were sitting on the porch. He immediately poked his hand into General Patrick's ribs and said:

"You old fox! I can see what you have struck your camp here for. Now, there's a lot of nice-looking ladies up to that house. You have got to introduce me before you go. I'll bet you know them."

"Sir," said General Patrick, "you will never be

Provost Marshal General of the Army of the Potomac. Good day."

It was a sad disappointment to General Patrick and all of his friends, but he remained in the distasteful position uncomplainingly to the end of the war, when he was appointed Governor of the new Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio, and was the Governor of that model institution until his death.

General Patrick was a man of very fine presence, and had a voice which it was said by old officers exceeded that of any other officer of the old army, except General Harney. He was a most dignified and polite gentleman, but I recall a couple of instances where his temper manifested itself. Once, after a long ride in a very disagreeable snow-storm, camp was pitched and a fire quickly built. Then the men and officers set about arranging the camp and getting tents up. General Patrick, however, stood by the fire. The wind was very gusty, and there seemed only one place that he could find where the smoke of the fire did not blow in his direction. He stood with his back to the fire, when he felt someone crowding in behind him, almost shoving him off his feet. He turned and saw a large man who wore a cavalry overcoat that would conceal any mark of rank, as did General Patrick himself, and General Patrick said to him, "Who are you, sir, that crowds between me and my fire?" The man said, "I am the Chief Veterinary Surgeon of the Army of the Potomac, I will let you know. Now, who the Hell are you?" In an instant the big man was sprawling in the snow, and the officers and men came running and rushed him away out of danger. General Patrick was a very powerful man.

On another occasion he walked at City Point about

the docks where his men were on duty as guards at the warehouses and wharves. He always carried a riding-whip on such occasions, and did not usually show any mark of rank. There was a tug at the dock, and as he happened to look toward it he saw a lady come running around the pilot house with a Captain in uniform trying to catch her. The lady appealed to him for protection, and dropped in a swoon upon the deck. General Patrick lost no time in reaching the side of the dock. The captain of the boat and the crew were ashore, and only the engineer and fireman aboard, and they were out of sight. General Patrick yelled to the officer, "Get off from that boat." The lady got up, and then he said to her, "What has happened?" She commenced to weep and said:

"I was put aboard this boat, sir, to go up the Appomattox to the hospital where my husband is lying wounded, and this officer came and talked to me and said insulting things. I appealed to him and told him that I was the wife of a brother officer, but he tried to put his arms about me, and I ran around the boat just as you came."

"Get off that boat!" roared the General. The boat was so low that the upper deck was nearly on a level with the dock, and the officer said, "To Hell with you," when Patrick reached up and pulled him off the boat and called a Sergeant of the guard. The guard came running, and Patrick commanded:

"First, cut off those shoulder straps from that scoundrel," and they did as ordered, holding the man still. "Now, what 's your name?"

"None of your business."

"Sergeant, search his pockets. You will probably find papers and pass showing his name and regiment."

They did, and found his leave of absence from which he was just returning.

Patrick thundered, " Take him to the bull ring. Put him in the meanest place there is. I will prefer charges at once against him and see that he is dismissed from the army in disgrace."

The Captain was carried off. Then Patrick sent a soldier for the captain of the boat and when he came, gave him his orders.

" Captain, I have put this lady in your charge to go to the hospital, and I want you to see that she reaches there safely, and then you go ashore and accompany her to the hospital tent and help her to find her husband."

A court-martial was ordered, and friends interfered for the Captain. The plea was that he had been on a leave of absence for the first time during the war, and when returning with another officer had spent two or three hours at City Point and the two had drank freely during the time. There were telegrams received from a Member of Congress in Washington also, and considerable effort was made to save the Captain, but a court-martial held a short trial and found him guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and recommended his dismissal from the service, and the proceedings were promptly approved.

If General Patrick had been retained in command of troops, many of those who knew him thought he would have risen to high rank and occupied a prominent place in the history of the war. There were other cases of this kind. General Sheridan luckily escaped. He was a Captain and Quartermaster for a time after the war began, but getting a Colonelcy of a regiment he was placed in the line of action and was speedily

promoted. There is much unwritten history of this and other wars which covers the careers of men who served in subordinate capacities and were much more capable for high command than many of those who were more fortunate.

All sorts of inventions and devices and schemes were tried upon the army. Combinations were made of men who would seek, with the aid of some political influence, to have something adopted that the army did not want, and sometimes the authorities were much embarrassed by the pressure from well-meaning Congressmen and Senators and others of influence, who would try to aid some constituent.

A little man wearing a silk velvet coat and English riding-boots, and having in his baggage an English saddle and a peculiar bridle and bit, came to City Point in 1864, with letters from the War Department requesting that he be given an opportunity to show his horse accouterments for cavalry service and his skill in horsemanship. This man was an English Jew who claimed to have been teacher of riding in an English Cavalry School, and who had a riding academy in New York City. The "New York Herald" contained a lengthy account of his proposed trip to the army, and said that he was going to become instructor in riding for the cavalry, and that his saddle and his bridle would be adopted, and so on. With the aid of some New York Congressman, he got so far as to have a letter written at the War Department authorizing him to visit the army and show what he had, under the direction of General Rufus Ingalls, the Quartermaster of General Grant's army. General Ingalls was a great executive quartermaster, an officer of the old army, very tactful, but with a well-developed humorous side to his nature,

and he sized the professor of riding up and made all the necessary arrangements for a trial. Colonel Mason, of the Third United States Cavalry, was asked to furnish suitable saddle-horses, as desired by the riding-master, and word was passed about so that the morning of the trial there was a large audience of officers and soldiers to see the exhibition. The riding-master condescendingly explained the great merit of his system of riding and the faults of the cavalry saddle and cavalry riding generally, and the officers heard him seriously and awaited his demonstration. A gray-haired Sergeant came leading a good-looking bay horse, and the riding-master directed him to be saddled and bridled, and said to the officers, " I asked for a very spirited animal, not a quiet one," and the Sergeant said, " This one, sir, is very spirited, although a good duty animal, serving in the drills every day, but I think you will find him well gaited and full of spirit." The riding-master first explained the correct manner of mounting, but the horse was a little tall and he was very short, and he really made a very awkward mount. But he got in the saddle and trotted off around the large circle, rising so high that I heard soldiers say, " You could throw a cat between him and the saddle." He made the circle and came around, struck the horse lightly once or twice with his whip, and said, " The horse is very well gaited, a good cavalry horse, but he seems very quiet." He started again, and one of the officers said to the serious old gray-haired Sergeant, who had a number of enlistment marks on his sleeve, " Sergeant, how about that horse? " The Sergeant replied, " He is sizing him up, sir. He is all right. The new kind of bit surprises him a little, I guess." When he got about half-way around the circle the next

time, the horse evidently had sized him up, and pitched him over his head. Some of the officers and the Sergeant ran over to see if he were hurt, but while the horse stood still the riding-master straightened up and said, "He took me unawares; he has been going so quiet. I will mount again"; and he got in the saddle and started off, and the horse promptly gave him another trick of his. The riding-master got up the second time and said, "This is a tricky brute." The Lieutenant said, "I know that he is in the drills every day, sir. I saw him ridden by a soldier," and the Sergeant said, "He is one of our duty horses, sir." The riding-master mounted again, and then there was a complete circus. The horse, working up to the crucial point by intermediate tricks, finally pitched his man headlong and then stood demurely looking at him. The riding-master began to look around, and the officers affected sympathy and interest, but he did not mount the horse again.

"That 's a mean devil," he said. "I never saw so mean a horse. I will try another one to-morrow or this evening."

"Very well, sir," said the Sergeant. "Send him back and I will bring another one now, if you wish, or you may go and pick one out."

"No. Let 's see you put a man on his back and let him ride him back."

Saddle and bridle were taken off, leaving only the halter, and the Sergeant swung on to the horse's back, hit him with the end of the halter, and went galloping off to camp.

Some of the officers were a little afraid that the man might get hurt and remonstrated, but Colonel Mason said, "No, no, he won't get hurt. That 's one of the

horses to try out recruits with. Every troop in the regular cavalry has one or two such horses that the old soldiers put the new recruits on. You can't break up the custom, either. It has existed as long as our cavalry has lived, and can no more be broken up than cadets at West Point can be stopped from hazing the plebes." The riding-master took the boat back to Washington, and the war had to be carried on and concluded without the aid of his system.

It seems to be the rule among mounted men to want to break in a recruit. Once, in Colorado, I rode up to a group of cowboys who were chafing the face of a big, overgrown youth of seventeen or eighteen, while a buckskin-colored horse stood near by, and one of them told me that the boy was from Scranton, Pennsylvania, and had come out West to be a cowboy, and that he had asked the boss he had met in town to let him go out and stay at the ranch and work for his board until he could get a job, " so this tenderfoot arrived here last evening, and, of course, we put him on old ' Buckskin ' this morning, and the old horse bucked, as usual, and threw him hard, and he struck on his shoulders and has gone off insensible." The cowboys seemed pretty thoroughly frightened, but the young man recovered in a few minutes and wanted to try again, but they said, " No, you won't. You are initiated. You are all right now. We will give you a good horse."

A fine-appearing medical officer came to City Point to inspect the hospital arrangements, the food furnished, and the sanitary arrangements. He talked very large about what he was going to accomplish. I do not know his rank, but the officers and Sergeants called him " Fresh." A few days after he arrived he went to Colonel Bowers, General Grant's Adjutant General, and

said that in riding about he had observed that all of the abandoned plantations, where the soldiers were camped, had ice ponds and ice cellars. These ice cellars, dug in dry ground on a knoll, were usually about twenty feet square and ten or twelve feet deep, and covered by a shingled roof with a door at the gable end, and in them the ice secured from the small fresh-water ponds kept well enough, although not more than two or three inches thick, so that the planters had ice during the summer. The doctor said, "We will fill those ice houses, and then next summer there will be quite a saving in using that ice instead of Northern ice." Of course the remark caused a smile among the officers who heard him, because they had no idea of spending the next summer at City Point. A vessel loaded with ice from Maine was anchored in the river, and the thick blocks of beautiful ice were taken for hospital use when required during the summer of 1864, and similar arrangements would have been made if the army had passed another summer there. The doctor asked Colonel Bowers to detail an officer to examine the ponds and report upon what was necessary to secure the ice; that he had noticed that the ponds were frozen over. It happened that my brother, a Captain in a regiment which was serving under the Provost Marshal General, was detailed to make this examination. A few hours later he filed his report: that he had visited several of the ponds and that they were covered with ice, and that the necessary implements to gather the ice at that time would be the tin skimmers used in the dairies for skimming the cream from the pans of milk, and that rubber bags or water-tight barrels would be needed to carry the ice to the ice houses; that possibly, at some future time, there might be ice that could

be sawed and gathered in blocks in the usual manner. The doctor abandoned the ice project and said that he should suppose that an officer who would make such a report as that, under orders, would be called to immediate account; but Colonel Bowers dryly remarked, "He has given us all the information there is to give, I guess," and the matter was dropped.

My brother, from boyhood, was given to droll witticisms. The First Lieutenant of his company told me, years afterwards, "We tried to get ahead of your brother with jokes and wit, but never succeeded. When we were encamped in the suburbs of Richmond just after the surrender, and our regiment was serving as police, your brother was in charge of a district in the city and had an office there. He rode in and out on a fine thoroughbred filly that he had bought, but she floundered around with him considerable. One day a reporter of one of the newspapers that had started up, and which seemed inclined to publish little squibs reflecting on the behavior of the officers and soldiers of the army, came to camp asking for news, and I wrote out and gave him an item which appeared in his paper the next morning. I told the other officers, and the next evening when your brother came to camp and we were all sitting around, I asked him if he had seen the 'Richmond Whig' of that day and he said he had not, so I took out the paper, and said, 'Read that item. We all know who it is intended for, and we are very indignant. Read it aloud.' So your brother read, 'We hear many complaints of carelessness and indifference for the safety of our citizens on the part of army officers and soldiers with wagons and horses while on the streets. A Captain who rides in and out from Chimborazo Hill has a very fractious horse, and as he goes

along the street he fairly frightens everyone who sees him, and knocks pedestrians to the right and left, even to the sidewalks. We do not know that there have been any fatalities, but some authority ought to be found who would suppress this menace to life and limb of men, women, and children on the streets.' Your brother read that item right through, aloud, and then he kept right on as though it appeared in the article. 'This information is reliable, being furnished us by a red-headed Yankee Lieutenant of Irish consent.' Your brother read these added words without a smile and handed the paper back and said, 'I wonder who they mean?' but the officers all roared and called out to me to know whether I had made very much by my effort." He added, "Even on the firing line, in battle, your brother kept up his droll sayings and jokes, and everybody had to laugh, although in danger."

There was a company of French Zouaves in one of the regiments of our brigade. These men were all young Frenchmen, enlisted in New York City, and wore the picturesque Zouave uniform — loose trousers of red broadcloth, white leggins, embroidered jacket, with heavy red sash about the waist, and turban for the head.

One of these soldiers was detailed as clerk to Surgeon Sims, Medical Director for Hooker's Division, and when I was detailed by General Hooker as Mail Agent for the Division in the spring of 1862, I joined the mess of the clerks at headquarters and so became acquainted with this French Zouave. He was a very competent clerk and a pleasant companion, but with a very excitable manner. He would shrug his shoulders and gesticulate with both hands and speak with intense emphasis when discussing any matter of interest, and

especially when speaking of a certain officer of his company. He said that this officer, at the time the company was organized, represented that he had seen service as a sergeant in the French Army, and displayed his knowledge by drilling his comrades. It was afterwards learned that he had been a soldier but not a sergeant. The company elected him, and he was duly commissioned. As soon as he was made an officer he treated the members of the company to insults and brutality, which made him cordially hated. The Zouave had accepted the detail as clerk, because he was afraid he might get into trouble from resenting the insults of this officer, and many of the soldiers of the company vowed they would kill him when in battle.

Fifteen years after the war, I met my French acquaintance in the rotunda of the Astor House, New York, and after exchanging greetings I invited him to dine with me that evening. We had a pleasant visit, although he attracted the attention of everyone in the dining-room by his gestures and excited manner. Since the war he had been a bookkeeper for a prominent French importer. I asked him what became of the French officer he hated so violently. He said wildly:

"I am so glad you asked me. I might have forgotten to tell you. Immediately after we were mustered out, we were told he went to France, wearing his handsome uniform and with considerable money he had saved. A couple of years later, one of the old company reported that he was back and at work at Delmonico's as a waiter, which had been his occupation before enlisting in the army. Eight of our old company got together and laid plans for sweet revenge. One of us was a close friend of the head waiter at Delmonico's

Robert Selkirk, Duryee's Zouaves, detailed as a mail agent

and agreed to make all necessary arrangements with him. Some of us had small incomes and large families, but we evened it all up and on the anniversary day of our enlistment we appeared at Delmonico's up-town restaurant. All wore evening dress (some hired or borrowed) and were seated for a fine dinner which cost, with the wine, $10 per plate. The head waiter carried out his part of the arrangement to the letter. He brought our late Captain to wait upon us, and told us afterward that the Captain tried to beg off when he saw who we were, but he held him to the rack, telling him he would discharge him and prevent his getting employment elsewhere if he refused to wait upon guests to whom he was assigned. During the long dinner there were constant calls, 'Garçon! garçon! what a stupid waiter!', 'Who ever saw such a stupid waiter?' 'His face does n't look stupid, he only looks bad!' Army times were talked over, and one inquired if anyone knew what became of that scoundrel. It was answered that he went to France as soon as out of the army. Another said, 'Good riddance. He never will come back here. They probably snapped him up before this and sent him to penal colony for crime committed before he came over the first time.' We told incidents of his bullying and his cowardice and all the time kept him on the jump with calls, 'Garçon, garçon!' carefully timing our allusions to him so he would hear them. Some of us talked very large about our business, our homes, our carriages and coachmen. When we had finished dinner and paid the large bill with a flourish, someone asked, 'How much shall I give the waiter?' and another said, 'Not a cent, he is too bad to be tipped.' One said, 'They ought not to have such a stupid in this place. I think I 'll mention him to my

friend Charley Delmonico.' But another said, 'Oh, don't do that. The poor devil may have deluded some girl into marrying him and has a family. Let him go. He will have trouble enough to make a decent living.' That dinner at Delmonico's was the greatest happiness of my life."

Two mail agents, detailed soldiers, accompanied the mails from the army to Washington. One had charge of the general mails and was met at the boat by a four-horse team, which carried him and his load of mail to the post-office. The other one had only packages and dispatches from the headquarters of the army, and a small wagon, with one horse, met him and took him around to the War Department and the Quartermaster General's office, the Commissary General's office, the Medical Director's office, and other places. These headquarters mail messengers were permitted to fetch and carry messages and letters and packages for the officers at headquarters to and from their families, many of whom were in Washington, or to do other errands of that sort. Some of them were entrusted by the Generals and other officers with their pay accounts, which they collected of the Paymaster and then applied the money according to directions. One of these trusted men was Sergeant Jack McKinley, whom General Buford of the cavalry asked me to have detailed. He said that McKinley had served under him in the West, and that he had kept him near him while he had been in higher command as a body orderly, and that I would find him a most trustworthy and quick-witted man in the position. "He is one of the oldest soldiers on duty, and I want to have him placed in an easier berth." I put Jack at work, and he became very popular. He was more than six feet tall, bony, angular

frame, a large head, very swarthy complexion, and had a saber-cut scar extending across his face, which had severed his nose and disfigured it and affected his voice. He wore the cavalry jacket with yellow trimmings, the chevrons of a sergeant on his sleeve, and a number of enlistment marks, each representing five years of service in the regular army. He was always neat and tidy in his appearance, spoke with a decided brogue, and was kindly in his manner.

Jack was present in the theater when President Lincoln was assassinated, and he gave me the account as follows: "I sat where I could see Mr. Lincoln plainly, and had been looking at him. Just after I turned my head away, I heard the report of a pistol and the commotion in the box and I looked and saw a man spring out from the box on to the stage, stumbling as he did so, brandishing a large knife, and calling out, 'Sick, send for McGinnis.'" Jack scrambled forward, realizing what had happened, but everyone sprang up, and there was such confusion that he was unable to get upon the stage. If he had succeeded, I think he would have followed Booth to his horse and wherever he went. I tried to persuade Jack that Booth did not say, "Sick, send for McGinnis," but said, "Sic semper tyrannis," but Jack persisted until he saw that he was being ridiculous.

Jack's term of enlistment expired just as the war closed, and some time afterward when I was walking on Pennsylvania Avenue past Galt's jewelry store, Jack came running out and asked me to step in and meet Mrs. McKinley. I went in, and he introduced me to a large woman, almost as tall as himself, dressed in brocade silk and presenting an appearance and character that, added to her husband's, would furnish mate-

rial for a whole book of Dickens. Jack was radiant with smiles as he introduced me, and his wife said:

"Oh, I know you and all about you. Jack has told me so much."

"I did n't know that you were married, Jack," said I.

"I never was until last week, but," and he stammered and blushed like a child, "she will have to tell you."

His wife came to his rescue. "I have known Jack for a number of years. I keep a boarding-house and hotel by the wharf. My husband kept it until he died, and I have continued the business. Jack has always stopped with me, and my house is patronized by soldiers and sailors and river men generally. Jack is the only man that I know, or have known since my husband's death long ago, that I would marry, and Jack, with his record of wounds and fighting in battles, could not get up courage to ask me to marry him, and I knew he wanted to, so I asked him, and we went to the priest. Jack has some savings, and I have a bit of property, and we will live happily, if I can only keep him from going back to the army. He promises me that he will not if he can help it, but the old soldiers are liable to enlist."

"Oh, well," I said, "Jack, you are all settled and fixed now quietly, and you have seen enough of the war and of the world and of service; you won't go into the service again."

Jack looked at me with a far-off look in his eyes. "I hope not, sir, but I can't tell. Sometime I may hear the call 'Boots and saddles,' and I am afraid I would have to go."

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE:

In view of the early adjournment of the State Legislature, and desiring a continuance of the co-operation of its members with the Post Office Department, in the work of re-establishing and rendering efficient the mail service throughout the State, this circular is issued.

It is earnestly hoped that personal effort will be made by members, after their return to their respective districts, to procure suitable persons for contractors and postmasters in localities where mail facilities have not yet been extended.

As in many cases persons are recommended who, after receiving appointments, cannot qualify, thus causing inconvenience and delay to the communities as well as unnecessary labor and annoyance to the Department, the oath required by law is herewith appended:

[Required by Act of Congress of July 2, 1862, and March 3, 1863.]

I, ———, do swear that I will faithfully perform all the duties required of me, and abstain from everything forbidden by the laws in relation to the establishment of the Post Office and Post Roads within the United States; and that I will honestly and truly account for and pay over any moneys belonging to the said United States which may come into my possession or control. And I do further solemnly swear that I have never voluntarily borne arms against the United States since I have been a citizen thereof; that I have voluntarily given no aid, countenance, counsel, or encouragement to persons engaged in armed hostility thereto; that I have neither sought, nor accepted, nor attempted to exercise the functions of any office whatever, under any authority, or pretended authority, in hostility to the United States; that I have not yielded a voluntary support to any pretended government, authority, power, or constitution within the United States, hostile or inimical thereto. And I do further swear that, to the best of my knowledge and ability, I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign or domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter: So help me God.

Any assistance or information that may be required will be cheerfully furnished upon application to the subscriber, at Richmond, Va.

Very respectfully,

DAVID B. PARKER,

Special Agent Post Office Department.

RICHMOND, VA., Feb'y 23d, 1866.

Circular containing oath required of postmasters during Reconstruction

CHAPTER IV

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE POSTAL SERVICE IN VIRGINIA

IN my capacity as a Special Agent of the Department, but with soldier clerks, I conducted the post-office at Richmond for a number of weeks, having also the post-offices at Petersburg, at Lynchburg, and at Danville on my hands. There was a delay in deciding what authority the Government had to restore the functions of government in the Southern States; and as President Johnson had views that were not acceptable to Congress, postmasters were not appointed for some time. The Postmaster General wrote me asking me to continue the work of reorganizing the mail service in Virginia, and I replied that I would do so. Dr. Alex. Sharp, whose wife was a sister of Mrs. Grant, was soon appointed postmaster, and I remained at Richmond and had my office with him. I was instructed to make temporary contracts, giving weekly mail service into every county-seat throughout the State as speedily as possible, and was given the limit of price for the service. I hurried about the State and secured contractors who would carry the mail once a week from the railroads where mail agents were running, to the county-seats. It was rather slow traveling, but I performed the work as fast as I could. A Legislature convened, which, however, was not permitted to continue, and I used the members of the Legislature as

far as possible in getting assistance; but there was very much trouble in the matter, as no postmaster could be appointed anywhere without taking the oath that he had not assisted the Confederacy. With the assistance of leading citizens of every county, however, some aged or inefficient person would be found who could take the oath, while others aided him in the office. We got the mails running, and afterwards the Post-Office Department had regular lettings of contracts to replace the temporary ones, and, in most cases, to give more frequent service.

General Grant came to Richmond a number of times with his wife and daughter Nellie to visit Dr. Sharp's family. He had much leisure, being Lieutenant General, in command of the army, and seemed at a loss to spend his time, so made a number of extended visits to Richmond. He did not enter the city or pass through it at the close of the war, but appeared to enjoy coming there later. Once he proposed going out to Cold Harbor, and asked General Terry, the Department Commander, for a conveyance, and invited Dr. Sharp and me to go with him. He admired a saddle-horse I had, and said he would like to ride him, but as it was Sunday morning he guessed he would not ride him through the streets of the city; so I rode the horse to the outskirts, and then he mounted him and I got in the ambulance. He was very much interested in visiting the battlefield and explaining to us where the troops were stationed, until we came to a house where we halted, and he said, "I had my headquarters in that house, and such a division of troops were over there," as he would point, "and others there," and so on. A white-haired gentleman had come out from the house and overheard this conversation.

"General Grant," said he, "you did n't have your headquarters in my house. I recognize you, but you did n't have your headquarters here. Your headquarters were a mile and a half from here. Perhaps you will remember an incident. Your line of troops were located about as you pointed, but my house was filled full of wounded by the surgeons, and my family were driven to the slave quarters in the rear. I felt very indignant at this, and inquired where your headquarters were and went to them, and I begged that you would order your officers to vacate my residence. You patiently told me that I must put up with the inconvenience; that the importance of caring for wounded men must appeal to my manhood, even if they were not of my way of thinking, and that you would not order the house vacated, but probably that it would not be occupied very long. I will admit, General, that I felt a little ashamed of myself. If you will drive back on this road a little over a mile, you will find a house much resembling this where your headquarters were."

"I remember your coming to me," replied General Grant, "and I have no doubt you are right." Then turning to us he added, "Gentlemen, we will go back to the city. Colonel Comstock is going to make surveys of all these battlefields. I think I would get no pleasure from undertaking to locate the exact whereabouts of troops now." This was not more than two or three years after the war.

My saddle-horse that General Grant admired had a story. In 1861 Captain Beckwith, of northern New York, was appointed an aide-de-camp on the staff of his Brigade Commander, General M. R. Patrick, and went with the other officers of the staff to the Quarter-

master's at Washington to purchase horses. Under the regulations an officer entitled to be mounted could select and purchase a horse from the Government at one third more than the Government was at that time paying for cavalry horses. The officers all suited themselves at the corral, where there were more than three thousand horses, except Captain Beckwith, who was very critical. He said that he would go away and come again another day, but as they neared the gates where a drove of horses were being inspected and received (each horse being branded with a hot iron "U. S." on his left shoulder), a roan colt burst away from the two men who had hold of his halter when the hot iron struck him, and trotted off among the horses in the corral. Captain Beckwith said to the corral master, "There is my horse. Have your men catch him quick, and I will give them a reward." The colt was caught and brought to the gates, and while Captain Beckwith was looking him over, the contractor, who had finished his delivery, came in and said, "What are you going to do with that colt?" Captain Beckwith said, "I expect to ride him." "Now, that is nothing to me. My drove of horses are all accepted. He comes up to the Government requirements of age and soundness and size, and has been passed, and I am ready to get my pay for him. The best horse-breeder in Wisconsin raised him, and he is a pure Morgan, but no one can handle him. The best horse-breaker I know undertook the job and is in the hospital. The owner told me to take him to the army, let him go in the artillery where he could be held down, and if he did not behave himself, be killed. He did n't care what became of him, although he said he was the finest horse he had ever raised; so I tell you you better let him alone." But

Beckwith liked the horse's appearance, and the negro boy he had brought with him led the horse out of the gates, and they seemed to fall in love with each other, and the boy took him to camp. I became associated with Captain Beckwith later, as he followed General Patrick when he became Provost Marshal General of the Army of the Potomac and afterwards of General Grant's armies, and I coveted that horse. Captain Beckwith promised that I might have him when he went home. So " Dandy " came into my possession, a strawberry roan of the greatest activity and the handsomest demeanor I have ever seen in a horse. No one had ever ridden him but Captain Beckwith, and although the horse was very fiery he was always manageable. He would spring in the air, but alight so easily that one's seat was not disturbed. The same colored boy took care of him during the war and as long as I owned him afterward. They were close friends. The horse was never struck a blow.

After we got into Richmond, General Patrick remained there a few weeks as Provost Marshal General, and I, having messed with them two years or more, continued to live with General Patrick and his officers during that time. One day he invited us to ride with him. We rode up the river and returned by the outer James River and Kanawha Canal, where there was a path, but not the tow-path of the canal. We came to a waste gate, probably eighteen or twenty feet across, and at the top a timber, possibly two feet in width, spanned the waste gate, so that foot passengers could walk across. We rode single file and I was in the rear, when General Patrick called out, " Bring Dandy here, let 's see if he won't cross this." As I rode forward, the staff officers whispered, " For God's sake, don't

go over that." General Patrick was magnificently mounted on a jet black horse he called "Snowball." When the Rebellion broke out, General Patrick was living in central New York, and the New York State Agricultural Society, of which he was President, sent to England and imported the finest English hunter they could get, and presented him to the General. This horse, "Snowball," refused to try to cross the timber. Beneath it was wet slimy planking, inclining toward the bank, and the bank contained large rocks and ran precipitously down to the James River fifty feet or more. I gave Dandy his head, and he jumped up on the timber and walked across it, General Patrick followed, and all the others came across safely. Dandy's intelligence seemed almost human.

On my return to Richmond once after a few days' absence, the colored boy told me that a gentleman had been at the stable several times looking the horse over, and wanted to know when I would return and whether I would sell him. So I was not surprised when a man with silk velvet coat and diamonds came into my office and said, "You have a roan horse I would like to buy." I said, "Mr. Costello, you cannot buy him." He was Barnum's partner at that time, having united his "European Hippodrome" with Barnum's circus and menagerie, and they were spending a week in Richmond, as the people said, "taking all the money out of the city that the Yankees had left." He urged me to let him have the horse, and he said, "For thirty years I have had my eye out for the finest horses in Europe and America and have owned a great many good ones, but I have never seen the equal of that horse of yours in action, and have never seen a horse I liked so much. I want to ride him in the parade. I will pay you any

price that saddle-horses are ever sold for." Years afterward I sold the horse to a Philadelphia friend who pledged himself not to part with him without my approval. A year later he wrote me that he wanted to sell him to a Mr. Bennett in Philadelphia who was a fine horseman and had a large number of horses, and I replied, "After you have owned him a year, as you have, you can select his owner." When the horse was twenty years old, I got permission from Mr. Bennett to go to his stables and see him, and when I told the stable superintendent that I had known the horse in the army, he said, "Then this cannot be the horse; he is only twelve years old," but I soon convinced him that he was the same horse. He did not look his age, and was being ridden every day at Fairmount Park, and I was told that he was the handsomest horse in Philadelphia. What convinced the stable superintendent that he was the horse I had in the army was my asking him how he got him shod. He looked at me and said, "I guess he is your horse. We have never found but one man that can shoe him, and he is way out in Germantown." The horse had a way of pulling his hind foot out of any blacksmith's grasp and then pushing the blacksmith, not gently, clear across the shop, but he always had his friends among blacksmiths, and would allow certain men to shoe him without any trouble. General Grant rode this horse out to Cold Harbor and back, and admired him greatly.

In 1865 there was great disorder in Richmond. Immediately after the occupation of the city, the Confederate armies were disbanding and the lawless element dominated without the restraint of the usual city police force. Provost Marshal General Patrick came to the city and brought the regiment that had

served as guard at General Grant's headquarters and the depot of supplies, etc., and divided the city into districts, placing an officer in charge of each and stationing the soldiers so that they could perform patrol duty. General Patrick himself remained, however, but a couple of weeks, and Colonel Beckwith of his staff acted as Provost Marshal of the city. I occupied rooms with him in a private house. Robberies were frequent on the street at night, and it was hardly safe for a citizen to step out of his front door. One night a messenger came from the Monumental Hotel, which was only a square from our rooms, for Colonel Beckwith, and I accompanied him. In a room on the second floor of the hotel, which was occupied by two Paymasters, Majors Stanton and Fithian, we found lying on a bed a fine-looking Confederate Major in uniform. The Paymasters' two clerks slept in the adjoining room, and they had an arrangement for constant watch by relieving each other. The night was hot and the windows were open, and just below was the roof of a porch, and we were told that one of the Paymasters (but we were never told which one) was sitting up, and saw two men creep along the porch and climb in the window. He called to them, but they kept on. Then he fired, striking the Major whom we saw on the bed. The other one escaped. An army doctor had arrived, but said that the young man had only a very short time to live, as the bullet had passed through his body. Upon being asked if he had any message that he wished to send anyone, he asked that his family in Alabama be notified, and said that he and his companion, who was also a Confederate officer, planned to rob the Paymasters, who had large amounts of money in their custody, and that it did not occur to either of

them that they were doing anything wrong in attempting to rob the Yankee Paymasters. They considered it an act of war. The young man died soon after, and we saw that he was decently buried and his family notified of his death. I became very well acquainted with those two Paymasters afterwards, and continued my acquaintance with one of them until he died after he had reached the rank of Paymaster General of the United States Army. Knowing both men, I am quite sure I could guess which one fired the shot, but they were wise in leaving others in doubt as to which one was on guard, and they never even told their own families.

Within a week after the evacuation of Richmond, Colonel Beckwith received a telegram from the War Department to arrest Colonel Burton M. Harrison, private secretary of President Jeff Davis, who could be found at the house of John Freeland on Fifth Street. I accompanied Colonel Beckwith to the Freeland home, where he was answered by Mrs. Freeland from an upper window. He told her frankly his business, and she informed him that Colonel Harrison went to the country immediately after the evacuation, and that he was not in her house, where he had made his home, nor was he in the city of Richmond. She declined to say where he was. Colonel Beckwith accepted her statement, and we withdrew very glad that we did not find Colonel Harrison. Twenty years later, while I was General Manager of the New York Telephone Company, Colonel Harrison, then a member of the New York City Bar, was one of the attorneys for the company. One evening I sat with him in his office while his clerks were preparing some legal papers for me to execute, and we fell to talking upon the war-

times. I told Colonel Harrison that, while United States Marshal in Virginia, I had for an office the room in the United States building which I had been informed he occupied throughout the war, the adjoining room being the office of Mr. Davis. Then I told him of the incident of going with Colonel Beckwith, shortly after the surrender of Richmond, to arrest him at Mr. John Freeland's house. He said he had heard that a very polite Yankee officer called at the house, and to the surprise of Mrs. Freeland made no search of the premises; that he was not there, however, and that he shortly went to New York City and had always remained a resident of that city. He also told me that during the entire war some gentlemen, whom he named, very prominent and influential residents of Richmond, were in the habit of meeting at each other's houses Saturday evenings, and that they had discussed the events of the struggle then going on and sometimes played a game of whist; that Mr. Davis encouraged his meeting these gentlemen, and as they were among the most prominent supporters of the Confederate cause, confidence was reposed in them and events freely discussed. The history of those meetings would be a graphic history of the course of the war with its triumphs and reverses. All these gentlemen, except Colonel Harrison, were householders and wealthy. At first quite elaborate refreshments were served with some good wine from the cellars, which each kept as was customary in the South in those days, but gradually the refreshments became more plain and finally actually meager. Saturday evening, the day before the evacuation began, these gentlemen met at Mr. John Freeland's. One of them brought the last bottle of Madeira wine, and the others declared that they could

not have even done that much, but Mrs. Freeland provided some biscuits. After sorrowfully admitting that their cause, which they all held so dear, was lost, and that the city would be evacuated within a few hours, they partook of the refreshments and drank the last bottle of wine, feeling that the next day or two might bring desolation and destruction upon their city, as well as the end of their struggle, which they had waged so long against the United States Government. Colonel Harrison said, "We were all very forlorn as we stretched our legs under Mr. Freeland's mahogany table."

"If you will go home with me," said I, "to Western New York, you may stretch your legs under the same table, as I purchased it at an auction sale of Mr. Freeland's effects in Richmond."

"Well," commented the Colonel, "it is a small incident, but it is one of the little whirligig occurrences that are frequent in the inner history of the times."

A large number of ex-Confederates went to New York and established themselves in the professions and business. General Roger A. Pryor, who at the outbreak of the war, while a Member of Congress, made some memorable speeches in support of secession, which made his name very famous at the time, has been a successful lawyer and judge in New York City, and is still alive. I saw him when he was a prisoner at City Point in 1864, and in 1865 once, when at Petersburg in the post-office, the postmaster called me to the window and said, "There 's the family of Roger A. Pryor." A horse and a mule with dilapidated harness, hitched to a common farm wagon, were standing in front of the post-office, and a lady was seated on a chair in the

wagon, and some very active boys were climbing in and out and on to the backs of the animals. The postmaster explained that General Pryor had gone to New York to establish himself as a lawyer, and his family were remaining just out of Petersburg until he could send for them.

In May, 1867, Jeff Davis was arraigned in the United States Court at Richmond on an indictment for treason, which had been found two years before. He had been a prisoner all this time at Fortress Monroe, and he was brought to Richmond by General Burton, the Commandant at Fortress Monroe, and produced in the United States Court. All matters had probably been arranged that a bond should be given and no prosecution occur; but all the participants among the lawyers seemed to be very thorough in the making of motions and arguing them and in every way making the proceedings as impressive as possible. My cousin, Samuel Sinclair, publisher of the "New York Tribune," wrote me that Mr. Greeley was coming down to sign President Davis' bond, and felt apprehensive that he would be embarrassed by attentions from people there, and that possibly some disagreeable incidents might occur. Mr. Sinclair asked me to give Mr. Greeley my time the two days that he would be in Richmond, and said that Mr. Greeley especially desired to see the city and the surrounding country, including the rapids and water power of the James River. Mr. Greeley had never visited Richmond, except when he passed through before the war on his way to North Carolina to get married. I, accordingly, remained close to Mr. Greeley during his stay. I was standing near him when he signed Mr. Davis' bail bond. Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt sent a lawyer with power of at-

torney to sign his name to the bond, and a noted abolitionist, Gerrit Smith, and Mr. Greeley, with Mr. Welch of Philadelphia, signed the bond in person. I think some Virginians also affixed their signatures. The audience in the court room pressed forward and crowded around close to the table when the bond was signed. After signing, Mr. Greeley stepped back, and as he did so said to me in a low tone, "I expect to be abused for this, but it is for the country's good." His voice had a way of dropping from shrill falsetto to very loud, deep tones, and the words "country's good" were spoken so loud that the reporters, who were present from all parts of the country, caught them. Then we crowded back to the entrance of the room to leave and take a drive. As we pushed our way out, Mr. Greeley inadvertently went near Mr. Davis, who sat in one of the high seats devoted to the jurors. I was behind Mr. Greeley, and could see Mr. Davis plainly. When he saw Mr. Greeley passing so near him, he arose and started to put out his hand, quite likely to speak to Mr. Greeley and thank him for signing his bond. For the first time Mr. Greeley saw his proximity to Mr. Davis, and turned away abruptly. A shade passed over Mr. Davis' face and he resumed his seat. When we reached the head of the stairs, Mr. Greeley said to me, "I am not hob-nobbing with Jeff Davis, if I have signed his bond"; and I thought it was quite evident that Mr. Greeley was very sensitive to criticism, and was afraid that the correspondents would catch whatever was said between him and Mr. Davis and that it might prove embarrassing. Charles O'Connor of New York was the leading counsel for Mr. Davis, and Richard H. Dana, United States Attorney at Boston, was recognized as the leading coun-

sel for the Government. The United States Attorney for Virginia, Mr. Chandler, also appeared. In discussing the questions that arose, Mr. O'Connor was very impressive. His white hair, soft complexion, and large, luminous black eyes made a very striking appearance. Mr. Dana, on the other hand, was not impressive. He was about medium height, with a full beard and a very well shaped head. Several years afterward, when I was United States Marshal for the District of Virginia, a number of the most distinguished lawyers of the State sat in my office awaiting some hearing in the court-room, and they discussed the arraignment of Mr. Davis and especially the appearance of the two Northern lawyers. To my surprise, they all agreed that Mr. Dana's appearance was, in all respects, the most praiseworthy. They admired his diction, his forcible presentation of his points, and his highly cultivated manner.

That night Gerrit Smith and Mr. Greeley spoke in the African Church, which was the largest auditorium in Richmond. The church was filled with representative men. Mr. Smith spoke first. He was over six feet tall, with fine form, magnificent head, flowing white beard, and the finest oratorical delivery as to voice and cultivation that I had ever heard. I had never heard any of the four distinguished abolition agitators, but when I heard Mr. Smith, and remembered that I had read that he was the least effective of the four, I could easily realize the part that these men had borne in creating the antislavery sentiment of the Northern States. Both addresses were well received. Mr. Greeley had a large number of square slips of paper, evidently torn from a scratch block three inches square, upon which he had penciled headings for use in his address. He

would shuffle the handful of papers over, and, selecting one, would speak for a few minutes on that particular branch of political and historical discussion. Someone opened the window behind the pulpit, and a gust of wind blew a part of his memoranda out over the heads of the audience, and someone rose to collect them and return them; but Mr. Greeley said, " Never mind, I have enough left here," and therefore a number of the audience carried away, and probably preserved, specimens of Mr. Greeley's chirography, which, however, there was no danger of their deciphering.

Soon after Richmond was evacuated, I had a room on Franklin Street, near Seventh, and General Robert E. Lee stayed for a time at Dr. Cabell's house opposite. General Lee spent considerable time walking up and down the sidewalk in front of the house, but did not seem to leave the square. He was a fine-looking man, with full gray beard and very dignified bearing. He wore a very neat Confederate uniform of gray, probably the new one that he wore for the first time when he surrendered to General Grant. People passing treated him with deference, but I did not see him holding conversation with anyone on the street. He went from there to Lexington, Virginia, where he was afterwards President of the College.

The facilities for travel in Virginia were not what they are to-day. There were but few railroads, and these, with the exception of two short roads entering Richmond, operated only one passenger train a day. There was very little travel, very little money, and very little freight shipment. There were no Congressmen for several years, and therefore much more routine as to the selection of postmasters, and the mail service generally fell to the Special Agent of the Depart-

ment on duty in the State. My duties carried me to all parts of the State in connection with the service, and there were depredation complaints to investigate, which resulted in some arrests and convictions. At one time I received orders to collect the amounts due the Government from the postmasters on the line of every railroad in the State, except one short road. Usually these collections are made by the contractor, which would be the railroad passing the post-office; but at the close of the war the Government turned over the locomotives and cars which they had to these Southern roads and gave them credit as to payment; and as the United States law forbade the payment of money to any person or corporation who was indebted to the Government, it was decided that these postmasters could not pay their money to the railroads, and that the Special Agents in the Southern States must collect the amounts. At first it seemed impossible to go from office to office, remaining a day at each one, to make the quarterly collections, but I devised a plan that made it easy by sending word ahead to the postmaster to come to the station at a certain date and bring the exact amount which had been found due the Government. I carried a clerk with me and had only to fill in the amount in the duplicate receipts which I carried, and I did not delay trains but in a very few instances, which was not a matter of moment anyway, as those trains were run for the accommodation of the public, and did not mind the delay. The Special Agent in North Carolina declared that he could not collect the money in his State, and wrote his friend President Johnson, who sent his letter to the Postmaster General with an endorsement: " Don't call on my old friend to perform such service as this. He shows that it is im-

possible." Therefore I was asked to make the collections in North Carolina also, and did so for two quarters. But I came back from traveling over that State with chills and fever firmly fixed upon me. A Richmond doctor gave me large doses of calomel and raised the doses of quinine to twenty-four grains a day, which were continued for a number of weeks. I had constant fever, and one day was unable to sit up at all. Then I left for the North and stayed at Long Branch, New Jersey, for three months, where I recovered my health completely without medical attendance.

In the fall of 1867 I was asked by the Post-Office Department to go through the lower counties of West Virginia to report upon the needs of mail service, the Department having been unable to get anyone to make the trip. I accordingly went by rail to Covington, and then tried to hire a horse for the journey. This I was unable to do, and finally bought one of a young man who had been riding up in the mountains for his health. I went to Lewisburg and started from there into what was then a wilderness. I stayed at Lewisburg over night, and in the evening made my business known to the postmaster and others, all of whom tried to dissuade me from attempting the journey, saying that the country was unsafe; that the feuds between Union men and Confederates were still alive and that people were being assassinated almost daily, and I ought not to take the risk of the journey in the disorganized condition of this sparsely settled country. I started out the next morning, and the sheriff of the county rode eight or ten miles with me. He was very urgent in trying to dissuade me from undertaking the trip, and said, "You are well dressed, with a gold watch and fine horse, saddle and bridle, and you stand no chance

whatever of riding to the Ohio River and back. Some man will pick you off with a squirrel rifle for plunder, and nothing will be thought of it." However, I had no trouble whatever on the journey, but there were many interesting incidents. The first night out I stayed at a valley farm that presented to me the best regulated family, I think, I have ever visited. The buildings were of logs but commodious; the valley was well fenced; there were large orchards, cribs of corn, good cattle, and a few horses, that the war had left. The farmer was a Scotchman, such as inhabit a large part of that section and the Shenandoah Valley, which they settled before the Revolutionary War. The present descendants retain all the hardy Scotch characteristics, and bear the names that were brought across the water. My hosts wove their own cloth, and had every comfort about them. They were Presbyterians, although there was no church in the section nearer than twenty miles; but the head of the family read the Bible and had evening worship, and told me that the only time that he had ever been east of the mountains was when he went to Richmond as a delegate to the Presbyterian synod. This farm was almost the last abode of contentment and happiness that I saw on my trip. There were no wagon-roads in any of the counties that I rode through, but there were bridle-paths. There were small valleys that were cultivated, and occasionally rude mills where corn could be ground. There were no sawmills, whip saws being used for the little lumber required in the building of houses, and even the court-houses were built of logs. A man who joined me the second day inquired if I was from east of the mountains, and asked me how Sang was doing. I told him I had not heard, and he said, "Last year we got about twenty-

five green and eighty cents dried." I did not like to ask what Sang was, but I heard the word, without an opportunity to find out, from almost every person I met. They all wanted to know the price of Sang. I said, "One man said that it was twenty-five green and eighty dried." I heard persons alluded to as Sang hunters, but I could not guess the meaning until at Oceana, where I stayed with the County Clerk over Sunday, when a man rode up in the morning with a led horse with bags upon his back, and said, "Excuse me for coming Sunday, but I thought I would bring in that Sang." I went with the County Clerk to his little store, and saw him weigh very carefully the contents of the bags; and it finally got through my head that it was ginseng, almost the only product that brought money into the country. There was an abundance of magnificent timber, which has since been utilized, and coal abounds through all that section; so I suppose to-day it is very wealthy.

On one occasion I stayed over night with a widow at a court-house town. She told me that her husband was a Union man, and that one night he was called to the gate by a pretended friend, and shot down before her eyes. I heard similar stories on both sides. When returning, I took dinner with a man who seemed above the average in education. He told me that he had once been a member of the Legislature, and that he was a Confederate. So, when he told me later that I must not try to stop at Richmond's Falls, but must make my way to Gwynn's White Sulphur Springs, even if it was very late, and gave the Richmonds a bad name, and said it would not be safe to stay there if I could, I knew well enough the reason he was prejudiced against the Richmonds. While riding on a path

at the side of the mountains, I came to a large oak tree which had fallen across. I could not go up the side of the mountain nor down below, but had to go around, which I did, riding back a number of miles and taking another path. It made the ride much longer, so that I reached the hillside at Richmond's Falls on the New River just before dark. My horse was very tired; in fact, he was too large for the mountain travel. I rode down, determined that I would stay at that place in some way. A young man drove up with a pair of horses and a stone boat to get coal from a ledge which cropped out, and I stopped and spoke to him, and he asked me if I wanted to be ferried across the river. I told him no; that my horse was tired out; that that tree had made me turn back; that I would have to stay there all night.

"We don't keep anybody," said he. "You can't stay here."

"A Yankee," said I, "does n't seem to stand much chance for hospitality in this section of the country."

"Are you a Yankee?"

"I was in the Northern army through the war, and am here on Government business now."

"Well," he said, "you put your horse in that stable and carry your saddle out and put it on the palings by the house, and wait there until I come."

The house was a very long, low log structure, with an open space in the middle which was roofed and floored, and I took a seat there. Tubs of apples were standing around, and I took an apple to eat from one of the tubs. An elderly woman with a very strong face, a large frame, her coarse gray hair unkempt, her bare arms and her throat showing great strength, and with meal covering her dress more or less, showing that she

worked in the little mill by the falls, appeared and said, "What are you doing here?"

"I stopped to stay all night."

"You are not a-going to stay here all night. We don't keep anybody. We never have since the war. Now, get your horse and get along with you."

"A young man," I remonstrated, "who was with a team up there at the edge of the mountains told me I could stay and told me to come here and wait for him."

"Well, he don't run this place. He is my son. You can't stay here, and you better get out now before it gets dark."

"I suppose you won't let me stay here," said I, "because you see I am a Yankee."

"You a Yankee?"

"Yes, I am a Northern man; was in the Northern army during the war and traveling now on Government business. I am a Government officer."

"Not after moonshiners?"

"No; I am in the Post-Office Department."

She looked at me a moment and then said, "Them apples you are eating ain't no good. Here, take some of these," and handed me some beautiful big ones, and I knew the trouble was over. I could hear chickens squawking as they were being killed, and every provision was made for my entertainment. No one had shown up at the house at first, but they soon began to appear. A beautiful woman of twenty-five or thirty, the oldest daughter, a perfect specimen of a blond beauty, with two younger children, came out and stood about and sought to talk. After dark, about supper-time, the report of a gun was heard, and the young man I have spoken of took a gun and went out and fired. Then returning, he said, "Brother Jim is com-

ing in, and he did n't know who was here." When Jim came in, he wore a fur cap, deerskin leggins and moccasins, had a hunting knife and a long rifle and a string of black squirrels. His face was anything but assuring. He looked hunted and scared, and he refused to sit down until he was told who I was. Before bedtime, which was at least midnight, I was told that the head of that family was a Union man, outspoken when the war broke out. One night two men came to be ferried across the river, and his wife heard the report of a gun on the other side and immediately put out with another boat. She caught the boat containing her husband, who had received a charge of buckshot in his breast, in time to save him from going over the Falls. He lived a day or two and described the men, who were unknown to him, and said that after they got out of the skiff one of them turned and said, "You are a Yankee, Lincoln man, are you?" and fired a charge of buckshot in his breast. This oldest son, Jim, I mistrusted, had found out who those two men were after they returned from the Confederate service. Jim himself had been a prisoner at Salisbury prison, but had escaped and returned. The oldest daughter rode to Salisbury, North Carolina, ostensibly with clothing for him for the winter, aided him to escape, and he rode the horse back and she walked the entire distance. I was told also that later Colonel Clarkson came with some Confederate cavalry and seized all the corn in the section, and waited at Richmond's Mills until the corn could be ground and then carried it away on his troopers' horses. They caught Jim, and a trooper, whose horse had died, took Jim's horse and Jim on behind him when they left. Jim's sister wept and cried a great deal, and succeeded in passing a knife to him

and also in holding the man back until he was the last one to start up the mountain path, which was very narrow. Before they got to a place where the horsemen could turn their horses, Jim thrust the knife into the trooper and jumped off the horse and escaped, and was never again recaptured. They showed me the grave of that trooper, and I think that Jim probably followed a lawless life afterwards.

I also received a number of complaints regarding the mail service on a long route running from Abington, Virginia, through the Cumberland Gap into Kentucky, and I decided to go over it. I wrote the postmaster at Abington, whom I knew, and who had made some of the complaints, to get a good saddle-horse and have it ready on the arrival of my train, but not to let anyone know who I was or my mission, and that I would ride over the route and accompany the mail carriers, the mail being carried over the entire route on horseback. When I saw the postmaster, he said, "I have not been able to get you a horse fit to ride, but a colored blacksmith had an old thoroughbred mare running on the Common and he has taken her up and shod her and got her ready. You can ride out a ways on the route and perhaps secure a horse. There is no livery stable here, and no horse that I can get. The old mare has been given away a number of times, but they say she used to be a good saddler." I went to the blacksmith and found the mare hitched up, with an old army saddle on her that had been out in the weather, and the rawhide was cracked and seamed and dried and about as hard to sit upon as scraps of sheet iron. I trimmed the rawhide down with my knife as well as I could, tied my hand-bag to the saddle, and started out on the road. The little old mare went off at an easy

amble, and we soon became fast friends. After a while the mail carrier overtook me, and I made his acquaintance, and told him I was going out to Jonesville and Estillville on business, and would like to ride in his company. He had relays of horses and changed frequently, carrying quite a heavy bag of mail. The carriers were light, young boys of sixteen years of age, as required by law, and each one rode a day, stopped over night, and then back over his trip the next day. I stayed where they stayed, and attended carefully, in person, to feeding the old mare liberally with grain. She carried me over the entire distance easily. She had a gait good for five miles an hour, and did not seem to tire. I observed the manner of handling the mails throughout the entire ride, and then came back more leisurely and stopped at the towns and interviewed the postmasters. My trip resulted in some changes in the route and the discharge of some of the mail carriers. The little old mare got real frisky, and just as we entered Abington on the return, and I was riding with the mail carrier and we were talking earnestly, she made a spring, whirled and started back, as I thought intending to go over the whole road and get grain and hay again, but I succeeded in stopping her and bringing her back where the mail carrier was, and we found a snake standing up in the road, swaying its body back and forth. I gave the carrier charge of my mare and got a pole from the fence and killed the snake, which was called an adder, and hung it on the fence. I was told that the adders in that section were very venomous. Then we rode into Abington, the old mare prancing like a colt. The blacksmith said that she was certainly over thirty years old; that a Confederate soldier, who had ridden her in the cavalry during

the war, disposed of her there, and she had been given away three different times, it not being thought that she would live through the winter. She was really so frisky that it was almost impossible to keep my seat, and I was reminded of the aged Virginia colored woman who appeared before the preacher to be married for the sixth time. The preacher said:

"Hannah, how old does a woman have to be to stop marrying husbands?"

"Dunno, honey," she replied, "you 'll have t' ask somebody older 'n I is."

I also passed through portions of East Tennessee a number of times on post-office business and saw something of the people who had lived through the great struggle, where the secession and Union element had been at war both openly and secretly. I was at Knoxville on business when Colonel Shelby was placed upon trial for treason. He had commanded Confederate troops in that section at some time during the war, and his trial had been postponed after indictment until such a time as it was thought safe to proceed with it. There was much excitement, but no disturbance of any kind. Colonel Shelby was acquitted, but he sought to call the prosecuting attorney, a Colonel Camp, to account for words used during the trial, and was killed by him.

The early history of this part of Tennessee, which was first a part of North Carolina, and whose inhabitants sought to create a separate State called Franklin, is very interesting, and clearly shows the foundation and growth of the character with which the East Tenneseean is endowed. Love of adventure seemed to pervade every individual. I stayed over night once at the house of a preacher named Hatcher, who lived near the

point where Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia meet. Elder Hatcher was very noted as a preacher, and runaway couples from Virginia and Tennessee made his house their Gretna Green. The old Elder and his wife told me many incidents while we sat by their fire in the evening. Mr. Hatcher said that within a short time a young couple, with some friends, had ridden to his house from the Tennessee side pursued by a party of relatives of the bride. A heavy shower set in, and the only shelter on the Virginia side of his house was a corn crib, which he showed me, and they all climbed into that, and he married the couple in the corn crib, in the State of Virginia. Before long the pursuing party arrived, and he and his wife worked upon them to secure reconciliation. At this point the old lady broke in and said:

"Oh, Law, it 's all humbug. These young folks in Tennessee and Virginia always did run away to get married."

"Now," he interrupted, "don't you tell too much."

"I am going to tell it all," said she. "They even set up the job to have them run away, and a number of them, sometimes her father, go riding after them carrying a gun on their shoulder. Why, the average girl in this section would think she was n't properly married if it was n't a runaway match; and if they ran away and were not pursued by a good party, all the relatives would say it was a good riddance and nobody cared about them. So from all around they turn out and run their horses after them. Old man, you know how you and I got married?"

"Well," he admitted, "it is a good deal as she says, but the illusion keeps up, and the young people court in secret and then run off to get married just as they

always did. It is some way bred in the bone of us mountain folks."

In 1864, when I went home to cast my first vote for Mr. Lincoln, I heard a Union refugee from Tennessee, named Gibbs, speak at a Republican meeting at Jamestown. It seemed that Governor Johnson of Tennessee, who had been nominated for Vice-President with Mr. Lincoln, was asked to send some Unionists North to tell their trials to Northern audiences, and Mr. Gibbs was one of those men. His speech made such an impression upon me that I have retained very much of it in memory. He walked forward on the stage, a small lame man, clad in homespun, and after making an awkward bow, said:

"Good evening, friends. I never saw any of you before. I may never see you again, but," pointing to the flag which decorated the stage, "I feel that we are all friends, because we all love that old flag. I am a tailor in my town in Tennessee, and have been Justice of the Peace so much that everybody calls me 'Squire Gibbs.' When secession was first talked, there were many anti-secessionists in my section, most all of them being Whigs, but as things went on they dropped away and joined the secession element, until it came about that I was the only Union man in the town. My tailor shop had always been a great resort to talk politics, but people stopped coming there. They stopped speaking to me except once in a while to denounce me, and finally I was arrested and taken to Salisbury, North Carolina, and had to leave my wife and little boy with one slave woman that my wife owned, unprotected in the town. I was offered my liberty if I would take the oath to the Confederacy, but I refused, and remained in prison quite a long while. Finally, I got word that my wife

was sick, and I begged to be released, but they shoved that oath at me again, and I could n't take it, although I was mighty anxious to get home, but there came an order that the Union men should be released, and I walked most of the way home to find that my wife had just died and been buried. They had not informed me of the serious character of her illness. The old colored woman brought me a silk flag, our Union flag, this flag, which she said my wife had made while she was on her deathbed, and gave it to her and told her to give it to me when I came home. She had kept it hid. The colored woman said to me, ' She told me to give you this flag when you came back, and she told me to say that you did right not to take the oath; that she would n't have you to take it.' My folks had not wanted for necessaries of life. We owned our home, and my wife's relatives had brought provisions from the country, but I felt that my wife had died of a broken heart, because we were outcasts among the people that we were raised with, and because I was away in prison, and she did n't know what might come to me. I made a practice of walking to my tailor shop and opening it up, but nobody came in, and there was no tailor work to do. A crowd gathered around the post-office at mail-time every day, but if I walked among them they turned away. Nobody spoke to me, and as I only heard their secession talk and heard them read secession newspaper telling lies and lies about the progress of the war, I stopped going. Once in a while some man would holler to me, ' Squire, come here and hear this. We have licked the Yankees,' but I controlled myself and had no personal difficulties. I stayed around home and worked in my garden, as isolated as though there was nobody else in that town. One day some men

came and stopped at the palings outside and called to me, and said, 'Squire Gibbs, good morning. Good morning, Squire Gibbs. Come out here; we want you to go with us to the levee,' and I went out and said, 'What is up? What do you mean?' I thought some new persecution had been invented. They said, 'Come down to the levee with us. A Yankee gunboat is coming up the river, and we want to save the town, and we know you will help us. Come down with us.' I went with them to the levee. Everybody spoke to me. It was, 'Squire Gibbs, good morning. Hope you are very well, Squire Gibbs,' and all that. A beautiful river gunboat with a big flag flying was coming up to the landing, towing a big barge behind. The officers and sailors all looked so fine in their clean uniforms. The big brass guns shone very brilliantly. I could hardly contain myself, and as they made fast to the levee the officer called out, 'Is Squire Gibbs here?' Then I was frightened. I knew that everybody would think that I had been in communication with them, but everybody answered, 'Yes, sir, he is here. He is here,' and one man said, 'Oh, yes, he is one of our very best citizens. Here he is.' The officer said, 'Come aboard, Squire Gibbs,' and I went on to the boat with many misgivings. He said, 'Let 's go back in the cabin.' We went back and took seats, and the captain produced a bottle of whiskey and said, 'Let 's take a drink, Squire.' I said, 'How did you know my name?' 'Oh,' he said, 'the Union people back at the next river town told me. I asked them, and they gave me your name. I left a barge there with an officer and some men, and also at the next town below, and I am gathering supplies.' I took a drink of that whiskey to the success of our cause with that captain. Then he

said to me, ' I want you to tell these people that I want them to gather up all the corn and bacon there is around this section, and have it brought here this afternoon and to-morrow to load that barge there. Tell them that I don't want to take my men and go ashore and gather it by force; that I don't want to throw a shell or two into that Court House with a tin dome shining in the sun out there; that I would n't like to burn the buildings in this town, nor have any other kind of trouble, nor carry off any prisoners. All I want is just the corn and the bacon, but I understand you have a good big gristmill here, and you may tell them that I want all the ground corn and wheat that they have got brought down too. Tell them that I am bound to have these supplies; that I will give receipts for everything; whether they will get their pay for it or not, I do not know. I am ordered to give receipts for everything, and that 's all I have got to say.' Then I asked the captain to tell me about the progress of the war, that I knew nothing hardly about the real condition of affairs, and he told me how ' Mistow ' Grant had conquered and captured 'most everything, but was fighting with Lee in Virginia; that the result was not decided, but Grant had swung around to the James River, and was hanging right on, and that he thought in a few months more the whole job would be finished and the Union would prevail. I can't tell you my excitement at this news, my head was whirling around and my heart was thumping so I could hardly keep my seat, but we went back, and I said, ' I will tell the people, Captain, but when I go off the boat I want you to speak harsh to me, real harsh.' He said, ' All right, old fellow. Take another drink.' As I went off the boat, he said, ' Squire Gibbs, carry out my orders

to the letter, and if they are not complied with it will be the worse for you and some others. Do you hear, now, what I say?' I replied, 'Yes, sir,' and went among my neighbors and told them what he demanded. At first they gathered up to me and whispered, 'Squire, how did he treat you?' I said, 'Abused me like Hell!' They set about getting the supplies, and they got them and I went home. I fastened the door. I pulled down the curtains. I went to the bed and threw back the mattress, and I got that silk flag. I had been afraid the house would be searched, and I could n't help waving that flag and dancing around that floor and trying to sing, 'Oh, say, can you see in the dawn's early light'" (and he waved the flag and hopped around on the stage). "Then my little boy stopped me, pulling at my leg, and looking up at me, he said, 'Daddy, where did you get your whiskey?' I was drunk, but not with liquor. I had not taken liquor enough to feaze me a bit, but I was intoxicated with joy, the joy that comes from the love of that old flag waving over us. Well, the war is 'most over, and then will come the big question of reconstruction and of settling things so that the North and South will really be united, and I believe Mr. Lincoln is wise enough to do that job, so I am up here to advocate his election; and our Andrew Johnson, although he was an old Democrat, I don't believe he will be one again. He has been so true to the Union; and I don't believe but what he will be all right to put on to preside over that Senate."

I remember Squire Gibbs as one of the most effective talkers I ever heard, and the events of that time would seem to indicate that President Lincoln was already planning for reconstruction and a reunited country with the Union element, the original anti-

secession element of the South, as a nucleus upon which to build. The vote in very many of the States was close as to secession, and we always met very many people, and among them the very best, who had fought earnestly and long against it. I have no doubt Mr. Lincoln's idea was that those people would strongly support a reasonable plan of reconstruction of the Southern State governments; but his untimely death and Mr. Johnson's stubborn contest on the subject of reconstruction with the party that had elected him made the problem a very hard one.

Among the cases of robbery of the mails occurring in Virginia was one indicated by complaints from small post-offices in the Valley of Virginia, and on the route terminating at Culpepper, and on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. The contractor, Mr. Trotter, who ran stages daily over this route, was an old and responsible man, and I consulted with him and arranged that I should go up by way of Stanton and the Valley of Virginia and then take his stage at Woodstock and ride through to Culpepper, and he agreed to drive the stage that day. I stayed over night at Woodstock and rode over the route with him the next morning. I prepared a couple of letters, one to be mailed at Woodstock, and another one on which I had already had the envelope stamped at an office further down the road. These letters contained money and were addressed, one to Baltimore and one to Philadelphia, and were of a character similar to those complained of as being lost, *i. e.*, addressed to houses that received money by mail for goods; and such letters are known in the Department as "test letters." They are called by lawyers who defend criminals "decoy letters," and generally considerable time is spent, while addressing a

jury, in showing that they are decoy letters sent by a detective anxious to make a reputation and are really intended to tempt an honest man who has never committed any other act of theft; but, in fact, they are the only sure means by which competent evidence can be secured. For example; "A" may send money to "B," say a ten-dollar note, and the money be abstracted from the letter or the letter stolen. Suspicion may rest upon a postmaster or a postal clerk, a well-grounded suspicion. Suppose he is arrested and "A's" ten-dollar note found in his pocket. "A" is asked, "Can you identify this note?" "No, but it is like it. I sent a ten-dollar note." "Was the note you sent a Treasury note or a National Bank note?" "Oh, it was a greenback." "Yes, but what kind of a greenback?" "Oh, I can't tell. I never took any notice of that, but it was a ten-dollar note, and that is ten dollars, and I have no doubt it is the same ten dollars." That is the best evidence he could give. Of course, that person would be acquitted. The judge would order the jury to acquit him; that there was no evidence to convict. The "test letter" is described before mailing in a statement made generally by more than one person, giving the number and date and a full description of the money. Then, if the thief is arrested, the inspector carefully avoids any possible step that might be said to indicate that he could have put the money in the man's hands. The inspector asks the man to lay out his money in the presence of another person while he takes his description of the money out and they compare the notes. If found correct according to the memorandum, of course, the notes can be fully identified in court, but the inspector does not take the money from the man. He has someone else take it who is present and who

can produce it in court and also identify it whenever it is used in the trial. It is an unpleasant duty that a post-office official has to perform, but it is a duty that is performed for the benefit of the public and to secure safety in transmission of letters. It is a sworn duty on the part of the officer, done with a due sense of the responsibility, and he should be respected for it.

The letters that I have spoken of mailing were looked for in the pouch each time that it came out from a post-office after the mail for that office had been taken out. As I had keys, I would open the bag on the mail-coach and find the letters and let Mr. Trotter see them. These letters were in the pouch when it was delivered at the Culpepper post-office. I did not go to the office, but went immediately to the station, and when the train came in got in the mail-car, and as the pouch which had come from the Culpepper office, after the removal of the Culpepper mail, was emptied, the mail agent looked for the two letters, the train being held in the meantime. Those two letters were not there. Then I went and found Major McNulty, a Freedman's officer who was on duty there, and asked him to go to the post-office with me, telling him what I wanted. I waited until the mail was all delivered to the patrons and the office clear and a little while longer, and then went into the post-office. The postmaster was a very old man who could do but very little. The work was all performed by the deputy postmaster, who was a very alert and popular young man. I told him that there were a couple of letters that came into that office which were not in the pouch at the train, although addressed to East-bound points, Baltimore and Philadelphia. He said he knew nothing about them. I asked him if he could not find them in the office there.

He said, "No, they would be here on this table if they were here. This is the table the mail was poured out on, and only Culpepper mail taken from it and the rest put in the pouch to go to the train, and the Culpepper mail put into boxes and delivered from all but a few of the boxes. The public were on the watch, and came and got the mail as soon as it arrived."

"Those letters," I said, "had money in them and perhaps you have the money?"

"Oh, no."

"Well," I added, "please lay out what money you have in your pocket. You, of course, will be glad to prove your innocence, and I am, as I told you when I came in, a Special Agent of the Department."

He laid out the money, and the Freedman's Bureau officer read off the notes, and I compared them with the memorandum. A five-dollar note was missing, but the other notes were there. He denied knowing anything about the five-dollar note, but the old man interrupted:

"Why, don't you remember you changed five dollars a minute or two ago for one of the storekeepers. He wanted a five-dollar note and gave you small notes."

"Oh, yes, that 's so. Yes, I did change a five-dollar note. Borrowed it from my pocket; I did n't have one in my drawer."

We found the five-dollar note in the possession of the merchant. The Freedman's Bureau officer had authority to arrest under the military law, and I had been deputed as a Deputy Marshal. We took the young man to a Justice of the Peace and asked him to send the case before a United States Commissioner at Richmond, which he did. Then we took the young man to the hotel, and I secured a room and we had supper

brought to the room while we waited for the train for Richmond, which passed about midnight. There were quite a number of people around the hotel constantly, and many came up to the room and wanted to speak to the young man, and I allowed them to do so, but there were some suspicious circumstances, and McNulty was informed by someone that a rescuing party was being made up and that a horse was all ready for the young man to ride away. We were unable to fasten the room, and so we stayed up with the young man sitting in the corner behind us, and refused to allow anyone to go to him or for him to come out of the corner. Before train-time there were quite a number of young men who apparently had drank considerably, who began to talk openly and press up to the room, but they did not really attempt to rescue him, and the hotel omnibus took us to the train, and I took the young man to Richmond. He was indicted, and bail was given for his appearance at court. I was informed that everybody at Culpepper really believed that he was innocent, and nothing that the Freedman's Bureau officer could tell them would make them think otherwise. I felt sure the young man would be convicted and sentenced to ten years' confinement in a penitentiary, that being the minimum term of imprisonment for robbing the mails at that time. The law has been changed since. I got to brooding over the responsibility resting upon me, and dreaded the trial. I did not particularly mind the expected cross examination and scoring by the prisoner's counsel; that was to be expected, but I felt that to send a bright young man to prison for ten years, almost entirely on my evidence, was a very sad and unwelcome duty. So I was greatly relieved when he was arraigned, and, against the advice of his attorney,

pleaded guilty. He had stoutly maintained his innocence at the examination before the Commissioner, and his attorney had laid the foundation that an impetuous, very young Post-Office Agent had contrived with an unscrupulous Freedman's Bureau officer to convict an innocent young man, and a large number of Culpepper men came to testify to his good character; but he arose and said, "My counsel insists that I shall plead not guilty, but I am guilty." The judge sentenced him to the ten years, but after a year or so signed an application, as did the District Attorney and myself, for a pardon, and he was pardoned. He told me that he would not throw the responsibility of his taking to stealing on anyone else, but that a man who was a journeyman watchmaker wanted to start a jewelry store there, and had no money at all to buy any goods with, and had persuaded him to put in what little he had and be a partner unknown to the community; and the watchmaker had kept asking for more money to buy goods, and he had resorted to stealing to invest in the business.

Another case about the same time was really for the Treasury Department. When ten or twelve years of age, I passed from the primary department of the district school of Fredonia to the higher grade taught by the head master, whose name we will call Brown. He was a good teacher, of unusual appearance, tall and slim, with large head, kindly blue eyes, and a receding chin. He wore a blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, and a buff vest. He was very active in his movements, especially when he appeared unexpectedly before the evil-doers. We named him "Old Blue-Bottle-Fly." I presume a teacher who was not given a nickname would feel slighted.

After moving to another town, I knew nothing of Brown until after the war, when I met him at Washington. He remembered me, and we had a few minutes' conversation. He held the position of disbursing clerk for the Post-Office Department, paying the salaries of the clerks, watchmen, messengers, repairs to furniture, heating and lighting the building, etc. He was an official of the Treasury Department, located at the Post-Office Department, and disbursed quite a large amount of money.

In 1868 he became a defaulter for a large amount, I think about $50,000, and fled from Washington. It was found that the embezzled money had been lost in stock speculation in Wall Street. The newspapers had very much to say about the case, true and untrue, and he was announced in the few weeks following to have been discovered in various parts of this and other countries. The Secret Service officers of the Treasury Department and the detectives of Washington City followed many clues without results. While I happened to be at the Post-Office Department at Washington one day, the search for Brown was mentioned in conversation with the Second Assistant Postmaster General. I suggested that if the attention of the Special Agents of the Department throughout the country was directed to the case, he might be found. I was asked to talk the matter over with the Postmaster General, and we went to his room. Governor Randall said that the matter properly belonged to the Treasury Department, but as Brown had been absent for a number of weeks without his whereabouts being discovered, he would make the suggestion to the Secretary of the Treasury at Cabinet meeting that day, and if there was no objection, he would direct the Special Agents to make search. The

Postmaster General said that it was thought Brown had safely gotten out of the country, and that he probably had a considerable sum of money. I was also told that he had taken a package of United States bonds which had been left in the safe in his office for safekeeping by General Petrea, a very old department clerk, a veteran of the War of 1812, and a former Congressman from one of the New England States. These bonds represented General Petrea's savings, and as they were not registered they could readily be disposed of.

That afternoon I was told that the Special Agents could make the effort to find Brown. Thinking that he might possibly be in Virginia, I made some inquiries to ascertain if any information could be obtained in the neighborhood of his home. A mail agent who ran from Washington to Richmond, and who lived a near neighbor to Mr. Brown, told me that he felt sure Brown's family had no knowledge of his whereabouts, and that they attributed his downfall to the opium habit, which had affected his mind, and that his self-control was so weak that he did not dare to have more than one dose of opium on hand; that he purchased each day two large doses, taking one at the time and the other later. I concluded it ought to be an easy matter to trace a man of unusual appearance who was obliged to visit a drugstore daily, and I set to work to see if he was in Virginia. The trail was soon struck and followed to Lynchburg, thence down the canal to Richmond. He had kept away from the main routes of travel, stopping leisurely at towns, stating that he was engaged in literary work. My first inquiry at Richmond was at a drugstore that was kept open at night, and I found that he came every night about

twelve o'clock and purchased a couple of opium pills. He had become quite familiar with the night clerk, telling him he was engaged in literary work of historical character, and that he contributed poems and other articles to one of the city newspapers. He had read several of these articles to the clerk, who afterwards saw them in the newspaper. Brown had visited the night editor of this paper, and given an assumed name, and claimed to have a nervous affection which prevented him from meeting people, but had stated that he had a room in a very quiet part of the city where he could work undisturbed, and had given the location of the room. I procured a warrant from the United States Commissioner, and I was deputed by the United States Marshal to act as a deputy. I went to the house indicated, and found Brown busy writing in his room. Upon examining his belongings, I found that he did not have a large amount of money, I think only $200 or $300, but he did have the package of bonds. I said, "These are General Petrea's bonds, are they not?" and he replied, "Yes, they are." I asked if he had sold any of them, and he said they were all there. He made no objection to going to Washington with me without an order of removal from the court. So we went to my house to supper and then took the train for Washington. On the way I said to him, "I had better take these bonds to General Petrea as coming from you. Then you will not have to face the charge of taking the bonds." He said, "I wish you would. They are his." In the morning I delivered Brown to the United States Marshal at Washington, who had a warrant based upon an indictment. I then hurried to find General Petrea and gave him the bonds and took his receipt. Later I reported at the Depart-

ment. During the day I was sent for by the Postmaster General, and the Assistant Attorney General, who was looking after the case, was present. He said, "You have brought Brown the embezzler and delivered him to the Marshal with a small sum of money. But there were some bonds, which I am told you retained. What about them?"

"The bonds belonged to General Petrea," said I, "a very old man, and Brown admitted they were his. I have given them to General Petrea and have his receipt."

"You had no business to do that," said the lawyer. "You should have turned the bonds over to the court or the Treasury Department. You had better get them back at once."

"Don't think that I did not understand what I was doing," I replied. "If I had turned the bonds over to the court or the Treasury Department, General Petrea, who is past eighty years old, would have stood a poor chance of getting them, and they represent his entire property. Quite likely an Act of Congress would be necessary to wrench them out of the Treasury vaults if they once got in them. I hurried to General Petrea before I could be stopped by anyone, and delivered the property, which is unquestionably his, and he has promised not to give them to anyone without being advised by a good lawyer."

The Assistant Attorney General was angry, and said, "You will find yourself in trouble," but the Postmaster General said, "I am glad you did as you did." I never heard of any trouble about the bonds. Mr. Brown gave bail, and trial was postponed for one cause and another from time to time, and I do not think he was ever tried.

CHAPTER V

UNITED STATES MARSHAL FOR VIRGINIA

AFTER General Grant's election to the Presidency in 1868, but before he was inaugurated, I happened to be in Washington and called at his headquarters. He saw me there and invited me to dinner at his house that evening. I attended, and was one of quite a number who were at the table. I remember that I sat next to the Austrian Minister, and during the dinner some wine was served which General Grant explained was sent him by a Missouri friend who said the wine was made from grapes grown on General Grant's farm, formerly his father-in-law's property near St. Louis. The Austrian Minister said:

"This is really excellent wine. You Americans judge your wine by our European standards, and wherever your wines differ materially you say they are not good, but you really have many good wines that I have tasted, and you ought to insist that your wines are the best."

"I don't drink wine," said General Grant. "I have found that I cannot take any alcoholic beverages with safety." As we walked out from the dinner-table, General Grant turned to me and said:

"I have decided what office I will give you in the spring. I am going to appoint you United States Marshal for Virginia. You need not place any papers on file. It will be a personal appointment, and I will only

Mr. and Mrs. David B. Parker

From photograph taken on their wedding trip

say to you, as I said to Jim Casey [a brother-in-law], 'that in the case of a personal appointee going wrong, I will be more severe than I would upon anyone else'; so you see you will have to give satisfaction."

I tried to say something of a grateful nature, but he turned to his wife and said, "Julia, are we going to 'Admiral Sands' this evening?" Nothing more was ever said upon the subject, but with the first names sent to the United States Senate after his cabinet appointments, mine appeared for the office of United States Marshal for Virginia. I had lived in Richmond then four years, and had many warm friends. I found that the bond, which was quite a large one, had to be given by freeholders of the District, that is, Virginia, and that my friends in the North could not give a bond direct, so I thought I would ask a couple of wealthy friends in Richmond to make my bond and have some Northern friends indemnify them; but on arriving in Richmond the morning after my appointment, I found a message awaiting me from Isaac Davenport, one of my friends, to call upon him, which I did, and he said:

"Robert Edmond and I talked over the matter when we saw your appointment as Marshal yesterday and decided to ask you to let us make your bond. We are not accustomed to signing bonds, but we have been partners in business a great while and we want to give you the endorsement before the community that our making the bond will give, and you may make it public if you choose." So two of the wealthiest citizens of Richmond signed my bond, and gave another one when I was reappointed at the end of four years.

I had married in Jamestown, New York, in 1867, Victoria A. Howe, daughter of the late Hon. Chester Howe, and I brought my bride to Richmond, where my

children were born. During our life there I never received aught but kindness from the people. I was known as a Republican, and served upon Republican Committees, but I was treated kindly always.

I qualified and entered upon the duties of United States Marshal for Virginia. There was much business in the courts and much criminal business caused by the Internal Revenue Department enforcing the revenue laws. There was a District Judge but no Circuit Judge in those days, but the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Salmon P. Chase, came frequently and held court and made long visits to Richmond, his circuit being Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina. Each Justice of the Supreme Court then had one of the nine districts, as do now the more recently appointed Circuit Judges, who have relieved them of that duty. I saw much of Judge Chase, and entertained him at my house on one occasion. The fact was very apparent to all that while he did not seem to waver in his opinions as to slavery or the conflicts of the war-time, he was seeking a Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

The first term of court I attended officially was the April term, 1869. Judge Chase held a special term in March after I had qualified as Marshal, and handed me in open court the venire for grand and petty jurors for the April term, and instructed me to summon them from citizens of the District without regard to race, color, or previous servitude, but taking care to get reliable and honorable citizens. The press immediately caught the point, and talked about negro juries in the United States Court. I exercised the greatest care in the selection of the jurors, who were summoned direct by the Marshal in those days, and summoned some of

the most prominent white citizens of the State and a few colored men for each jury. Some of the latter I obtained by sending blank summons to men whom I knew well in different parts of the State, as, for instance, Judge Watkins of Farmville and Judge Garnett of Tappahannock. These were gentlemen with whom I had become well acquainted in the postal service. I asked them if there was a colored man in their acquaintance perfectly competent to weigh evidence and be a juror; that they would do me a favor by writing his name in a summons to be delivered to him. Judge Watkins summoned a tobacco manufacturer who was a successful business man at Farmville. Judge Garnett sent the name of Aaron Commodore without comment. The day that the jurors took their seats and the Grand Jury received the charge of Chief Justice Chase, the court-room was crowded, because it was expected that the subject of treason would be alluded to somewhat, although, by the way, no indictments for treason were found. All who had been summoned appeared, except Aaron Commodore, and I had to return the venire, saying that he had been summoned but had not arrived. Judge Chase waited a few moments, and then commenced his charge to the Grand Jury. He had proceeded for a time, when a bailiff called me to the door and told me that Aaron Commodore had come, and I hurried to the Judge and said that the missing juror, who was from Tappahannock County, had just arrived. I cannot do justice to a description of this juror. He weighed two hundred and fifty pounds probably, was very black, his hair was cut short, his features were large, and he had an enormous wen on one side of his neck. He actually brought into the court-room a shiny black bag such as a minstrel of

that period would bring on the stage, and the bailiff shoved him forward to a vacant seat between two of the most distinguished white citizens of Virginia, Hon. John Minor Botts being one of them. Lawyers and newspaper reporters looked at me and could hardly restrain their merriment. Justice Chase turned very dark, called me up to the bench and said, "Where did you get that man?" I told him how he came to be summoned; that the Virginia Judge had vouched for him by putting his name in the summons and signing it, and Judge Chase said, "He is trying to bring you and this court into contempt," but he turned to the jury and said, "I will commence my charge anew." As he did so, Commodore arose to his feet, and I thought I would give something handsome to be at a distance just then.

"May I speak to the court?" said Commodore.

"Yes," said Judge Chase; "what have you to say?"

"I wish to make apology for being late. I took the stage at Tappahannock which, after riding all night, should have been here at seven o'clock, but we broke an axle in the night, and I had hard trouble to get another conveyance to bring me here, and I came direct to the court-house on arrival. I have never been in a court-room in my life before, and have never, of course, sat as juror, but I know that I ought to have been here on time."

"Never mind, you are excused," said the Judge.

"May I say something more?" added Commodore. "I deem it a very great honor to be summoned on this jury, but I would like, if possible, to be excused and will tell my reasons. I have contracted a quantity of oak timber to a shipbuilding firm in Maine, and two

ships have just arrived to get the timber, which I have in the water ready to load upon the ships. I will stay and serve as a juror, if it is necessary, but I have no competent person to attend to my business while I am away."

My stock rose. Judge Chase questioned him, and asked him how he came to be in that business.

"Formerly I was a slave on the plantation of Judge Brockenborough," replied Commodore, "and tended to getting out the timber which he sold. I have taken a timber contract myself, and this is my first deal."

"You may be excused," said the Judge, "and the Marshal will pay you your mileage both ways and one day's attendance."

"I cannot accept pay for service that I have not performed," said Commodore. But I took him out of the court room and induced him to accept the money to which he was entitled.

I heard no complaints about the character of any of the jurors, but, of course, there were not very many in the State as competent as those who were selected.

An incident occurred in connection with the Cuban revolution while I was Marshal. Circulars and letters came from Washington from the Department of Justice and the State Department, instructing the Marshals of the United States to enforce the neutrality laws; and my Deputy at Norfolk was specially instructed to look out for filibustering vessels that might be fitted out there. One day my little office was filled by naval officers, Admiral Rodgers and twelve or fifteen others of his staff, and officers of the Atlantic Fleet. They were in full uniform, and this gray-haired veteran approached me and said:

"You are the Marshal of the United States?"

"I am."

"Well, I am Admiral Rodgers in command of the Atlantic Fleet, and I am instructed to report to you for duty in connection with the enforcement of the neutrality laws. My flag-ship is at Norfolk."

No one could suppress a smile, but I asked him if he had come up with one of his men-of-war, and he replied that they had come up with a dispatch boat. I said:

"I suppose, now that the official errand is ended, that you gentlemen would like to see something of Richmond, and I shall be very glad to show you about."

"Yes," he said, "we have taken these instructions as a pretext to come and see Richmond. You take it right, young man."

We put in the day in seeing Richmond, and they returned to Norfolk on their steamer in the evening. Admiral Rodgers invited me to come down and look over my command, but I did not do so. I would, no doubt, have met a warm reception.

A lawyer named Webster came from New York to my office one day with a detective, and said that he was acting for the Spanish Government; that there was a filibustering force in the city of Richmond which had been organized and was being drilled to go to Cuba, and he demanded that I should arrest them. I asked him if he alluded to the force that was drilling in the hall near the Exchange Hotel, and he said:

"Yes, I see you know about them, and still have not acted."

"Well," I admitted, "I have heard rumors, and I will go and arrest them."

"You must raise a posse large enough to capture

them," he insisted. "There are more than a hundred men."

"I know," said I, "but I don't think a posse will be necessary. We will go up to the United States Commissioner and get a warrant."

A warrant was obtained for John Doe and Richard Roe and one hundred others, and I asked Mr. Webster to excuse me while I executed it. I went down to the hall and read the warrant to the Commandant, who was an ex-Confederate Major, a Virginian, a fine-appearing young man. He had raised the recruits and intended to take them to Cuba. They were drilling in the hall, and I told him to ask them to fall in and march to the street, and I would take command, and we would take them up to the United States Commissioner; that in the mean time he had better make arrangements for bail; that the newspapers had said that they had plenty of money. He sent for Thomas R. Branch, a banker, with whom their funds were deposited, and Mr. Branch accompanied us to the Commissioner's office, who quickly made out bail bonds, and Thomas R. Branch was accepted as bondsman for all, and the men went away. They did not go in a body to Cuba, but the officers and some of the men did reach Cuba in time to be captured and executed.

In 1870 I had the duty of taking the census of the State of Virginia. There were found to be 1,300,000 people in the large State of 99 counties. The city of Richmond contained about 52,000, about one half of whom were colored. The duty was quite an onerous one in so large a district, so many enumerations being required and so much care being necessary to have the returns correct before they were sent to Washington.

I had a very competent Chief Deputy, Colonel Robert Bolling, whose sister married General Lee's oldest son, Major General William F. Lee of the Confederacy. Colonel Bolling prepared the social statistics which accompanied the census returns, and they attracted a great deal of attention in Washington. General Francis A. Walker was the Director of the Census, and General Garfield was Chairman of the Committee on Census in Congress. I met General Garfield at General Walker's office once in Washington, and General Walker introduced me to him as the Marshal of Virginia, and General Garfield said, "Oh! Then you are the author of those social statistics that I have been reading with great interest." I hastened to assure him that I was not directly the author, and had not had the same advantages of education as my Chief Deputy who wrote those essays. He was very polite all the same, and said that I was responsible for them, and showed me considerable attention. Afterward I became very well acquainted with him when I was Chief Post-Office Inspector, up to the time of his election as President and immediately afterward.

I was very careful to get competent enumerators, and the work was as well done as could be under all the circumstances. A few colored enumerators were appointed, perhaps five or six in the whole State out of about one hundred and fifty. One of these enumerators was in Goochland County. His name was Henry Clay Harris. His work was delivered in good order, and about the time he completed it a fine-appearing Virginia gentleman of the old school came to my office and gave his name with the title of "Colonel" from Goochland County. He said:

"I presume that I have been reported to you for re-

fusing to give information to your enumerator in our county who is taking the census."

"No," I said, "I have heard nothing of it."

"Well," continued the Colonel, "he is a colored man, the son of one of our prominent citizens who sent him, when a boy, to Ohio, where he was educated at Oberlin College. He returned to his old home, and has a little property which his father gave him. He is entirely well behaved and a competent man to take the census, but when he rode into my grounds while taking our neighborhood last week, I saw him coming, and I was so angry to think that I had got to receive a colored man as the representative of the United States Government that I refused to give him any information whatever, and ordered him off the premises. He informed me of the law, and I told him I did n't care a damn for the law, to leave my premises, and he rode away. After completing his work there, he went to another part of the county. But I have reflected on that matter, and I have come down here to apologize and to say that if you will ask the enumerator to return to my place I will cheerfully give him the information and treat him properly as the representative of the Government, and will pay the additional expense that the inconvenience causes him."

"Perhaps I had better not do it," I suggested. "He has not reported the matter, and I am not supposed to know it. Suppose you just send word to him."

"All right, I will go back and send him word."

Later I asked the enumerator about the matter, and he said that he received the message, went to the Colonel's, was given all the information, his horse was taken care of by a servant, and he was invited into the house and given dinner. He added that he had not

reported the case because he felt sure that the Colonel, who was a perfect gentleman, would think better of his course.

Many books have been written descriptive of the innate chivalry of Southern gentlemen. F. Hopkinson Smith's "Colonel Carter" is not really so much overdrawn as many readers think. I saw very many Virginia gentlemen who were almost as simple-minded, as true and honest and chivalrous, as the Colonel Carter of the novel, although, of course, that character is exaggerated.

A friend in Richmond, who is an inimitable story-teller and entertainer, Polk Miller, told a story of the war. He was a Sergeant in the Virginia Artillery, and when General Grant's army was on the James River with headquarters at City Point, Sergeant Miller accompanied an officer and two guns to the famous Westover estate on the James River and secured a position just before daylight, where the guns were masked by underbrush on the bank of the river, and remained there in concealment, their orders being to fire upon United States vessels loaded with supplies or troops. Patrol gunboats were going up and down the river all the time and had to be calculated upon, but it was thought that some damage could be inflicted upon the Government steamboats before a gunboat could prevent.

A steamer was seen approaching loaded with soldiers, and the officer in charge of the guns made ready to fire. As the current ran in the river, the steamer with fifteen hundred or two thousand soldiers on board would be obliged to come in very close range, and every preparation was made to strike her and sink her as she was passing, but just as they were about to fire,

Colonel Carter, the Commander of the Regiment of Artillery, arrived and called out quickly:

"Stop! Don't fire on that steamer!"

The officer in charge could not conceal his chagrin and disappointment, and said, "Colonel Carter, what are we sent here for but to fire on just such a steamer? We could sink her there in a jiffy."

"Yes," said the Colonel, "you could, but you cannot fire on that boat. Don't you see the lady standing by the pilot house?"

The opportunity was gone. The battery left the place and did not again undertake the same task, as it was thought if they did the gunboats would probably attack them at once, and a cavalry force would be thrown from the army above, and they might be captured before they could get away to a place of safety.

Soon after I qualified as United States Marshal, I received a message from the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Boutwell, to call upon him, which I did. He seemed very much surprised to see so young a man and said:

"I think there has been some mistake made. Virginia is the most important District we have to-day, and I learn that there has been more of fraud and violation of law in Virginia than anywhere else. I am making a special effort to place the ablest men we have in Virginia to investigate the frauds and bring offenders to justice. Now, you seem like a boy in appearance."

I told him that I was very young. He added:

"I am informed that there are a large number of warrants which have been returned unserved by your predecessor, who was unable to serve them, especially

in the western and southern part of the State, and I sent for you with a view of going over the matter and trying to impress upon you the importance of executing all the criminal warrants that our revenue officers obtain."

I told him that I felt the responsibility, and would endeavor to execute the warrants when placed in my hands. He seemed to have misgivings, and said frankly that he would have to talk with the President; that he thought an older, more experienced man ought to be in the position to which I had been appointed.

"Very well," said I. "I think it would be well for you to talk with the President about me, and I will return to Virginia and enter upon my duties and try and execute the warrants."

He sent the Supervisor of Internal Revenue and a number of Special Agents who, with the new Collectors and Assessors who were appointed, prosecuted a most vigorous war upon offenders against the revenue laws. I speedily found that there were some pretty hard propositions involved in the execution of these warrants. Take one case in the southwestern part of the State as an illustration. The revenue officers had been there, and one or more had been wounded when endeavoring to visit a distillery in the mountains which was owned by a Colonel Dyer, who had been a Confederate officer and who had, it was said, a number of his old soldiers with him at the distillery who defied the officers. The whiskey which he distilled was taken away in wagons and sold without paying any tax. I knew an ex-captain of our service who was living at Danville and who had been a very brave officer, and I sent for him and told him that I wanted him to accept the appointment of Special Deputy Marshal to execute

Ulysses S. Grant

President of the United States of America,

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS GREETING:

Know ye, That, reposing special trust & confidence in the Integrity, Ability & Diligence of David B. Parker, I have Nominated, and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate DO APPOINT HIM Marshal of the United States, in & for the District of Virginia; and do authorize & empower him to execute & fulfil the duties of that Office according to Law. And to have and to hold the said Office, with all the powers, privileges & emoluments to the same of right appertaining, unto him the said David B. Parker, for the term of four years from the day of the date hereof, subject to the conditions prescribed by law.

In Testimony Whereof, I have caused these Letters to be made Patent, and the Seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed.

GIVEN, under my Hand, at the CITY OF WASHINGTON, the Fifth day of April, in the Year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred & Sixty-nine, & of the INDEPENDENCE of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA the Ninety-third

U. S. Grant

By the President:

H. Winthrop Sill Secretary of State.

Commission as United States Marshal, signed by President Grant

a warrant against Colonel Dyer; that he could have as many assistants as he needed and a troop of cavalry if they would be any good. He said he would think the matter over until morning. In the morning he came in and said, "Give me your warrant. I am going to try to arrest him without any assistance." He drove from Danville thirty miles or so to the neighborhood of the distillery, and arrived in the night-time. He had posted himself as to a trusty man in the neighborhood, a colored man, who obtained from a man who worked in the distillery the exact arrangement of the distillery buildings, the location of bunks which were occupied by Colonel Dyer and his fellow soldiers, and learned that Colonel Dyer was then at the distillery. The following night the Deputy drove quite close to the distillery with the colored man, who, however, was not to be exposed if possible, but who held the horse while the Deputy entered the distillery and pulled Colonel Dyer from his bunk, and placed a revolver to his temple. He walked with arms locked with the Colonel out the door and said:

"You may give an alarm and your men may come out and try to rescue you, but they can't get you. They could n't kill me so quick but that I could pull this trigger, and if I do, it will blow your head off. I am a Deputy United States Marshal, and have a warrant for your arrest. Now come right along."

Dyer's men were alarmed, and came out all armed and pressed a little too close. The Deputy said:

"Dyer, make those men fall back or I will shoot."

Dyer told me afterwards that he felt the pressure of that pistol, and that it did not waver a particle, and he ordered the men to keep back. The Deputy took him to the buggy, and the colored man, who was hold-

ing the horse, fearing that he would be recognized, let go of the horse's bit too soon; so the Deputy had trouble to get his man and himself into the buggy, but he effected it and drove to Danville. Dyer was taken to Richmond and tried in the United States Court and sentenced to the Albany Penitentiary.

One after another the hard cases yielded to the efforts of my Deputies, until it was said that there were no unexecuted warrants.

One day I received a telegram from Secretary Boutwell asking me to remain at my usual haunts and to render service to an officer of his Department who might call upon me soon. The next night I was called up from bed to see a gentleman at the door. I went down and found a small plain-looking man, who said:

"My name is Beach. I am a detective of the Treasury Department. I am told that I can place implicit confidence in you. I want you to get a warrant for Bonash, Stone, Roach, Burke, and William Hoppe, and be where you can arrest them over Mount Castle's Store on Broad Street, Bonash's home, at two o'clock this evening. I have an engagement there with them to receive a quantity of counterfeit tobacco revenue stamps; and I want further that you should get a thousand dollars to me at the Spotswood Hotel by nine o'clock. I have escaped from my room and climbed down the rain-pipe to get here. I have negotiated with these men for tobacco and for counterfeit stamps, and they keep a watch over me and appear to distrust me. I have assured them that I have my funds in the bank, and they have found from the bank that I have n't any funds there. I then told them that I would show them in the morning that I had funds to pay for the stamps. You want to get a package of a thousand

dollars, making the package as large as possible, to me in safety by nine o'clock. I cannot tell you how it can be delivered readily, and I cannot tell you just what you will have to do or what my surroundings will be."

I had to act before bank hours. I had no doubt about his being all right, and I went early to the post-office and the internal revenue office and my own office, and succeeded in making up a thousand dollars by borrowing. Then I went to the hotel, and as I entered the office door I saw that Beach sat with his feet up at the window, and with him was Stone, who had formerly been a tobacco inspector. I spoke to Stone and walked on through the office to the closets below. Then I waited until I heard some men coming downstairs, and I laid my package of money on a closet seat and came out the door, hearing Beach say, "Now, Stone, I tell you that he won't be located," but he was using the name of Stone constantly. I stepped in front of Stone, and maneuvered so that Beach went into the closet that I had vacated, and Stone stepped into another one and I went away. At two o'clock I went to Broad Street, but as I could see no one I went to a shoe-store opposite, the proprietor of which I knew, and asked him if I could go to the next floor and sit in a window awhile to watch for a man. He took me up to the second floor, and I remained there until after five o'clock. Once Roach came out from the place opposite near us and returned. The signal agreed upon between Beach and myself was that he was to come away from the place and blow his nose with his handkerchief, in which case I would know it was all right to go and arrest them. I did not dare to have any of my deputies about, and I went to the Chief of

Police, who said that he would be in the saloon next Mount Castle's store and watch for me, and whenever he saw me he would accompany me to make the arrest. We also posted a policeman at the rear of the house, so that no one could go to the alley. Some time after five o'clock Beach came out of the entrance to the rooms that were over the store, there being a side entrance and stairway, and blew his nose. I had a policeman also at the corner of the street, and I motioned to him to arrest Beach as I ran across, pulled the bell, and ran quickly upstairs. I found my men in a little hall bedroom with a package of money on the table before them, preparing to divide it. I grabbed the money, read the warrant, and stood against the door. One of them immediately said:

"That won't do. Rather than be arrested, we will commit another crime. You shan't go out of this place alive."

"Then you will all go out of it straight to the gallows," said I. "My men are around this house. Not one of you can escape. This money is mine," and I put it in my pocket. They had revolvers out, but parleyed until the Chief of Police arrived, and then we marched them off to the Commissioner's office. When I came on to the street, Beach stood there in the custody of the policeman, and angrily demanded why I had him arrested.

"You have probably got the stamps, have you not?" I replied.

"Yes," he said.

"Well, you are not to be allowed to go anywhere except with us to the Commissioner," and Beach found that a possible attack on the evidence was forestalled by this action. These men were all indicted, but only

two of them were ever convicted and sentenced. They all gave a good bond at the start, but there were renewals, and trials were postponed for one cause and another, and new bonds given, and straw bonds were very ingeniously substituted for the original ones. One postponement for one of the men was agreed to by the District Attorney himself, who visited the prisoner at the request of the Court, and said that while he was in his room the prisoner was attacked by violent hemorrhage from his lungs. I afterwards learned that this result was obtained by binding tobacco soaked in liquor in the armpits until it produced nausea and vomiting and eventually bleeding.

Bonash and two of the others were tobacco manufacturers, and were to supply to Beach the tobacco, to which these sixty-pound counterfeit stamps were to be affixed. The boxes of tobacco were to be shipped to New Orleans in bond, where Beach said that he had a pull and could attach the stamps and then ship the tobacco up the Red River to Shreveport, where he claimed to be in business. He did not pay for the tobacco, and it was never shipped. He did, however, pay for the stamps, about thirteen hundred dollars. Roach was sent to the Albany Penitentiary to serve two years. He had been a soldier in the army, and his wife sought every means to get him pardoned without avail, until his term had nearly expired, when President Grant ordered his pardon to restore him to citizenship. The pardon, when issued, was sent to the Marshal of Virginia, as was the custom, and I transmitted it to the Superintendent of the Penitentiary at Albany, New York, for delivery, and heard no more about it at that time. But a year or two later, a revenue officer, who had been in the case, told me that he

had met Roach in New York, where he had a stand in Washington Market, and that Roach had served his time out and never received the pardon which his wife thought the President had promised. When the revenue officer went back to New York, he told Roach that he had heard he was pardoned and to find out about it. This resulted in Roach writing to the Albany Penitentiary, from which he had been discharged ahead of time, under the rules giving time for good behavior, and the pardon, which had been retained there because they did not know his address, was sent to him. Later Boss Tweed was placed on trial in New York for looting the city treasury, and among the jurors given in the newspaper report was Roach, who was described as a Washington Market huckster. I immediately wrote to the United States Attorney, who gave the information to the District Attorney in New York, that Roach was a convicted felon, but had been pardoned. The newspapers gave the examination of the jurors. When Roach was asked if he had ever been convicted of crime, he replied, " No." When he was asked if he had not been convicted in United States Court for violation of the internal revenue laws, " Why," he said, " technically, yes. There was a technical violation of law about reports when I was a tobacco manufacturer, and the Judge himself advised me to allow conviction, and that he would see that I was pardoned at once, and this was done, but it was only a technical violation of law and I have the President's pardon." He was allowed to sit on the jury. Roach voted for acquittal and hung the jury, and he was a rich man afterwards, wearing diamonds and living at his ease.

When the Richmond newspapers published the an-

nouncement from Washington that I had been appointed United States Marshal, the "Richmond Dispatch," then the leading newspaper, printed some complimentary words and called me Colonel. So the next day, when I arrived in Richmond, everyone who congratulated me on my appointment called me Colonel. I went to the "Dispatch" office and thanked the editor for his compliments, but asked him why he called me Colonel. He replied:

"All the Marshals of Virginia as far back as I can remember have been called Colonel, and not one of them ever saw military service. Now, I understand that you have a service record, and we don't intend that you should be treated with less respect than your predecessors. You will find you will be Colonel in this community, where all the rest of the officials have military titles."

When my commission came from the State Department at Washington, it was addressed to me as Colonel, and when I was in Washington, I thought I would see how this came about. I inquired at the State Department and was referred to the clerk who issued all commissions and kept a record of them. He was a very old man, and when I asked him how he came to call me Colonel when sending my commission, he replied:

"You are a Colonel."

I asked him where he got his authority, and he said:

"A President, I can't remember which one, issued an executive order that all Marshals of the United States who came to Washington and acted as escort for the outgoing and incoming President on Inauguration Day should have the rank of Colonel of the Army."

"I don't know," said I, "where there is a United States statute authorizing that."

The old man was very indignant, and exclaimed, "If the President of the United States can't create a title for an officer, we had better give up and become a monarchy, where titles can be given by the ruler!"

Governor Wells of Virginia later announced that I was a member of his staff, an aide-de-camp, with the title of Colonel, but I could not find that he had authority to appoint more than one officer, his secretary, with the title of Colonel. However, the title seemed fixed to me as long as I held official office, and I am reminded of the story of the visit of a Northern man to Texas, who asked a gentleman who had been called Colonel if he was in the Confederate army. The gentleman said:

"No, sir, I was not."

"Were you in the Union army?"

"No, sir, I was not."

"Perhaps you belong to the militia of the State?"

"No, sir, I never belonged to the militia."

"Perhaps you are on the Governor's staff?"

"No, sir, I am not on the Governor's staff."

"Will you please explain to me how you came by the title of Colonel?"

"With the greatest of pleasure, sir. Many persons about here have official titles who are not entitled to them, but I came by my title legitimately, sir. I married the widow of Colonel Poindexter at Dallas, sir."

While I was United States Marshal, some arrests of the famous Ku Klux Klan were made. As this was before the Congressional enactments against them, three men who were arrested were charged with assaulting and interfering with United States officers. The

Collector of Internal Revenue for the extreme Western District of Virginia found a tobacco manufacturer in Patrick County who was technically violating the revenue laws. The factory was seized but allowed to continue operations, and a compromise of the amount of taxes in arrears was offered by the manufacturer and recommended by the Collector and the factory restored; but in the mean time the Collector had to place a Deputy in charge of the factory. For this purpose he secured a young man named Wells, living in the neighborhood, who had a good reputation and was known to have been a Union man, having resisted the draft and avoided going into the Confederate army. He was a nephew of a very noted Union man who was a Member of Congress and Lieutenant Governor of Virginia. It happened while this young man was at the factory that a Ku Klux Klan organization was effected at Patrick Court House, a dispensation having been granted across the line in North Carolina, where the organization was strong. At the organization meeting it was proposed that some Union man should be "visited." No one but the young man, Wells, seemed available; so a party selected according to the forms of the order went to his house at night, and being told by his wife that he was at the tobacco factory in charge of it, they went there, all with their faces blackened and otherwise disguised, took him from the factory, and beat him with hickory withes. His wife had followed them, and her screams attracted such attention that the Ku Klux withdrew. Wells thought he recognized some of the party, and went to the court house, where he happened to meet one of my Deputies who was there on other business. The Deputy, who, by the way, was only employed to collect

executions, was a native of Virginia, of very high standing and not known as a Republican, but a man who was very highly respected and who felt that he must do his duty as Deputy Marshal when called upon. The Ku Klux party had returned to the court house and drunk heavily, and he had no trouble finding the three men that Wells thought he could identify with the blacking still remaining on their necks and but indifferently washed from their faces. One of these men was the presiding magistrate of the County Court and a popular young citizen. They were held for the United States Court by the commissioner, indicted and finally tried in Richmond, and were convicted and sentenced to imprisonment in the Albany Penitentiary. When the trial and conviction of the leader, Mills, was ended, he was brought into my office before being taken to the city jail, and I informed him that he could leave his money and valuables there, or the Deputy could take them along and give them to the jailer at the city jail for him. He replied that he had no money except a few cents which he would like to keep for postage stamps and writing material, and seeing that I had a pair of handcuffs ready, he said to me:

"Don't make me suffer the humiliation of being handcuffed here. I am a Mason, the head of my lodge, and I make a Masonic appeal to you to allow me to have my hands free in going to jail."

"Have you any weapons?" I asked.

"No, sir," he replied.

"I think I will see," I said. A loaded pistol was produced from his hip pocket, and a well-filled pocket-book also. He held out his hands for the handcuffs without any further remark. On his return from the Albany Penitentiary, he called upon me and asked me

to lend him some money to reach home with, the amount furnished him at Albany not being sufficient. I asked him if he had any plan to escape that night when he was taken to the city jail, and he said he had, and that his friends were awaiting him with a horse. I loaned him the money that he asked for, and took his note, and have it yet in my possession.

This was the only Ku Klux lodge that I ever heard of in Virginia, but in the Carolinas they were very prevalent, and were finally broken up by the arrests made under the auspices of officers of the Department of Justice, two of whom joined the order and furnished complete evidence. One of these men was Captain Hester, who had been the executive officer of the Alabama of the Confederate navy. The other one was J. N. Beach, of whom I have already spoken. A very large number of members of the Ku Klux organization were arrested, and test cases were made in South Carolina, where United States Circuit Judge Bond presided, and Henry Stansbury of Cincinnati, an ex-United States Attorney General, and Reverdy Johnson of Baltimore, were employed to aid the local attorneys in defense. Reverdy Johnson had been Attorney General of the United States, United States Senator from Maryland, and Minister to England, and was one of the most eminent lawyers in the country. After a few had been convicted, President Grant pardoned the remainder, I think more than a hundred, who were under indictment and who pleaded guilty. Congress had authorized the United States Circuit Judges to relieve Justices of the Supreme Court from having to hold the United States Circuit Court, in their respective districts, and Bond of Baltimore was the first judge of our Circuit. He was violently assailed for enforcing

the United States statutes against the Ku Klux in the Carolinas. On the occasion of the trials he stopped over at Richmond, to hear some Chancery cases. Reverdy Johnson was with him, and they stayed at the house of the Clerk of the Court. I called upon them in the evening, and Judge Bond gave a very humorous account of the trip. He said that Mrs. Reverdy Johnson,, who lived near him in Baltimore, came to his house one evening and said, "There are some men here from South Carolina who want my husband to go down and defend Ku Klux. Now he is nearly blind, and I won't allow him to go unless you will take charge of him, Judge, and take care of him," and the Judge consented to do so. At Columbia, South Carolina, where the trials took place, they had adjoining rooms, and Judge Bond, who had a fine sense of humor, opened the door between so that callers could be heard, and sat silently with some friends who were in his room. Judge Bond heard himself roundly abused, and Mr. Johnson, who knew that he was listening, joined in the abuse. A fact came out in the course of the evening's talk that I think was never printed. Mr. Johnson said that when he entered the court testimony was being taken, and he thought the Government witness, who was a detective named Beach, was not being thoroughly cross-examined. He took the witness in hand and said:

"You say that you worked your way into this lodge?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where was the meeting held?"

"In a cotton-gin house with outside guards."

"How did you work your way in?"

"I knew the passwords and signs."

"What were they doing when you entered the lodge?"

"Raising your fee, sir."

"How do you know they were?"

"I heard the communication from the Grand Cyclops, Wade Hampton, read, in which he explained the necessity of raising the amount necessary to hire Reverdy Johnson and other Northern counsel. I contributed $15, and I presume you have the money in your pocket."

Johnson said that he appealed to the Court, but Judge Bond twisted his moustache and said, "The witness may go on." Mr. Johnson also said that, when the testimony showed the real brutality of the Ku Klux, he withdrew and washed his hands of the whole proceeding, but said he would take the cases to the United States Supreme Court and test the constitutionality of the law, because he thought, conscientiously, that the law exceeded the powers of Congress. Judge Bond joked him and said:

"Johnson, did you get your fee?"

"Yes," said Johnson. "They agreed to pay me $2500 in advance, and that I got. Stansbury told me he went down on trust, and he had never got any fee since."

Mr. Johnson told many incidents connected with his long career in public life that were very interesting, including incidents occurring in England. He also told about going when a boy with his father to Philadelphia, and while there dining with General Cadwalader of Washington's staff. Cadwalader pointed to a new picture in the dining-room, an engraving which had just been issued showing Washington and his staff officers crossing the Delaware, and ridiculed it, and

said they crossed in an old flat-bottomed scow, and that Washington was morose and cross, and that the negro who, with an assistant, was polling the boat over, complained to him that the other gentlemen were seated on the forward corner, which tipped the scow up so that he could not handle it aright. Washington was walking back and forth at the other end of the boat, but he went to the officers and found General Knox sitting on the gunwale and telling stories to the rest. Washington said to them, in language that could hardly be repeated, to get into the middle of the boat and trim ship, and they changed their positions. Cadwalader said that was the only time that Washington spoke while crossing the river.

The United States Courts in Virginia were held at Richmond, Norfolk, and Alexandria, the United States District Judge living at Alexandria; so I frequently went to Alexandria to attend court, and while doing so stayed in Washington, going back and forth. Sometimes my wife accompanied me, and when she did we attended some of the receptions and parties at the White House and at other places. I shall always remember an evening reception at General Sherman's house, for it gave a glimpse into the family life and simplicity of manners prevailing there. The reception, which was by card, was very largely attended; foreign diplomats, army and navy officers abounded, and the house, which was quite a large one, was filled with guests. I happened to stand where I could hear General Sherman's remarks for a time. A very tall, unusual-looking man came toward the receiving party, escorting a blushing and handsome young lady. When General Sherman saw them, he raised his hand and said:

Mrs. David B. Parker

"Stop! Now, Carter, remember your failings. When you get up here and introduce that young lady, beautiful as she is, don't you dare introduce her as your daughter."

But Carter advanced, and General Sherman took the daughter by both hands and said:

"I know who you are, but I will have to think a little before I can tell your name." Then he spoke to the people around and said, "I have held this young lady on my knee when she was a baby, a little girl out West; and this old fellow is one of the oldest friends I have got in the world. When I reported as a Lieutenant in Florida, he was a post-trader and he has been a post-trader ever since. Why, he is the oldest fellow! He was an old fellow when the Rocky Mountains were heaved up, and he has lived there ever since."

"Now, General," remonstrated his victim, "you know you are as old as I am."

"Get out!" said the General; "why, your house was a refuge for me when I was a little boy, just away from home, sighing for something good to eat, and I always got it at your house. This is Judge Carter of Carter, Wyoming. He has the finest ranch in the Western Country, and he supplies all the troops at Fort Bridger and everywhere else, I guess, with everything they need. Why have n't you been in to see me, Carter?"

"I called to-day," answered the Judge, "but you were out, and I told your officers that I would come in to-morrow."

"Now," said Sherman, "I bet you got this daughter on here to buy her a trousseau."

"That 's right."

" Well, she has been raised at a fort, and I hope she marries an army officer."

The young lady was blushing, but the father said she was to marry an army officer.

" How many sons-in-law does that give you that are army officers? Five? "

Judge Carter told him how many, and General Sherman said, " Well, I will have a good visit with both of you before you go back."

A little later a young Second Lieutenant came forward who had what anyone could see was a bride on his arm. General Sherman stepped forward and shook hands with him and said:

" Lieutenant, where do you belong? "

He told his regiment in Arizona.

" Oh, yes. Now you have introduced this lady as your wife, how long has she really been your wife? "

" We were married yesterday in Pennsylvania."

" That 's what I thought. How long have you been in the army? "

" I was appointed from the volunteer service, sir. I am not a West Pointer."

" Oh, yes; well, that 's fine. Now you have got to give up this bride for a while. You might as well get used to it "; and General Sherman gave her his arm and called his daughter to take the Lieutenant. So he escorted that country bride in to supper, and his daughter accompanied the Lieutenant. Mrs. Sherman was as easy and genial as the General himself, and both seemed popular with everyone.

While I was Marshal I received an execution to sell a quantity of smoking tobacco which was in a bonded warehouse and had been offered for sale several times, but which would not bring the amount of the tax, and

consequently could not be delivered. This was worthless tobacco that had been manufactured to substitute for a like quantity of good tobacco which was abstracted from the bonded warehouse during the riot of corruption which prevailed in the Internal Revenue Department about 1868. I offered the tobacco for sale after advertisement, but no one would bid the amount of the tax, and I was told that it could only be used as a fertilizer or shipped to the West where sheep were dipped in cheap tobacco. I received a letter from Alfred Pleasanton, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, instructing me to offer this tobacco for sale and sell it to the highest bidder, purchase the necessary tobacco stamps from the Collector of Internal Revenue and affix them, and deliver the tobacco to the purchaser, crediting on the amount paid for the stamps whatever amount was received from the sale. The large storage bills that were paid were given as the excuse for making this disposition of the tobacco. I questioned the authority of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to instruct me to expend judiciary funds for such a purpose. The First Comptroller's opinion was final in auditing the accounts of United States Marshals; so I sent the letter to the First Comptroller at Washington, and asked for instructions and information as to whether the expenditure would be allowed in my accounts if made. The Comptroller, who was named R. W. Taylor, really did comptrol. The expenditures of all the Executive Departments were kept within law by him, and he was considered the watch-dog of the Treasury and was most highly respected. My letter, however, was answered by William Hemphill Jones, Acting First Comptroller, and I was told that the matter was discussed before the Commissioner of Internal Rev-

enue wrote the letter, and that this course was decided upon as best, and therefore I could make the disbursement, and the amount, when approved by the Judge, would be allowed in my accounts. Of course, I proceeded then to execute the order and placed the amount, which I remember was about $800, in my next account. The item, however, was disallowed by the First Comptroller. I placed it in the next account I rendered and then gave a letter of explanation. I at once received a reply from Comptroller Taylor saying that the allowance was not authorized by law and would not be passed at his office, and that I was forbidden to include it in my accounts. I placed it in the next account again without explanation, but when I happened soon after to be in Washington and visiting his office, the chief clerk asked me to go in and see Mr. Taylor about that tobacco item. Mr. Taylor assumed a very severe air and said:

"What do you mean by placing that illegal item in your accounts after it has been disallowed and you have been ordered not to place it in the accounts?"

"Mr. Taylor," I answered, "I made that disbursement doubting the law, but with the full authority of the First Comptroller of the Treasury. Therefore I expect it will be allowed, and I shall continue to render it until my final accounting."

"You had not the authority of the First Comptroller."

"Was not the Acting First Comptroller of the Treasury designated by the President of the United States to act as First Comptroller while you were absent on your vacation?" I asked.

He made no reply, but said, "I have held this office since 1861, and I have never authorized a single viola-

tion of law. My friends insisted on my taking a vacation, and when I came back I found such cases of mistakes as this in the office."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Taylor," said I, "but I certainly took every precaution. I wrote this office before making the disbursement."

"Say no more about it, it will be allowed."

His chief clerk took a walk with me and told me that this worried the Comptroller almost as much as the Supreme Court case. I asked him what the Supreme Court case was. He said that the Marshal of the Supreme Court of the United States had in his accounts the hire of some men to take care of one of the Justices who was paralyzed, and the Comptroller struck out the items. He received a message to call at the Supreme Court, and went up there and was taken into the consultation room where the Judges were. The Chief Justice said to him:

"Mr. Taylor, you cannot stifle the Supreme Court of the United States. One of our members being incapacitated from helping himself to attend our session, but otherwise capacitated, hired the necessary attendants to assist him, and the item must be paid."

"But such expenditures are not in the statutes," remonstrated the Comptroller.

"Mr. Taylor," said the Chief Justice, "the time may come when Congress may fail to appropriate any money for the Supreme Court and its expenses. Do you think the Supreme Court would dissolve and permit chaos to come upon our Government? No. It would proceed to the Treasury of the United States, and it would take from its vaults the money that it needs for its support. Congress may, at some time, fail to make necessary appropriation to enable the

members of this Court to hold its sessions, but this Court will see that the means are provided. You pass the item and such similar items as appear approved in the Marshal's accounts."

Mr. Taylor returned to his office and said to the chief clerk, "Add up the columns in the Supreme Court accounts, and don't question the purchase of brick houses or anything else."

There was a very large amount of bankruptcy business transacted in the United States Courts in those days, and there were also very many *ante-bellum* suits brought to the United States Court for adjudication, so that members of the bar from the entire State came to Richmond to try these cases. I recall the present Senator Daniel, a very handsome young man, lame from a wound received while in the Confederate army, and a brilliant pleader. He was called Major Daniel. Colonel John S. Mosby came from Warrington and appeared very modestly in the Court with cases he had. He was a very quiet, unassuming gentleman, with a very strong face and wiry, active body. The old Virginia colonial families were represented at the bar by such names as Barksdale, Randolph, Harrison, Henry (grandson of Patrick Henry), Aylett, Gilmer, Wickham, Allen, Conrad, Floyd, Rives, Wise, Mauvey, Page, and others. I became well acquainted with ex-Governor Henry A. Wise, who was very approachable and kindly. He seemed to have many cases that it could be plainly seen would not pay the attorney very well, but which were efforts to secure redress from wrongs. He even went into the lower courts and defended negro clients, when he thought injustice was being done. He was a grim-looking old veteran, angular and raw-boned, but a striking orator of the old-

fashioned sort. Added to his long political career, he served during the entire war in command of a brigade, and was nearest to General Lee's person when the final surrender took place. I heard him speak quite freely concerning his part in the capture and execution of John Brown, and he spoke of Brown as a misguided but honest fanatic, and said he was a very brave man. His son, John S. Wise, now of New York, practiced law with his father at Richmond and was a popular young lawyer. Incidents affecting many who had been prominent in Virginia's history were often repeated by elderly persons with whom I became acquainted. I remember staying a few days at Callahan's, a resort in the mountains among the springs, and the old proprietor, named Dickson, told me of some visits of distinguished persons. He said that one day John Randolph of Roanoke came to his house in his carriage with a coachman and one servant. Randolph's wizened face and shrill voice were very striking, and he was heavily wrapped up and had on the front seat of the carriage the famous case of pistols he always carried. He was given a room and had a fire built immediately, although the weather was warm, and had his meals served in his room, and declined to go to the parlors in the evening and meet the guests of the house. In the morning he departed. As he got into his carriage, Mr. Dickson inquired where he was going, and Mr. Randolph replied, " I am going where I damn please." Near the house the road passed through a small stream, on the other side of which it forked, going in three directions. A very old signboard was up giving the directions to various resorts in the mountains, but the servants could not read it, and Mr. Randolph tried, and it was so dim he could not make it out, so he called

back to the hotel, "Dickson! Dickson! Which road do I take to the Warm Sweet Springs?" Dickson replied, "Take either road you damn please," imitating Randolph's voice. The carriage at once turned and came back, and the gentlemen on the porch said, "Dickson, you better run. He will have those pistols out." But when the carriage drove up, Mr. Randolph said, "Dickson, I guess I will stay with you over Sunday. Give me the same room," and he mixed amiably with the guests and tried in every way to make himself agreeable.

A prominent lawyer told me one day that he was Chairman of the Committee on Entertainment when Daniel Webster came to Richmond to deliver his very great speech in the fifties, and that he went out as far as Ashland, sixteen miles, with the Committee to meet him. After they had been introduced, Webster said, "Have you got any brandy? Mine is exhausted." They found a flask that a passenger had, and Webster drank from it. On arrival at Richmond they took him to the Ballard Hotel and went with him to his room, and the landlord inquired what would be wanted. Mr. Webster said, "Bring me a bottle of your best brandy," and drank from it constantly until the time of going to the meeting. Democratic and Whig politics were running very high, and the question of extension of slavery in the Territories, and the bearing of the Constitution of the United States on slavery, were all receiving the highest consideration from the people, and Mr. Webster had been secured to make a great presentation of the Whig side. When the time for the meeting came, they took him to the State Capitol, and he was to speak from the Senate porch to an immense crowd which had gathered below him. There is no

railing around this porch, and a fall would mean ten or twelve feet. Mr. Webster's legs were very unsteady, and a table was set well back from the edge, and the Chairman of the Meeting and Committees, etc., occupied seats. Mr. Webster, before stepping out from the Senate Chamber on to the porch, looked in different directions. He said, " Move that table to the edge of the porch. Take that glass pitcher of water and the glass from that table. Someone go and get an earthen pitcher or mug and have in the pitcher brandy and water, *strong*. Now, one of you take me by the arm on either side and start your band of music. March me forward to the table. Have no speech of presentation." The gentleman told me that they walked forward with him to the table, and the crowd commenced cheering, and the presiding officer simply said, " Mr. Webster." Mr. Webster, when they let go his arms, got both hands on the table and commenced that great address, lasting two hours, without fault or hitch, said to be the greatest speech of his lifetime.

A very old gentleman told me that William Wirt, Attorney General of the United States, who prosecuted Aaron Burr for treason, was a very brilliant and highly beloved young man, but that he had an uncontrollable appetite for liquor; that he courted a young lady and became engaged to her, but became so besotted that she cast him off, telling him, however, that if he would reform she would be glad to receive him again. After this he became worse than ever, and one summer's evening when the young people walked out Franklin Street, their usual walk, Wirt was seen lying in front of a low groggery in the suburbs, covered with flies and presenting a disgusting appearance. The young lady to whom he had been engaged was of

the party, and there were jeers on the part of some of her companions. She separated from them at once, and went back and lifted bodily Mr. Wirt and drew him to a place under a tree, where she left him with his face covered with a lace handkerchief bearing her name. It was said that Wirt, when he regained consciousness, found the handkerchief, walked immediately out of the city and stayed a time with some relatives in the country, and then returned to resume his practice of law, and never afterwards drank a drop of liquor. He married the young lady.

I occupied for a time a part of the house owned by Mrs. Allan, the family being known as Scotch Allan, one of the wealthy old families of Richmond. Mrs. Allan was alone in a very large house, and I rented a part of it. Her husband had raised Edgar Allan Poe. Mrs. Allan told of the great brilliancy but the weaknesses of Poe; that he was very loving in disposition, but perfectly uncontrollable in his habits.

The colored people at that time felt a keen interest in education and politics, were generally industrious, and making the best of their opportunities. Apparently but few could read or write. Occasionally one, as was the case of a barber in Richmond, was a scholarly man. He had pursued his studies in the rear of his shop with books which a gentleman brought him from the libraries, and was said to be a fine Greek student. There were some of the old-time colored preachers whose sermons were almost ludicrous at times. Rev. John Jasper, who preached the sermon that a newspaper man made famous, "The Sun Do Move," was one of them. I attended his service one evening with a gentleman from Detroit, who was visiting me, and who wished to hear one of the old-style

colored preachers. When we entered the church, we were shown with deference to seats, rough wooden benches without backs, but we were disappointed because a white man, an exhorter who had accompanied a Baptist revivalist from the North, conducted the services. He exhorted sincerely, but was not an educated preacher, and had no effect whatever upon the congregation. After he had preached three quarters of an hour, Mr. Jasper arose, and putting on a second pair of spectacles, reached his long bony arm over the pulpit and said, "I done fergit that I was to make some 'marks to the frens of little John Henry Jackson, who was buried Tuesday evening." He then proceeded to speak to those friends and mourners. He used language that was incomprehensible because it was made up of high-sounding words that were not words. They resembled words that he had heard, and were used without regard to meaning or arrangement, but his voice was magnetic and sympathetic, and he constantly waved his long arms to those seated in front of him. In five minutes he had people in what was called "the power" all over that church, shrieking and exclaiming, "Bress de Lawd," and falling back on their seats in apparently a faint. He continued about fifteen minutes, and I think that more than fifty people were rising and screaming in the audience. Most of the colored churches, however, had educated preachers and large audiences.

I attended two or three political meetings that were addressed by colored men. One elderly man, who was a great exhorter and political speaker, swayed the crowd by his eloquence and addressed them on the subject of "Taxation to Maintain Schools." It was at Charlotte Court House, and a large part of the audi-

ence was white. John Robinson was the speaker, and he said, in part:

"I understand that the voters, and especially the colored voters of this old county of Charlotte, my county, are thinking of voting against raising taxes to maintain schools; and I came back here to my old county to plead with you. I don't believe the report. I can't believe that the colored men of old Charlotte will sell their birthright for a miserable passel of partridges. I remember when I was a boy, a slave, living in your family, Colonel [pointing to an elderly gentleman sitting near], that there used to be talk about the importance of raising money to send Massa Jack to the Varsity and the young Missus away to school, and you, kind-hearted old massa, did n't like to sell nobody, never did like to sell nobody, but Missus she say the money must be raised, and you say the commission merchant in Richmond won't advance any more money on the crops, so you think it over, and you keep thinking it over, and then you decide that that boy Dick is a no-'count nigger; that he is the good-for-nothingest, dirtiest no-'count boy in the country, and you might as well sell him; and then next court week Sheriff Snyder he get up on the box, and he say, 'Gentlemen, I wish to call your attention to a fine boy to be sold, Richard, offered by the Colonel. The fact that he is raised by the Colonel is sufficient guarantee that Richard is a prime article. How much am I offered for Richard?' So Dick is sold, and the money is sent to educate your boys and your girls, and now we think it is not too much for you to pay some little tax to raise money to support common schools for poor people, white and black."

His argument was well received by white and black.

He was a powerful speaker on any subject among his color, and I heard him say that he got to be a blacksmith and was sold for the highest price ever paid for a colored man in that county, $1950, and bought and paid for his own liberty before the war would have given it to him. At that time colored people remained in the country and did not flock to the cities as they are doing now.

When I was a boy, a noted Baptist preacher named Rathbone was a friend of my father, who was a Baptist, and I often heard Mr. Rathbone preach. When I was living in Richmond, he came to me bearing a letter from my father, and said that he had come down to attend the church dedication of an African Baptist Church, whose pastor he had known many years before. I entertained Mr. Rathbone at my house. His voice was very sonorous and loud, and as he insisted on sitting in the open window in the evening, his discussion of the question of slavery was heard by all the neighbors, and I was reminded of the fact by my friends on either side afterwards. One of them, a lawyer, said that he had never heard the extreme Northern abolition sentiment expressed before, and that it was very interesting. Mr. Rathbone told me that in the fifties a runaway slave was taken from the custody of the officers on Main Street in the village of Jamestown, Chautauqua County. The boy had been arrested in the neighboring town of Sugargrove near the State line, where he had stopped with a farmer blacksmith. The blacksmith hurried ahead of the officers, and informed abolitionists at Jamestown that the arrest really took place in the blacksmith shop, which was across the line in the State of Pennsylvania, and that therefore the boy was not legally arrested by a

New York warrant. The abolitionists got together and took him away from the officers and to Elder Rathbone's house and into the Baptist parsonage. The Elder sat on his porch with a heavily loaded musket, and warned the crowd that he would shoot the first man that came in the gate. He held them at bay until darkness came. Then he parleyed, and it was finally suggested that the boy should be taken back where he was arrested, across the line into Pennsylvania, and be left there, and that his pursuers would proceed against him in Pennsylvania or not at all. Mr. Rathbone said he would go and consult the fugitive, if they would promise not to enter the gate. They promised. In the mean while he had given his daughter whispered directions through the window at his back, and he ran through his house to his connecting stable, where one of the best horses in the county was harnessed to a wagon with the colored boy in it. Rathbone jumped in and drove out and over the hill toward Dunkirk, and on until he crossed Suspension Bridge into Canada. Some Baptist people in Canada then took the boy in hand, and Elder Rathbone took up collections in his church for him, and the boy, who was very bright, was given an education. At the close of the war he was a well-equipped Baptist preacher, and he it was who had settled in Richmond and was dedicating a new church edifice.

One day a colored man who kept a hotel for colored people brought another colored man to my office. I knew the landlord slightly, and he said that he did not want anyone to know the story they were to tell, but wanted my advice as to what was proper for his friend to do. The other man said that he and his wife had come from Alabama to visit their old home in Prince

Edward County; that he was a blacksmith with a good business in an Alabama town, and that a couple of years before he had married a woman fifteen years older than himself, living in the neighborhood, and they had lived happily together. He knew that he originally came, when a boy, from Prince Edward County, Virginia, and his wife also came from the same county. She had been presented by her mistress to a daughter living in Alabama before the war. When they came to visit Prince Edward County and hunted up their old relatives, it was found that he was sold with a number of slaves to go to Alabama when he was a small boy and that he was undoubtedly the son of his present wife. They had come into Richmond to this hotel, and his plan was to leave his wife there and send her means for support while he returned at once to Alabama. The situation had become somewhat known in the neighborhood where they had been visiting and had discovered their relationship, and he wanted to know if either his mother or himself were amenable to law and could be arrested. I told him I thought he had made the best plan possible, and he thanked me and they went away.

The landlord told me that he never saw such suffering as those two people seemed to feel. The son went back to Alabama, and his mother secured employment with a Northern family and went North.

There is no doubt that the slaves were treated humanely as a general thing, except for the separation of families; and I seldom heard aught but kind words spoken of each other by old owners and late slaves.

Congress passed a law creating a Western District in Virginia, and providing that the Judge and officers of the District of Virginia should remain as officers of

the Eastern District, so for the balance of my service I had a smaller district and much less business. I was reappointed at the end of four years, and two years later decided that I would resign the office, and after attending to some private business for a while, would take steps as to future employment. I accordingly called upon President Grant and told him that I intended to resign in the spring.

"Don't tell anyone," said he, "but find some person whom you can recommend, and who can be confirmed by the Senate and will give satisfaction to all of the warring factions in Virginia. They come here in delegations whenever there is a vacancy down there, and there is so much striving that I shall be glad to avoid it."

"It may be very difficult to find a man filling all those requirements."

"Well, that 's what I am expected to do every time," said the President. "Let 's see what success you have."

I kept the matter secret, and when I decided to present my resignation I carried it to General Grant and said:

"If you will appoint Charles P. Ramsdell Marshal of the Eastern District of Virginia, I think he will come pretty near filling the requirements in every way. He has not asked for this or any other office, and I have not spoken to him regarding this appointment, but I know from a remark he made to me once that he would be sure to accept. I have no doubt but that he would be confirmed by the Senate, and that his appointment will give satisfaction in Virginia."

"It is a very bad name," said the President.

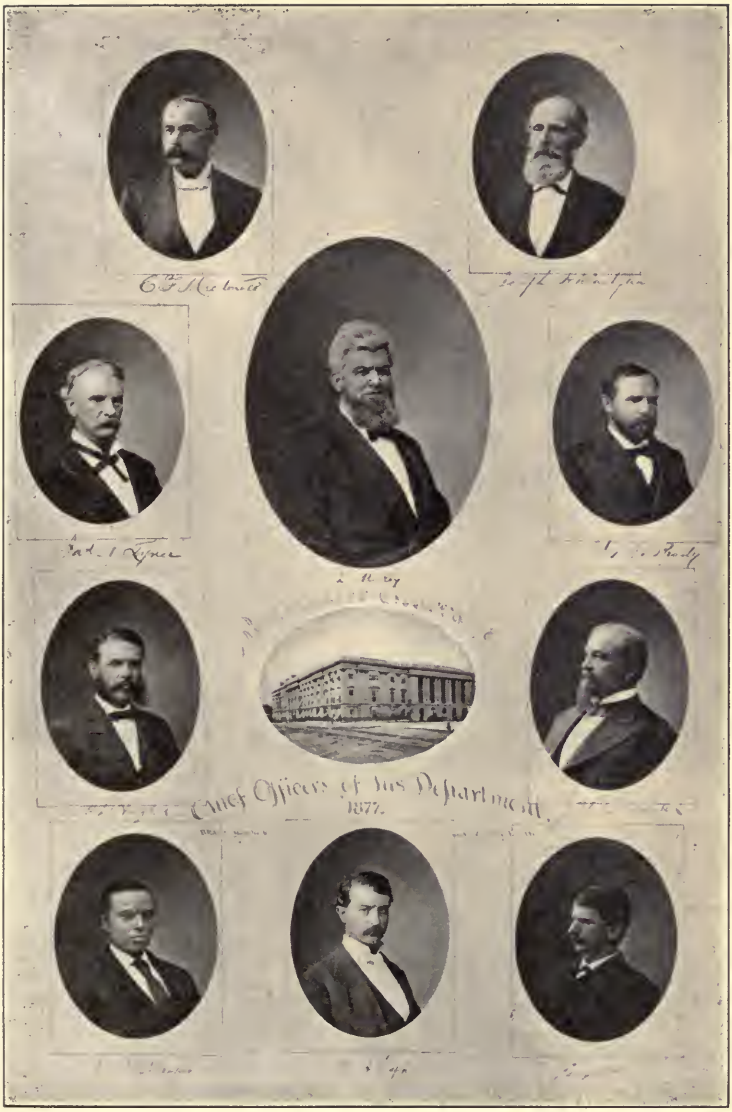
"Yes," I replied, "he is the brother of the very bad man," alluding to the newspaper man Ramsdell

who had so fiercely attacked General Grant in the "New York Tribune" and had sought to impugn his honesty and character, and who, when called before a Senate Committee of investigation, refused to give the names of his witnesses or any evidence whatever, whereupon he was committed to jail for a term for contempt. I explained that the one living in Virginia came there at the close of the war with a colony which he headed, and which Horace Greeley had aided him to raise in Pennsylvania; that he still had his farm in that colony, and that he published an agricultural newspaper which was well received throughout Virginia; that he had refused to accept office, but ran on the Republican ticket for elector-at-large in '72 and received the largest vote. His friendship for his old friend Greeley was not sufficient to draw him away from the Republican party. This all pleased General Grant, who said he would appoint him at once and send his name to the Senate. I went to Richmond that night, and in the morning saw in the newspapers the telegram announcing the appointment of Charles P. Ramsdell United States Marshal for the Eastern District of Virginia, *vice* D. B. Parker; with no explanation whether I had resigned or had been removed. In a little time I received a telegram from Ramsdell, saying:

"From the morning newspapers I see I am appointed United States Marshal in your place. I will not accept the office at your expense, and will join with your friends in going to Washington at once to protest against your removal. Answer."

I answered that I had resigned in his favor, and he came to Richmond, was duly commissioned, assumed the office and occupied it until his death, seven or eight

years later. My reason for thinking that he would take the office was that I had once traveled several hours with him on the cars, and he had spoken of Federal positions, several of which had been offered to him, and had said smilingly, " You have the only office that would be attractive to me. I could still be a farmer and a newspaper editor and hold it," and had laughed about it. It was very gratifying to know that I had resigned in favor of a true man.



Postmaster General Key and Chief Officers of the Department

Mr. Theodore N. Vail is in lower right-hand corner. Mr. Parker is in lower left-hand corner

CHAPTER VI

POSTAL SECRET SERVICE

Part I

AFTER attending to some private business for a while I was asked to re-enter the Post-Office Department and did so. Postmaster General Jewell, whom I did not know, telegraphed me to come to Washington, and when I presented myself said:

"There is a delicate matter of business in the Southwest which I laid before the President and asked him to indicate what should be done, and he told me that if we had an Inspector in whom we reposed perfect confidence he would like to have him investigate the charges fully and without favor at once. And the President added that there used to be a man in our Department whom he thought we could probably get, if only temporarily, whom he would like to have take this matter in hand, and he gave me your name."

What was called "the conspiracy against General Grant" on the part of Secretary Bristow of the Treasury, Bluford Wilson, and others, had just become known, and it was said that the Postmaster General was somewhat in sympathy with it, which was not true; hence the anxiety of the Postmaster General to have a matter in which the President's brother-in-law's name had been mentioned handled delicately. The charge was that there was great swindling in the Post-

Office Department, in the transportation of mails from New Orleans up the rivers in Louisiana to Shreveport and elsewhere, and that the Collector of the Port of New Orleans, James Casey, who was General Grant's brother-in-law, was involved in some way. As soon as I had received an outline of the case, I suggested to the Postmaster General and the Chief Post-Office Inspector that no papers be referred to me and that no one be told that I had been assigned to the case, and said that I would get out of the Department as soon as I could and not be seen about there again, but that I would proceed with the matter from memoranda that I could prepare. The Railway Mail Service at that time was placing capable men of their own in the large post-offices to superintend the making up of mails for the railroads, but they had not placed one in New Orleans, so I decided that an employee of the Railway Mail Service, whom I knew well, should be sent from Chattanooga to the New Orleans post-office. He was thoroughly trustworthy, and was informed that he might be called upon by me later and not to mention me in any way. I was also given the names of some prominent men in New Orleans who were sponsors for the charges that had been made. One was the President of the Chamber of Commerce and President of a large bank, another one was the head of the Morgan line of steamships and railroads, Mr. Hutchinson, and a third was Captain Thomas Leathers, the famous Mississippi River steamboat captain, who had told these New Orleans gentlemen of the existence of the frauds, and they had communicated the matter to the Postmaster General. I did not go to the Department again, but returned to New York. A couple of days later I passed through Washington and traveled South.

In the sleeping-car was a prominent politician from Louisiana, who lived in Washington, with whom I became well acquainted in a very short time. I let out the fact that I had, many years before, been connected with the Post-Office Department and knew something of its workings. He told me that it was a good thing I was not there now, and that he did not believe the Department was what it used to be; that he had an intimate friend who was a mail contractor down on the lower Mississippi; that he understood somebody was trying to make trouble for his friend, and the Department was going to send an Inspector down there to overhaul it, and that he was going down to look after his friend's interests. We made the entire journey together. At Montgomery we were delayed two days for repairs to the railroad, and were together all the time and even attended a minstrel show. We did not separate until we reached New Orleans, when I went about my business and he went to look out for his friend's interests and see that no harm came to him. Before leaving Washington I had learned that an Inspector who bore a reputation for being quite a showy man was in Texas and about to return, and I had suggested that they stop him in New Orleans to await orders and let him stay there a week or two. This was done. I went quietly to an obscure hotel and sent for the Superintendent of Mails in the Post-Office, and commenced to get the information that I wished. In the mean time I heard that the showy Inspector was being handsomely entertained daily by the people there who were concerned in looking after a post-office inspector. I found that a long route up the Mississippi to Red River Landing and then up the Red River to Shreveport and Alexandria, and for which high pay

was paid for daily service, really had no existence whatever. There were no steamboats running to Red River Landing, and there were no stages running from Red River Landing to Shreveport and Alexandria. A mail was taken from the New Orleans post-office daily by a man who carried it to the wharf and there made any arrangement he could with any steamboat that might be going up the river, slow or fast, freight or passenger, to carry the bag to Red River Landing and throw it off. Some days, and for several days together, there might be no boat. On such occasions the wagon that had taken the mail from the post-office took it to a place where it was kept until the next day, when it was taken out again and added to the fresh mail from the post-office and another effort made to send it. Of course, the mails were not placed upon the mail steamers of the Mississippi that ran to Vicksburg and Baton Rouge, but were supposed, at the Department, to be carried by a steamboat line that ran between New Orleans and Red River, and pictures of boats and hand-bills with times of arrival and departure, etc., were on file in the Department. Some of the tramp steamers that had taken the mail had failed to receive their pay, and their talk about it had first drawn the attention of Captain Leathers. At Red River Landing there was nothing but a wharf boat, but the man on the wharf boat had been appointed postmaster, and he kept a book of arrivals and departures of the mail from New Orleans which showed its arrival and its departure for Shreveport on schedule time. A two-horse stage was started daily from Red River Landing and drove out a short distance and back again. Then the mail was carried by horseback or placed on chance steamers that were going up the river, and in some way

taken to Shreveport and Alexandria, and an execrable service was the result; but all the postmasters at the points named were in the conspiracy and reported all arrivals and departures on time. I went up on a steamer with which I made an arrangement to put me off at Red River Landing, and went far enough up the road to get the information as to that part of it. Then I followed out the intimation that the Collector of the Port of New Orleans was in the swindle, and found the only foundation for that allegation was the fact that he had received a fine new overcoat from the contractor who was perpetrating the swindle. I then found that once when the Collector was traveling North his overcoat was taken from the sleeping-car, and he later discovered that this mail contractor had taken it by mistake and had sent it by a messenger to the station in Washington with instructions to restore it to its owner in exchange for his own. When the contractor found that he had carried off Mr. Casey's overcoat, he had a new one made and sent to Collector Casey. That was the sum and substance of the foundation of the charge that he was implicated with the mail contractor in swindling the Government. He had no relations whatever with the mail contractor. The postmaster at New Orleans was removed, and the mail contractor was fined and pay suspended on some or all of his routes, which amounted, in all, to over $40,000. I have never heard that he had any of this fine remitted, but experience in Washington has taught me that such claims generally find their way into the hands of a persistent Claim Agent who, by Act of Congress or otherwise, obtains some part of the money that has been withheld by any of the Departments.

I was next asked to go to California, the Depart-

ment having much trouble there with mail service; so I remained in the Post-Office Department. I went to California in the winter of '75–'76. Before going I was informed at the Post-Office Department that at several of the largest post-offices on the coast there were derelict postmasters, who were believed to be in default, and that settlements could not be secured from them nor satisfaction obtained from reports by the Inspectors. Senator Sargent of California, Mitchell of Oregon, and several Members of Congress, it was claimed at the Post-Office Department, prevented all action in the way of disciplining postmasters on the Pacific Coast. After studying the situation I suggested that President Grant speak to Senator Sargent, who was his friend, about my going, and that I would then see Senator Sargent before I went. The President did so, and I told Senator Sargent frankly my business, and that I did not want to go out there and make trouble in politics or otherwise, nor did I want to have trouble in correcting evils that might exist. This I did against the judgment of the Postmaster General, but without his positive disapproval. Senator Sargent was really an upright man in every respect. I did not treat Senator Mitchell of Oregon with the same confidence. The worst case in California was the postmaster at Stockton, who had been postmaster since '61, succeeding himself, and who, it was believed by the Department, was a number of thousand dollars in arrears. The Money Order Superintendent also thought that he was a number of thousand dollars behind in his accounts for the Money Order service. All examinations of his office, however, had always disclosed all needed funds. After I had been in San Francisco a little time and had made some acquaintances and had found that the Post

Office Inspector there, whenever ne had received orders from the Department to examine the Stockton post-office, had always gone openly and made the examination, I arranged with the General Manager of the railroad, Towne, to go with him at an unusual time to Stockton. He said that he thought within a few days he would be going up the road very early in the morning, and he would take me on his special car. I joined him, got off at Stockton at a very early hour, and was at the post-office at the time of opening. I told the postmaster who I was, and he wanted to know how I got there. I told him I came up with General Manager Towne. Then he asked me to excuse him for a short time while he attended to his duties, but I said:

"The first thing we will do will be to count your stamps, and you will please not leave me a second." We counted the stamps in the office, and also the funds.

"Now," I said, "as soon as the bank opens we will go to the bank, and you must not go ahead of me or send any messenger, and I will see what funds you really have on deposit."

"Well," he said, "we won't need to go. The jig is up."

"Is it about $13,000?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "that 's about the figure. You know how we came to get behind out here on the Pacific Coast, don't you?"

The fact was that during the war the Western postmasters were paid on the basis of Eastern greenbacks, but no greenbacks circulated on the Pacific Coast. The expenses that they paid out for clerk hire or for their own salaries had to be paid in gold. Brokers kept the greenbacks to sell to people wanting stamps, so that

people bought all their postage stamps with greenbacks, but the postmaster was obliged to pay clerks in gold, the difference reaching four to one at one time. Bills had been offered in Congress, but had never succeeded in getting through, for the relief of these postmasters. This one at Stockton was one of the victims, but the total did not amount to nearly his present defalcation. He had perjured himself, of course, with every report, and also every time that he had turned over to himself on reappointment; and his money order accounts were dishonestly rendered in that he had borrowed from the bank whenever required to make a showing and then had taken from the funds enough to replace the amount. Money orders were not sent to California from the East very much, but they were purchased from the post-offices there, payable in the East, so California offices had large money order funds to remit. This postmaster was Chairman of the Republican State Committee and a very useful citizen in every way. His bondsmen were the best men in the city of Stockton, and he was personally very popular.

"Well," he said, "what are you going to do about it?"

"First," I said, "we will have your bondsmen make the amount entirely good, placing the money in the bank, and I will see that it is transmitted to-day to San Francisco. They would be bound to do that anyway, and probably they are men who could raise the money as well to-day as any day."

"I have no doubt," he said, "they will respond with it at once," and they raised the money with Western generosity and it was placed in the bank in a few hours. Then I told him he must resign the office; that there had been too much trickery and false reports, to say

nothing about harsher names. He refused, and said he would appeal to his political friends in Washington and they would save him. He asked if I proposed to arrest him, and I replied that, as all moneys had been paid, I did not propose to do so at that stage. I made inquiries, however, about different citizens, and found that ex-Lieutenant Governor Cavis lived there and was a highly esteemed gentleman. I went to him and asked him if he would take the post-office if appointed. He said he would. Then I telegraphed the Post-Office Department and recommended John M. Cavis for postmaster. The next day's papers contained the dispatch that John M. Cavis had been appointed postmaster at Stockton and confirmed by the Senate.

An almost similar experience was at Salem, the capital of Oregon. This postmaster really used each and every device and scheme that was known at the Post-Office Department to have been tried by any defaulting postmaster in the United States, even ten years later than that.

I reported to the Department that the city of San Francisco ought to be divided into districts and four or five branch post-offices established. The post-office was located in a Government building that had been built near the docks when the city was very small, and there were no branch post-offices. I received a telegram at once, to lay out the city and negotiate for leases for the post-offices, and that necessary papers would be sent me by mail. I made this public at once, and went on a trip to Oregon to be gone a short time. On my return I found that the notice had created a great hubbub. Washington correspondents of newspapers had been instructed to look into it, and the citizens of San Francisco were very much exercised about where

those offices should be located. Real estate men had organized, and I was waited upon at once by a man who told me that I could depend upon what he said.

"The real estate men of San Francisco are organized," he announced, "and you must come into the arrangement with them as to locating the branch post-offices. I will only say to you that if you say that you will, you will have smooth sailing and the offices will be well placed, but I will also say to you that if you say that you will not, you will have very rough weather and your official scalp won't be worth the snap of my finger. Influence is strong enough to take care that the Post-Office Department will be found ready to act with us."

"I will go into no such understanding nor arrangement," I told him, "but I shall be thorough and map the city into the districts that I think it ought to have. I will be ready to confer with citizens, real estate men or otherwise, from this day out and will ask their co-operation, but there can be no arrangement with any real estate men or any other men."

"Prepare to take your medicine," said he, "you will get it soon," and departed. That evening an evening paper commenced a system of attacks which the paper announced would be personal and otherwise on the "Eastern fellow who has come and assumed to override all local interests, and probably has some secret combination with some few property holders to make his 'Jack,' as Eastern Federal office-holders have done from time immemorial when they have been here." The next day I received a message from the managing editor of the largest paper in town asking me to meet him at lunch. I found he was a very old friend who had represented the "New York Herald" in the Army

of the Potomac during the whole war. He told me that some gentlemen waited on him the day before, and said his newspaper must come into line to break this Post-Office Inspector who was going to locate branch post-offices, and who seemed to be too damned independent for anybody, and that he had told them, "I have been unusually busy, my proprietor being absent in Europe, and have not had time to call upon him, although his name has appeared in the paper and I knew he was here. He is an old acquaintance of mine, and you are barking up the wrong tree. He will make no arrangements with anybody nor enter into any deal with anybody. I tell you now, if you are going to follow out such a course as you started in the evening paper, my paper will defend him in every way, and it not only will do that, but it will assault you and expose you in your scheme. Now, you 'd better hold off." There were no further criticisms or trouble of any kind. The city was districted and leases made, and contracts entered into with parties to build suitable offices, and from information that I have received since, they all turned out to be well located. The principal branch office was on Market Street, then out in the sand-hills, and, I think, the present main post-office is near it. The City Hall was built directly opposite.

I greatly enjoyed my trip to the Pacific Coast and sojourn there. There was but one transcontinental line at that time, the Union Pacific to Ogden, and the Central Pacific to the coast, and trips across the continent were not so frequently made as now. In the olden times, when the stages and the steamers carried people back and forth, there was great cordiality and hospitality displayed whenever a Government official visited the coast. This had not been entirely aban-

doned, and I was therefore the constant recipient of courtesies and attentions, which were very agreeable, although sometimes a little embarrassing. There was no railroad running into Oregon, and one had to take a steamer from San Francisco to Portland or else a stage from Redding, California, to Roseburg, Oregon, two hundred and fifty miles over the mountains. There were but sixty thousand inhabitants in Oregon, and the Territory of Washington had but a few thousand and no towns of importance. The salmon fisheries on Columbia River were being conducted profitably, and agriculture was also very profitable in Oregon. Lumber was not being shipped away largely, but spars and masts were being shipped to every naval country in the world. I saw some of the forests of huge fir and cedar trees in Oregon and Washington, and it seemed to me that the timber would prove almost inexhaustible; but at this writing it has been very largely cut off. Oregon was very attractive to me, and on my return I always recommended it to any person asking my opinion as to the best Western country in which to settle. I had some post-office business in Oregon similar to that in California. At the State capital, Salem, the postmaster, as I have said, was derelict, and had had trouble with the Department for a long while. I went there and registered at the hotel in a manner that did not attract attention, and for several days made no acquaintances beyond the postmaster and his bondsmen. The Court of Appeals of the State was in session, and I had the prominent judges and lawyers pointed out to me. The United States Attorney from Portland advised with me as to certain steps to be taken, but I visited his room at night in the hotel and was not seen with him openly. After the troubles were adjusted

and the amount due the Government collected, I sat in the office of the hotel in the evening when a large gentleman, whom I knew as Judge Strong, said to be at the head of the bar in Oregon, came over to me and said:

"Young man, we don't allow strangers to be about here many days without knowing who they are and where they are from and what their business is. We don't have so many strangers but that we want to know all about them. My name is Strong. I am a lawyer from Portland and am here attending the Court of Appeals. Who are you?"

"My name is Parker," I replied. "I am from Western New York."

"Western New York? What part?"

"I was raised in Chautauqua, but my family home is in Cattaraugus."

"Really," said he. "I am from Buffalo. I came out here as the first Secretary of the Territory of Oregon. My brother, Dr. Strong, still lives in Buffalo and my relatives live there." About this time he called out to another gentleman who came in:

"Thayer, come over here. Here's a Chautauqua-Cattaraugus boy."

"Is that so?" said Thayer. "I am from Buffalo. I am acquainted in Cattaraugus and Chautauqua. I used to know the lawyers."

"Well," I said, "my wife's father was a lawyer and judge, and two uncles are lawyers, and one of them the District Attorney in Erie County."

"Do you mean Torrance?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jerry Torrance was my partner in Buffalo," said he, "and I am glad to see you," and he sat down.

Then the United States Attorney, Mallory, came in, and Strong said:

"Mallory, come over here. Here 's a Western New York boy." Mallory walked over and said:

"I am from Allegany County, from Cuba," and he joined the circle. Then another gentleman came in and walked over to Judge Strong, who said:

"Here 's a funny thing. We are all from Western New York — all this crowd," and he introduced him to me as Judge Christianson of the Court of Appeals, and I said:

"Judge, don't you remember me?" He looked at me and said:

"It seems to me I have seen you before. Where do you think I came from?"

"You came from Charlottesville, member of the Virginia bar. You used to practice in Richmond."

"You were the Marshal there. I remember you. Let me in here," and he sat down; and then another gentleman came in, and Strong said:

"Newbury, you come and sit down with us. We are all from Western New York, except the Judge, and we are having a love feast. You can't ring in on that, of course."

"What 's the reason I can't?" said Newbury.

"I know all about you," Strong replied. "You have been in Portland only a year, but we have read about you in the papers. You were Mayor of Topeka, Captain in a Kansas regiment in the Union army."

"Well," said Newbury, "Kansas men all came from somewhere, and I came from Chautauqua County, New York."

"Did you come from Ripley, Mr. Newbury?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Have you any relatives —?"

"Well, well, well, you are of that Parker tribe. Well, your mother is my mother's cousin. Let me into this, Strong. Let me in."

"It has gone about far enough," Strong announced. "Landlord, put a basket of champagne in that little dining-room and we will feast the rest of the night." Thayer was the next Governor of Oregon, and Newbury the next Mayor of Portland.

That summer the citizens of San Francisco had their own Centennial Celebration. The distance to Philadelphia was so great that Pacific Coast people could not generally go there, so they had a week's festivities at San Francisco to which people came from all over the coast. I was in Oregon when the plans were made, and on my return found that I had been made Secretary of the Committee of One Hundred and Assistant Treasurer of the Committee. They were quite likely in those days to add Eastern names, especially Government officials, to whatever entertainments were projected. I was told that Mr. Flood, the President of the Nevada Bank, and a member of the firm of Flood, O'Brien, Mackey, and Fair, was asked to take the place as Treasurer, and agreed if they would "put some young fellow on as assistant to do the work," and the postmaster, General Coey, being Chairman of the Committee of One Hundred, took the liberty of naming me for the place. So I was in for it. Everybody entered into the affair with enthusiasm. The city was very extensively decorated, and because of the fact that rain need not be expected at that season, the decorations and arches and all were commenced weeks beforehand and remained for weeks afterward. Naval

vessels of our Pacific Squadron and those of other countries came into the harbor of the Golden Gate and participated in various maneuvers, one of which included firing upon an old ship that was prepared for the occasion. It was filled with inflammable material, and the squadron was expected to set it afire just at night-time, and the people were upon the surrounding heights by thousands to witness the spectacle; but our gunboats could not hit it, at least could not set it afire, and some tars had to put off in a small boat and light it. The United States troops, the sailors from the ships, and the California militia, which was really a creditable organization, took part in a sham battle. A very interesting feature of the exhibition at the Presidio was the Acting Governor of the State, Lieutenant Governor Pacheco, with several hundred native Californians from Southern California, upon magnificent horses, and clad in the Mexican-Californian dress of the long ago, a close-fitting black jacket with the bright red sash, the close-fitting trousers that were slashed from the knee down and trimmed with gold or silver buttons, saddles and bridles heavy with silver, and the broad sombrero hats with great silver cords. The gentlemen gave exhibitions of horsemanship, and were, I think, the handsomest mounted men I ever saw. A large ball was given at the Exposition Building, and a banquet by the Chamber of Commerce. There were festivities and speaking and races going on all the time. A fifty-mile race and a hundred-mile race were run off, between an American cowboy named Mowry and a native Californian from Southern California called Smith. Each rider had to change horses at every mile, but could have as many horses as he wished, and the native California ranchmen had furnished a large band

of chosen native horses for Smith to ride. Mowry, however, rode selected ranch bronchos, except five which were sons and daughters of Norfolk, a thoroughbred racing horse who had been brought from the East. It had always been claimed that the native American broncho had more endurance than the thoroughbred, but at the last of the hundred-mile race Mowry was changing at the end of every mile from one of his thoroughbreds to another, and he beat Smith, who was a famous champion rider with a fine band of selected horses, very easily.

Greenbacks and silver were at quite a discount at that time, and our accounts at the banks were necessarily kept double, a gold account and a silver account, and in making contracts with contractors for supplies, arches, decorations, etc., the sub-committees stipulated what proportion of the bill should be paid in silver and what in gold. The Board of Supervisors who govern San Francisco, and sometimes misgovern it to this day, appropriated $10,000 for the celebration, and I went to the City Treasurer in a cab to get the money. The cashier gave me $4000 in gold and $6000 in silver, and piled the bags up on the counter. I asked for someone to help me get it out to the cab, but he rather uncivilly said he had no one who could help me. I had the cab placed as close in front of the door as I could, and I asked the cashier to at least keep his eye on the money while I carried out that gold and silver and put it in the cab. I told the driver to drive to the Nevada Bank, but we had not gone very far before the bottom of the cab dropped out with the weight, and the bags all fell to the pavement. I put them on the seats the next time, and succeeded in getting them to the Nevada Bank, where two stout porters had a

barrow, and they piled the bags on the barrow and carried it into the bank. I gathered enough prejudice against silver at that time to last me past Mr. Bryan's time. It is most inconvenient stuff to handle in quantities.

I remained on the Pacific Coast until August, about eight months, when I was telegraphed to come to Washington and take the position of Chief Post-Office Inspector. I accepted the appointment and filled the position for the next seven years.

I was placed in charge of the force of Post-Office Inspectors, numbering about ninety men, whose headquarters were in the different cities. My predecessor, P. H. Woodward, a very able and efficient officer, had organized the bureau thoroughly, and the list of Inspectors contained many faithful and able men. The force was considered to be attached directly to the Postmaster General's office. One Postmaster General alluded to the force as "the fingers of the Postmaster General's official hand, to be used by him in supervising the entire postal service." Within a few years this force has been attached to the office of one of the Assistant Postmaster Generals, but I think is now back again under the Postmaster General. A number of times during my service some ambitious Assistant Postmaster General sought to have the Inspectors attached to his office, and I was asked by the Postmaster General on one occasion if I had any arguments to present against this arrangement.

"I will ask you one question," I replied. "Suppose that you desired to investigate alleged frauds in the office of this Assistant Postmaster General, about whom there are at present some newspaper insinuations, how would you do it? Would you ask him to investigate

himself?" The Postmaster General laughed and said:

"The Court has made up his mind and the matter is decided. I will keep the Inspectors."

Whenever there was a change in Postmaster Generals (and there were six while I held the position of Chief Post-Office Inspector), I tendered my resignation, suggesting that, as the position was a confidential one, the Postmaster General might desire to name someone he knew, but I was continued in the position until I resigned voluntarily. While the work of the Inspectors was partially to investigate complaints and losses of letters and detect violations of the law, they also had many other duties, investigating complaints of every character against the service, negotiating leases for post-offices, investigating and recommending as to changes in mail routes, and, in fact, doing anything that the Postmaster General's authority and the law authorized them to do in connection with the correction of evils and improvement of the postal service.

Many matters pertaining to the service came to my lot to handle that were interesting. I will speak of one case. During the war and while I was an army officer, I had much to do with the Third Assistant Postmaster General, Mr. A. N. Zevely, as the postage stamps for the army were procured from him. On one occasion when I was in his office, he said to me:

"You will find somebody else in this office maybe the next time you come."

I knew that he was one of the very best men in the Government service, and had been in the Post-Office Department before the war and that he was a Southerner, and I naturally inquired:

"What is to happen, Mr. Zevely?"

"There is a rascal," he said, "trying to enforce a claim against the Government which is pure robbery, and I went before the House Committee on Claims yesterday and gave my opinion of the matter, and last night, late, a friend came to my house and said that Marcus P. Norton, the claimant in the case, threatened my removal, and that he had the influence to secure it; that I was a Southerner and it would be easy to bring it about."

"Mr. Lincoln would not permit an injustice to be done you."

"I don't think he would if he knew it, and I think I will go to him, if necessary," said Zevely, but he was very much cast down. He then gave me a history of the case. He said that when postage stamps were adopted in the forties postmasters were furnished with a small steel stamp to cancel the postage stamp with and a large steel dating stamp which gave the name of the post-office and the date to stamp also upon the letter. Every inventive postmaster in the whole country immediately began to fasten the two stamps together, so that one blow would cancel the stamp and affix the postmark. Then the Department began to manufacture and issue a stamp which was a combination of the two, a bar crossing and holding the two stamps.

"Now," continued the indignant Zevely, "after all these years this scamp turns up with a patent on it which he obtained years ago and has had renewed once, never presented it to the Department until now he thinks everybody is dead and gone who would know about it — he presents it with able attorneys back of him and is trying to get a law through Congress to purchase the patents, and I understand that the Committee

on Claims, Roscoe Conkling, Chairman, has offered him $250,000 and he has refused it." At this juncture Mr. Zevely's recently appointed chief clerk, William M. Ireland, came into the room, and Mr. Zevely introduced me to him and then continued his story of the stamps, and Ireland interrupted:

"I was a stamp clerk in the Philadelphia post-office when the postage stamps were first adopted, and I had the two stamps joined together and used them that way, and we had them all fixed that way."

"Yes," said Zevely. "There 's proof now that his patent is of no value. I have been here a great many years, and sharks like that hang around Washington, perfectly familiar with the patent and all other laws, and ready to put up a conspiracy to rob the Government."

I thought no more of the matter, but in 1877 or '78, about fifteen years later, while I was Chief Post-Office Inspector, I called upon the postmaster at New York, Thomas L. James, and as we sat talking, the United States Attorney, General Stewart L. Woodford, came in and said to Postmaster James:

"Well, there is nothing more to be done in that Norton case. I have had all the adjournments possible, and the case will come to trial next week before Judge Wheeler in Vermont, and we have but little evidence to resist it with. I have written the Postmaster General time after time and always get the same answer, that they are unable to furnish me with any evidence. It is an outrage, and I have no doubt but they will get a judgment against you and then proceed to ascertain the damage." He went out, and Postmaster James told me that it was a suit against him as postmaster for the use of a patent device to postmark letters and cancel the stamps, and that the claimant had patents

running back a great many years, and had a syndicate of powerful capitalists and an ex-Attorney General of the United States for his attorney. I immediately recalled that interview with Mr. Zevely, and told the postmaster that I was astonished that such a claim should exist and not be referred to my bureau in Washington. We had never heard of it and did not know there was any such suit, but I was very sure, if I had known of it, I could have obtained some evidence, because I remembered something about it fifteen or sixteen years before. I hurried away to my train and came out home in Western New York, and the next day went to a friend's farm near Jamestown to stay over night. In the night I was called up by a Deputy United States Marshal from Jamestown, who had accompanied a Deputy Marshal from New York, who had followed me and who wanted I should get up and hurry to Jamestown and sign an affidavit that he could take back to New York to the United States Attorney upon which to base an application for an extension of time in the suit referred to upon the ground of newly discovered evidence. I rode to Jamestown and made the necessary affidavit, and he caught the train and left for New York. The application was made to Judge Wheeler, and a postponement of thirty days was granted. I returned by way of New York and set about getting the evidence. I knew Mr. Ireland still lived in Washington, although not in Government service, and I found him quickly and told him what I wanted. He refused to have anything whatever to do with furnishing evidence, said the Government had treated him badly, and turned him out of the position in the Post-Office Department, and that he owed the Government nothing, and felt very sore. At length

Mr. Ireland yielded to the appeals to serve the Government, although he put it on the ground of personal regard for me. We went at once to Philadelphia. We found one old clerk who was the chief stamping clerk when Ireland was employed there as a boy of sixteen, and this old gentleman remembered those stamps and told us of another very old man still in the post-office who would know something about it. This second old man said, "Why, there is a candle box full of those old stamps down in the cellar. I took a couple of them home to my grandson to use as chucks in a turning lathe." We found that box, and we got some of the stamps with the holes drilled in the sides where they had been attached, and one of them had the steel dating type rusted in it, so that it could not be taken out, and it gave the year and the date. Then we found the son of the locksmith who attached these stamps, and his father's books showed when he did the work for the postmaster and what he was paid, and the whole description of the work done. Eventually three very old men were found who had had to do with the stamping at that time. On inquiry I found that the Patterson Mills retained all letters from their Philadelphia office, and we found letters of that time on which measurements showed that the two stamps were always the same exact distance apart and therefore must have been attached. All this was before envelopes were invented. The evidence seemed to be complete. I arranged to take all these gentlemen on to Vermont and accompanied them as far as New York, whence they proceeded to Vermont on subpœna. When the case was tried, the Court was asked to set aside all of this testimony, and an effort was made to discredit it and every one of the witnesses. The very

old men were somewhat confused under cross-examination by skillful attorneys. Mr. Ireland was a remarkably young-looking man. I have never seen a person who bore so little evidence of age as he did, and the Court was plainly asked to discredit his testimony because he could not have been a clerk in the Philadelphia post-office as long ago as he testified. By discrediting this and all other evidence of prior use, judgment was given against the postmaster at New York, and a Master appointed to ascertain and report the amount of damage accruing from violation of the patents on the part of the postmaster at New York during his term of office. The testimony taken in New York showed that the use of this double stamp enabled one man to do the work of two, and a very large number of stamp clerks were employed. Facilitating the dispatch of mails was considered, but not fixed in the amount. The Master's report, however, gave a very large sum as the amount at which a judgment against the postmaster at New York alone should be fixed. It was said that two hundred other suits would be brought immediately, so an enormous sum would be mulcted from the Government, but the District Attorney at New York appealed this case to the Supreme Court of the United States on the ground that the Court in Vermont had erred in discarding the evidence of prior use. The Supreme Court of the United States reversed the judgment and declared the patents void, and no other suits were commenced.[1] Ten years later

[1] James *v.* Campbell, 104 U. S. 356, argued in January, 1881, by Charles Devens, Attorney General, and S. B. Clarke, Assistant District Attorney, for the Southern District of New York, for the Government, and ex-Attorney General Williams and Benjamin F. Butler, for Norton.

I saw Norton in Boston, and saw from the newspapers there that he was suing the city of Boston and other cities for a patent fire hydrant for which he had had patents for many years covering hydrants that were used by all the cities. I think he eventually failed in these suits. I was told that the different capitalists induced by him and two other men to continue his litigation supported him and his family for a great many years in an expensive way. On investigation at the Post-Office Department, I found that the chief clerk who opened the mail for the Postmaster General had been given a memorandum when he came into office that all letters pertaining to this claim of Norton's should be referred to a certain clerk, and he had always so referred them, and from examining the letter books, I found that all inquiries regarding this case for very many years had answers prepared for the Postmaster General's signature by this clerk. It was easily established that Norton stayed at this clerk's house when he came to Washington, and presumably controlled the correspondence.

Since that time canceling and postmarking machines have come into general use. The first machines that were tested by the Department were referred to a Committee composed of prominent postmasters and two officials of the Department. I served as one of the latter. The machines performed the work, but were faulty in some respects, and have been improved since. The inventor was apparently ignorant of Department ways, but had been told that the Government officials were corrupt, and that in order to succeed in getting his machines adopted, he must treat them accordingly. He offered us entertainments, and hinted that a stock company was being organized and that there would be

stock at bed-rock prices. He really had a very meritorious machine, was not a bad man, and acted very much embarrassed when he dropped his hints in a clumsy way. The Committee talked the matter over in private, and asked him to accompany them to the Postmaster General's room, where he was told that if he wanted his machine considered any further or any action by the Committee to have it tested, he must drop all ideas of bribing anybody. The Postmaster General spoke kindly to him and said, "You probably have been misinformed by someone," and the inventor said he guessed he had. It very often happened that bidders for supplies and business men of good standing in communities where post-office leases were being negotiated, would make improper suggestions to the officials. Sometimes the Inspectors would set traps that would produce merriment at the expense of those making the suggestions. I recall the instance of the lease of a post-office at Elmira, New York. The post-office was in the business center in the Rathbone Block, but more commodious quarters were desired. The Masons had built a fine Masonic Temple and offered to make a lease to the Government. Two Inspectors had visited the place and were besieged by the people. So much feeling had been aroused over the matter that the Member of Congress asked the Postmaster General to have me take up the case. I went to Elmira and announced to representatives of both parties that I would go to see anyone they wished me to and hear their views on the subject. I had a map prepared showing the center of population, and spent two days in talking with business men as to the best site, and found nearly all of them were influenced by the locations of their own property. Some, however, being prominent Masons, advocated

the Masonic Temple even as against their own personal interests. The lease offered by the Masons was in every way an advantageous one, and the facts in favor of that location were very apparent, but the advocates of the other side were so strenuous that they took me from one man to another and monopolized a very large portion of my time. On my return to Washington, I at once dictated a report to a stenographer, but before it was brought to me for signature, I was sent for by the Postmaster General. When I entered his room, I found there a Committee of the friends of the Masonic Temple who had come on a train immediately following the one that I had taken. The Postmaster General introduced them by saying:

"These gentlemen are from Elmira, and they have come to protest against your recommendation as to the leasing of a post-office site."

"Perhaps they don't know very much about my recommendation," said I. "I have just dictated my report to a stenographer, and I don't know how they should know anything about it."

"I won't mince matters at all," interrupted one of the Committee. "You spent your time with the friends of the other location — the Rathbone location — and it was rumored about Elmira that you had agreed to report in their favor for a consideration, and so we got together and came down here. Now, that's the facts."

"What was the rumor based upon?" I asked.

"Well, I did n't trace it back, but we heard it, and we believed it because you went from place to place among them and were seen with them all the time."

"It is a pretty serious matter," said I, "for you to come here and charge me with being influenced by a

bribe, and you ought at least to have some foundation for it."

"Gentlemen," said the Postmaster General, "I shall require you to produce your evidence."

"Perhaps the report is finished by this time, Mr. Postmaster General," I suggested. "If you will please send your messenger to my office, he may be able to bring it." The messenger returned immediately with the report, and I took the Postmaster General's pen and signed it and handed it to him. He looked it over and then read aloud my report recommending the Masonic Temple lease, which they favored. They apologized very humbly and retired. Such occasions are not infrequent, but I never knew an Inspector to act improperly in any case of the kind. In fact, that class of cases were always sent to Inspectors who had large experience and tact and fairness. Business men often tried to sell to the Government something needed at an exorbitant price, and would justify themselves by asserting that the Government ought to pay more than an individual. In some cases also the opposite view was taken. I remember that a Scotch trunk manufacturer at Newark, New Jersey, Thomas B. Peddie, who had a high reputation, took a long-term contract, I think four years, to make the leather pouches for letter-carrier use. He was the lowest bidder and made very satisfactory work, but when his term was about half through, he notified the Department that he would reduce the rate, because leather had fallen, and he could afford to supply the Department at a lower price than his contract.

A case showing the other view was one of a tie fastener to be used on the canvas mail sacks. An expensive cord had always been used and had been drawn

through the eyelets and tied in a knot. The wooden label would then be tied on, and in all large post-offices and railroad cars, in spite of instructions to the contrary, this cord was cut to avoid working out a hard knot. The result was not only the waste of valuable cord, but the loss of the considerable time taken to cord the sack when filled again. The Railway Mail Service Department recommended that some fastening be used that would prevent the necessity of tying the cord in a knot, and the Department advertised for devices and contracts to supply the required number. A Commission was appointed consisting of the Assistant Postmaster at New York, the Superintendent of Railway Mail Service, the Chief of the Supply Department in the Post-Office Department, and myself, and we had a large number of devices submitted to us, some of which were very expensive. One very simple one, on which a patent had been applied for but had not yet been granted, was considered practicable and cheap. The Committee asked the Patent Office to detail the Examiner of the Patent Office that would have these very inventions, to aid us, and he examined the Patent Office records and found that exactly the same thing had been patented in the Cordage and Rope Department. It was almost identical. There were others that the Committee liked, but this one was offered at a very low price, and the Government could have them manufactured. The bid was according to specifications. I suggested to the Postmaster General, when the Committee met in his room, that probably the owner of the patent for cordage, who was a cordage manufacturer in Connecticut, would not object to selling the Government the right to use the device, and the Postmaster General instructed me to see what I

could do. After thinking it over, I sent the Inspector from Brooklyn to conduct the negotiations. He was quite equal to it. He visited the manufacturing concern and laid down a card from a dealer in sash cords and supplies in New York and said:

"I want to talk to you about a little device that you have that you use on rope lines and rope harnesses largely in your South American trade."

The treasurer of the manufacturing concern, who probably thought that his visitor's idea was to use the device in connection with sash cords, said:

"Yes, one of our men made this little invention, and we bought the patent from him to use in connection with the sale of rope harnesses in South America."

"Well," said Mr. Smith, the Inspector, "I would not ask you to sell it without reserving all your rights to use it in every way that you wish, but what would you ask me for it to use in other ways than your line of business?"

"I would have to call a meeting of the board of directors," said the treasurer, "and have them vote to sell it, and they get their fee for coming to the meeting, and then I guess I would give the inventor a little something. You may have it for $250." Mr. Smith went to Boston, and had the United States Attorney draw up the contract in form desired, and returned and paid $250 for the right to use, "He or his heirs or assigns, for any purpose other than rope harness." Then Mr. Smith came to Washington and assigned his purchase to the Post-Office Department, and a fee of one dollar was paid for recording the same in the Patent Office, so that the entire cost was $251 and the District Attorney's fee. The Government then advertised again for fasteners to be made by the lowest

bidder under this patent, and obtained them for a few cents apiece. The net result was that, as against the bidder who really had no patent, $14,000 was saved in the first purchase of enough fasteners to equip the mail sacks in use throughout the United States, and large quantities of the fasteners were subsequently bought.

The next winter the Postmaster General sent for me one day and introduced me to a Member of Congress from Connecticut who had a constituent with him, and the Postmaster General said:

"These gentlemen have come to expose a fraud. They say that the Post-Office Department sent a smart fellow to their factory in Connecticut who bought the right to use a patent for a cord fastener, representing himself to be a sash supply man, and then he sold it to the Government, they don't know for how much, but suppose it to be a very large sum, and the gentleman has come on from Connecticut and the Member of Congress is here to expose the matter and have it investigated. Now I know all about it, but I thought I would ask you to come in first." Then he explained the matter, and the Member of Congress was satisfied at the first moment, but the manufacturer arose to his feet and said:

"It is a damned outrage to impose on citizens that way. If I had known it was the Government, I would have got $5000 out of you."

Some very interesting cases of detection were handled by the Post-Office Inspectors. One case that was virtually completed when I became Chief, and which consequently I did not direct, but which I had the satisfaction of reporting as finished, was the following.

The Secretary of the Interior, Zach Chandler, re-

ceived a letter from a business firm in Chicago inquiring why they did not receive instructions to ship Indian goods for which they had a contract to supply the Department. Mr. Chandler had it looked into and ascertained that there was no such contract, and so informed the Chicago parties, who telegraphed at once that they held the contract signed by him. It was found that a man had visited this firm in Chicago and had said to them in substance, "The Interior Department is now making its annual letting of contracts for Indian supplies, and the successful bidders for your class of goods are all from the East, and the Secretary of the Interior, being a Western man, has determined that, if possible, a part of the supplies shall be purchased in the West, and has sent me here to see some of you people, and I have come to you first. If you want to obtain a contract at this schedule of prices for goods that you deal in, delivered at such and such agencies, you can have the contract." They had examined the list of goods and the prices, and had said they would take such a contract and enter into it at once. He had then produced the contracts all made out ready for the signature of the bidder and signed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the Secretary of the Interior, and bearing the seal of the Department, and had added, "All you have to do now is just to fill in your names, but there is a confidential matter that I want to mention. Mr. Chandler told me that President Grant had spent a very large amount of his small savings in his election, and that he wanted to help the President get some of it back, and as this would be a very profitable contract, he wanted you to send $5000 to President Grant." The business firm, who were Hebrews, had then considered the matter and said they would do it,

and the man had given them the following directions: "Now, what I want you to do is this. I brought some envelopes from the White House that you see are different and have a red stripe at the end. Now this particular envelope, if addressed to the President, will be understood. They will know at once what it is, and I want you to put $5000 in large notes in one of these envelopes, and then we will take it — I have to know, of course, that it is sent — so we will take it together to the post-office in the morning and register it to President U. S. Grant." In the morning one of the firm and the man had gone to the post-office, and when they reached the registry room the man had asked to see the package, which was already addressed to the President. After he had taken the package and looked at it, they had all stepped into the registry room, and he had laid the package out on the counter and directed that it should be registered in the name of the Chicago firm. They had received back the receipt signed "President U. S. Grant, by Pruden, Secretary." The contract had been left with the Chicago men with the statement that they would receive orders in the course of ten days naming the Indian agencies to which the goods were to be sent. Of course the contract was a fraud and forgery, as to the names of the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, but the seal of the Department was used, and the contract was upon one of the regular forms of the Department. Inquiry at the White House revealed the fact that a package had been received there containing pieces of newspaper of the size of bank notes, and had been laid aside by Mr. Pruden, who thought there might be some future inquiry about it. The confidence operator, of course, had a package in his over-

coat pocket exactly in appearance like the one that was being registered and had substituted his package at the counter of the registry room in the Chicago post-office for the one containing the $5000. The President and Mr. Chandler were very much exercised, and put the matter in the hands of Secret Service officers of the Treasury Department, and eventually the Pinkerton Agency was employed with them, but no clue was obtained. The case was frequently spoken of at the cabinet meetings, and the Postmaster General finally said that he wished they would let his Post-Office Inspectors work on it, and the Secretary of the Interior agreed at once. Two Post-Office Inspectors were assigned to the case. One of them, Thomas P. Shallcross of West Virginia, who had been in the service of the Department for more than forty years, was one of the ablest detective officers I ever knew; the other one was Captain Tidball, a very active and efficient Inspector. They assumed, at once, that the work had been done by someone in collusion with a clerk in the Interior Department, and commenced to investigate the clerks who could have access to the seal and the contracts and the papers. They found there was only one, an old clerk who bore a character above reproach. The Inspectors, however, had as good a description of the man who had perpetrated the swindle as could be given by the Chicago merchants, and they went to the old clerk and said:

"Now, you have a friend of about this description," describing the man.

"Yes, I have such a friend."

"Who is he?"

"Captain Henry Worms."

"Where is he?"

" I don't know."

" When did you see him last? "

" Why, he was about here 'most a year. He was a Captain during the war, and we were comrades. After the war he was retained in service quite a while in the Freedmen's Bureau, and then he stayed about here trying to get an appointment in the regular army. We were intimate friends in the army, and I knew him well, so he used to make my office here his headquarters. He would have his mail come here in my care, and he used to come to my room a good deal. Why, what is the matter? "

" Have you got a picture of him? "

" Yes, I have a picture of him at home in my room, in an album, picture in uniform."

" You have no idea where he is? "

" No, I have n't any idea at all. He told me that he was discouraged about not getting the appointment, and he thought he would go to New York and get work, but I have never heard from him since."

" What do you know about his taking contract blanks from your desk here and affixing the signature of Secretary Chandler? "

" Well, now I begin to see. There have been mysterious inquiries made of me by a whole lot of different men, but I never had any idea what they were at. There has been something going on that Captain Worms did. I was away on vacation, and one of the clerks used to come to my desk and attend to the routine and take it to his own desk, and the clerk said that Worms came in and wrote letters here almost every day, as I had allowed him to do when I was here. When I returned he was gone, and I have never seen him since. He told me that he was going

before I went away, and that he was going to New York."

It was very clear that Captain Henry Worms had done the whole business, and Shallcross and Tidball asked his friend where Worms' relatives were, and where he went most. "If letters came here to your desk, you must have noticed where they were postmarked."

"Letters directed in a lady's hand from a town in New York came here, and Worms told me they were from his sister."

The Inspectors went to that town in New York, and one of them inspected the mail at the post-office every day addressed to this sister. At length a letter came from Northern Canada and in the handwriting which they had obtained in Washington as Worms' handwriting. Of course they could not intercept the letter. That was never done by Inspectors, although the public sometimes thought it was. All they could do was to see the postmark on the envelope and not delay the letter itself at all. They immediately went to a little French lumber town way up in Northern Canada, and there they found a French Canadian doctor practicing medicine under a French Canadian name, but he was Worms. He had studied medicine and been a clerk in a drugstore before the war. They brought him back with them, and he was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment.

Like all important detective cases that I have ever known, the work done by the officers seems extremely simple, and, in fact, the work of a detective is not mysterious nor requiring special genius. All successful detectives that I have known are men of very sound judgment, with a very thorough knowledge of human

nature, and of such experience as would lead them to guess rightly what a man would do under the circumstances which the detective has ascertained existed. The balance of their work is the painstaking obtaining of evidence in detail and then considering it carefully and judicially. This Mr. Shallcross had a very wide acquaintance among public men. He was appointed when the force of Special Agents, afterward changed by law to Inspectors, was first created, when there were only two appointed, and his duties took him all over the United States. He had continued in office under all administrations until my time, and remained in office until he died.

A Democratic Congress elected in '76, I think it was, proclaimed the policy of reform and retrenchment in expenses. Samuel W. Randall was the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations was Mr. Blount of Georgia. Mr. Blount proceeded to make up the tentative appropriation bill with great reductions in all Departments, and it was learned that he proposed to virtually destroy the force of Post-Office Inspectors, by reducing the appropriation so that their number would have to be largely cut down and their salaries reduced to ridiculous amounts. The matter was talked over with the Postmaster General, and I was authorized to take any steps to prevent the reduction. I saw Mr. Blount, and asked him before he took any action to investigate the matter, promising that if he would give a little time to it at the Department, I would show him by evidence the amount and kind of work done by the Inspectors, and convince him that the appropriation ought not to be reduced. I understood him to promise to do this, but he made no investigation, and later I

learned that he was going to insist on his proposed action. I made application to the Chairman of the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads, Mr. Money of Mississippi, now Senator, and he agreed that his committee would hold sessions in the Post-Office Department and investigate the subject. I also made application to the Chairman of the Committee on Expenditures in the Post-Office Department, Mr. Williams of Alabama, and he promised to have his Committee come to the Department and do the same. Both of these Committees held sessions. The Committee on Expenditures had among its members William McKinley, who, as in all matters of the kind, was very thorough, so thorough that the rest of the Committee told him to go on and go through the office of Post-Office Inspectors and get up the report. All seemed to have confidence in him. He examined into the amount of work done, collected statistics, and prepared the report. The Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads made quite a thorough investigation, and after holding a number of meetings in the Post-Office Department, they passed a resolution instructing their Chairman to antagonize the reduction. The present Speaker, Cannon, was leader of the minority on the Committee of Appropriations, and he took an interest in the matter. Inspector Shallcross one evening asked me to go down with him to see Mr. Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, late Vice-President of the Confederacy, with whom he had talked and who had told him to bring me down. I went at once to the National Hotel with Mr. Shallcross. We were shown into Mr. Stephens' parlor, and in a little while Old Alec, his faithful servant, wheeled him out from the inner room. Mr. Stephens was a most remarkable-looking

man. His face was colorless, but freckled and without any indication of whiskers. His hair was thin on his head, but fine and brown and not in the least gray, although he was quite old. It was combed straight down to his forehead and then cut straight across. He was emaciated and thin, but his large brown eyes made an impression upon the visitor hard to efface. When he came in, he said:

"Glad you have come, boys. I wanted to play whist, and some of my partners have failed me for to-night, but Judge Watterson [father of Henry Watterson of Kentucky] is coming, and you two can help out, and I can have my whist. You play whist, of course?"

"Very indifferently," said I.

"All right, then you will be my partner. We can whale them." Then we talked about the post-office matter a little.

"I know all about that. I was Chairman of the Committee on Post-Offices forty years ago. Nobody's mail was safe. We could n't send any money home without its being stolen. We did n't pretend to ever write about politics to anybody; the letters were opened so freely. We finally decided to pass some strong criminal statutes making the minimum penalty ten years for robbing the mails and to appoint some Special Agents to protect them, and we put the law through, and the Postmaster General appointed two men, and this young man Shallcross here was one of them, and I got to know him intimately then and I have known him intimately ever since, except during the late unpleasantness when he was North and I was South, but he is a rebel, all right. He is a Democrat and always has been. You know that, don't you? That 's the best argument that you use to save your

force, that you keep a Democrat on his merits. I don't go to the House every day, and I am engaged on some historical work here, but I will go any day your bill is up. Now, if you can keep watch up there and let me know, I will go up and I will have something to say about this matter. I have talked that at length and I am pretty well posted. Here comes Judge Watterson, and we will tackle the whist."

I played with Mr. Stephens and tried hard to adapt my play to his game, but his game, although strong, was original and erratic. He scolded me hard when I made two or three misplays, but the Judge and Shallcross, I imagine, allowed us to win, for I was told that Mr. Stephens felt very badly if he did not win at least half the time, and that those who played with him generally saw to it that he did. He invited me to come down any evening I felt like it. I was reminded of the story told of Mr. Lincoln's meeting Stephens at Fortress Monroe on a peace mission. The day was damp and cold, and when Stephens came into the cabin of the boat, where Lincoln was, and a servant had finally taken off all the mufflers and wraps, Mr. Lincoln remarked, " That 's the most shucks I ever saw on a little ear." I think Mr. Stephens weighed about eighty or ninety pounds when I saw him.

I had a stenographer who occasionally assisted the stenographer of the House of Representatives and who had the *entrée* to the floor of the House, and when the time for the consideration of our appropriation in Committee of the Whole was near, my stenographer stayed up there, and when the bill was nearly reached sent to the National Hotel for Mr. Stephens as agreed. Mr. Blount became very angry when he saw that the Committee on Post-Offices and the Committee on Expendi-

tures of the Post-Office Department were going to antagonize the reduction. Mr. Cannon also made some very pertinent remarks which inflamed Mr. Blount still further. As to my own salary, Mr. Blount proposed to reduce that to $1600. He said, "I can get plenty of men down in Georgia to come here and take that place for less than a thousand dollars a year," and Mr. Cannon replied, "I can get plenty of men out in Illinois to come and take the place of the gentleman from Georgia for less than a thousand dollars a year, and every one of them would perform the job better than he does." Speaker Randall left the chair and came upon the floor and made a speech, — an appeal to Congress to stand by the Committee on Appropriations in their efforts to effect economies, — and just as they were concluding the debate Mr. Stephens was brought in. He addressed the House but seldom, but when he did he had only to raise his hand and the Speaker would allow him to speak from his chair. He made a few remarks on the subject of Special Agents, when they were first authorized, the nature of their services, etc., and said:

"I understand my friend asserts that these Inspectors are only political emissaries and workers. Now, I have a friend on the force who was one of the first appointed forty years ago. He is a Democrat, has been kept through all administrations, is a man of the very highest integrity and ability, and he vouches to me for the fact that the Post-Office Inspectors are hard worked, efficient, capable, and devoting themselves entirely to the public interests."

As I remember, Mr. Blount had about fifty votes in the full House on his plan to reduce the appropriation.

Mr. Tilden's campaign for the Presidency in '76 was

managed by Hon. Abram Hewitt, who was a Member of Congress from New York. Extensive headquarters, with a large number of clerks, were established in New York City by Mr. Hewitt, and he and Colonel Pelton, Mr. Tilden's nephew, superintended a vast correspondence with Democrats throughout the country. They inaugurated, under Mr. Tilden's direction, a system which he had pursued when running for Governor, of writing personal letters by typewriter to Republicans whose names were obtained for the purpose. This idea was novel at the time, and typewriters were also a novelty. The letters were greatly appreciated by people who received them, and in many cases influenced votes. Governor Dix, Mr. Tilden's opponent for election as Governor, told the story that at his home on Long Island he had set aside a plot of ground and built a substantial house and given it, rent free, to a fisherman, the only condition being that the fisherman would supply his family with fish at the same prices obtaining in the village. This fisherman also had a large family of children who were assisted by Governor Dix's family in many ways. Governor Dix said to the fisherman:

"Well, I hope you have liked my administration as Governor well enough to vote for me next Tuesday."

"I am very sorry, Governor," answered the fisherman, "but I have received two letters from Mr. Tilden which convinces me that we ought to have a change, and I think it is my duty to vote for him."

"What have you to complain of that you want a change?"

"Governor," he replied, "I have not averaged more than three eels to a pot for the last three months."

These letters, by the thousand, were written in '76

when Mr. Tilden was running for the Presidency. After the election Mr. Hewitt, on the floor of Congress, declared that the correspondence of the Democratic headquarters had been tampered with by the post-office officials, and the secrets of the Committee had become public property. The Postmaster General immediately wrote Mr. Hewitt asking for information on which to base an investigation, and promised that if any official of the Department was proven guilty of having tampered with the mail of the Democratic Committee, he should be punished to the full extent of the law. No reply was received. The Postmaster General addressed a communication to the Speaker of the House, asking that a Committee be appointed and the matter fully investigated. At the same time the Postmaster General directed me to have a competent Inspector get from Mr. Hewitt all the information possible, and proceed to a thorough investigation. Accordingly, Captain Tidball, one of the Inspectors, was instructed to see Mr. Hewitt and get information that would afford clues to prosecute any violation of law on the part of post-office officials. Captain Tidball, notebook and pencil in hand, waited upon Mr. Hewitt at Congress and very politely asked him for information. Mr. Hewitt declined to talk to him, and the Inspector suggested, "Perhaps this afternoon will be more convenient. I will come then." He came in the afternoon and he came in the evening. He came to the residence. He met Mr. Hewitt at the railroad station. He asked him on the train going to New York; he asked him as he alighted from the train; he asked him as he got into his carriage, and he asked him as he alighted from his carriage at his residence in New York. He visited the house in the evening and he was there before break-

fast the next morning. Hewitt threatened him, but the Inspector blandly said, "I am instructed to obtain from you the information upon which you base your charge, and it is due to our Department that you give it. I am only performing my official duty." Hewitt did not succeed in evading the Post-Office Inspector, but he did not give him any information. The Committee of Congress called upon Mr. Hewitt and finally secured his attendance in the postmaster's room in New York. The Chairman of the Committee was Hon. S. S. Cox, a Democratic Member from New York City, commonly known as "Sunset Cox." Mr. Cox was also known as a friend and champion of post-office employees, and the letter carriers of New York City, after his death, erected a monument to his memory. Mr. Cox succeeded, after cross-examining Mr. Hewitt, in eliciting his description of the appearance of letters that he was sure had been opened and re-sealed. "They presented a corrugated appearance on the back." The postmaster was asked to send a letter carrier, accompanied by the chief of his division and one of the Committee, to collect the mail from some letter boxes in the neighborhood and bring it to the room. Several hundred letters that had been taken from the letter boxes in sight of the windows of the Committee room were emptied upon the table in a few moments, and Mr. Hewitt was asked to select some letters there, if he could, that appeared like those that he was sure had been opened. He found quite a large number that had the same corrugated, puckered appearance and looked as though they had been re-sealed. This was the only information that he could give the Committee, and the Committee unanimously reported that there was no cause for action on their part. Mr. Hewitt, how-

ever, was not gracious enough to admit his unjust charge on the floor of the House.

It was learned afterward that a confidential clerk in his Committee room betrayed the secrets of the Committee during the entire campaign.

It is well known that the Presidential contest of 1876 was an exciting one. From the time of the announcement of the vote of the various States as received in New York, apparently giving the election to Samuel Tilden, and the statement on the night after election by Zach Chandler, the Chairman of the Republican National Committee, that Rutherford B. Hayes had won more than a majority of the Electoral College and was elected President, intense excitement prevailed throughout the country. The contest for Electors in the Southern States and one or two Northern States began in earnest. A Congressional Committee eventually brought out the facts, showing fraudulent attempts to gain and hold an advantage in the Southern States and especially in Oregon. The Western Union Telegraph Company was compelled by subpœna to produce the telegrams that had passed between Mr. Tilden's nephew, who acted as his representative, and various agents who were sent to different States to overlook the contest for Electors. These dispatches were in cipher, and I think were delivered to one of the members of the Congressional Committee for safekeeping. Soon afterwards General Brown of Indiana, a prominent Congressman with whom I was somewhat acquainted, came to my office and said to me:

"I know that you can be thoroughly trusted. I want you to go with a carriage to Number — F Street at exactly — o'clock to-day. When you are let into the house, go up to the second floor front. There may be

a lady there and there may not; but if there is a leather valise in the room, bring it away, put it in a place of safety, and take care of it until you are asked to produce it."

I did as requested. The valise was not locked, and I found I was in possession of a valise full of telegraphic messages in cipher. After keeping them some time, I was finally told to produce them, which I did. Later fac-similes of some of the dispatches were printed in the newspapers, and all the ingenious puzzle solvers of the country went to work to find the key and read these sample telegrams. Many ridiculous translations were made, worthy of the alleged cryptograms in Shakespeare's writings. A reward was offered and finally won by a New Yorker who had struck the key in a rare little book bought at a second-hand bookstore. The dispatches were all immediately translated by the Committee, and the authority to spend a certain amount to secure an Elector in Oregon and other Electors in the South, all came out plainly and did very much to reconcile the people of the country to the award of the Electoral Commission giving the Presidency to Mr. Hayes.

I do not know that the following incident occurring in the United States Senate has ever passed into permanent print. When the draft of the law creating the Electoral Commission had been agreed upon by Tilden and his advisers and the Republican leaders, it occurred to someone to ask George F. Edmunds, Senator from Vermont, to examine it and see if he could make any suggestions. He took the bill and brought it back with the suggestion that the two words be added, "if any." It was conceded by the Republicans that Edmunds, with his great ability, must have a good reason for

making the suggestion, so they submitted it to Mr. Tilden's advisers, who saw no objection, and the law was passed containing those two words, "if any," and those two words seated Mr. Hayes in the White House. When the results from the returning boards of the contested States of the South were under examination, the question arose whether the Commission should go behind the returns or not. The words "if any" made it optional with the Commission, and not mandatory, to go behind the returns, and the Commission voted not to do so, eight to seven. Later, when the Senate was in executive session, Senator Thurman of Ohio, who was a very intimate friend of Senator Edmunds, — one a Republican and the other a Democrat, but both serving upon the Judiciary Committee, and one or the other being Chairman, according to whether the Republicans or Democrats had control of the Senate, — arose, as he said, to perform a somewhat painful duty. He had been asked to formulate an epitaph for the tomb, when the occasion came, and he hoped it would be long distant, which should hold the remains of one of our most distinguished Senators. This was the inscription: "Here lie the remains 'if any' of George F. Edmunds of Vermont." The Vice-President promptly directed the matter to be excluded from the record, but the dignified Senators enjoyed their laugh at the expense of the Republican leader.

The Clerk of the Finance Committee, whose Chairman was Senator Bayard of Delaware, told me that when the question of seating a Senator from Louisiana was coming up, Thurman and several other Senators came to the Finance Committee Room and told Bayard that they wanted him to take the leadership in the debate, and Bayard remonstrated:

"Why don't you do it, Thurman? It's your place?"

"Well, I have been in all of those contests," replied Thurman, "and I think it's time I should be relieved occasionally. But it had better be handled by a Northern Senator, and, Bayard, you are the man."

"Now," said Bayard, "I don't want you to put me in there. We have a majority in the Senate, but old Edmunds is going to handle that case on the Republican side, and he is priming for it. You know it and I know it, and I don't want to be yanked all over the floor, and it's much worse with me than it is with you. I play cards with Edmunds every night, and when I get licked on the floor of the Senate he rubs it in."

Mr. Bayard, however, finally took the leadership and with a majority of votes, but the case was so handled by Edmunds that the Republicans won and seated their Senator. The clerk also told me that in the lower part of the washstand in the room of the Finance Committee there was a bottle of good whiskey and a few glasses, and he was charged with the duty of seeing that a fresh bottle was provided whenever needed, the expense being assessed equally on those three Senators, Thurman, Edmunds, and Bayard. After appearing on the floor of the Senate to be almost in mortal combat, they would come into the Finance Committee room and take a sip of good whiskey together. As they were all elderly men, they necessarily had to have a little stimulant.

General Charles Adams

CHAPTER VII

POSTAL SECRET SERVICE

Part II

THE express charges across the continent and to the extreme West were very high, and it was customary for the banks and others transmitting money to send by registered mail, at the same time insuring the transmission. The Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company of New York, which is a marine insurance company, did this business largely, and its President told me it came about from their having insured bonds and money and bullion crossing the Atlantic for bankers, and then, when bankers called for insurance for money sent in the mails across the continent, the company devised a form of policy for this new insurance. There were comparatively few losses. I remember one instance where a mail car was wrecked and burned at Sedan, Indiana, and some cases were broken which contained small tin boxes weighing four pounds each, the limit of a registered package by mail; and the contents of the tin boxes were twenty-dollar gold pieces sent by the Central Pacific Railroad to New York to pay their interest on their bonds. Several of the boxes were broken, and the gold pieces were rolled about in the mud; but although the amount was very large, all were recovered by the postal clerks but twenty dollars. A registered package, containing a number of thousand dollars, however, sent through the mails for some bank in Idaho, was stolen outright, and the Inspectors failed

to locate it. By some error the postal clerks of the Union Pacific Road had failed to enter the package in their list of packages delivered to the postmaster at Ogden. Therefore no receipt was obtained for it, but on investigation it was not thought that the postal clerks were guilty, but that the postmaster at Ogden, who found that he had a package for which he had not been obliged to receipt, had probably appropriated the money. A watch was kept, but he never disclosed any such amount of money, till very many years afterwards, when he bought a ranch and paid cash for it, but the money could not be identified, and there was no evidence to prove his guilt in court. The case, however, troubled our office very much; and I went to the Insurance Company in New York, who had paid the loss to the bank, and suggested that they use an entirely different system in insuring money sent by registered mail, and that they take a descriptive list of the notes, giving the bank and number. I had become acquainted with the President of the company in Richmond when he had brought a letter of introduction to me while touring the South, and he heeded my advice, and asked me to assist his Secretary in getting up the new system and necessary blanks, which I did. Soon afterward Kountz Brothers of New York registered $5000 in five-dollar notes of the Bank of Montreal to a bank at Helena, Montana, the money being required for use in Canada across the line. When the package arrived at Helena, pieces of newspaper had been substituted for the money. A telegram to New York, reporting the loss, was repeated to my office. I telegraphed the postmaster at Helena to forward the package as quickly as possible to Chicago, and I telegraphed the Inspector at Chicago to examine every piece of

newspaper and see what newspapers they were cut out from, with dates, and wire me at once. His report showed that the newspapers from which the clippings were cut were from different parts of the country, and could only have been consolidated in the postal car at Omaha or west of there. Evidently they had been taken deliberately from the mails in the postal car, and used. Now, however, we had a descriptive list of the money, with the numbers of the notes, and with that we watched for their presentation. After seven or eight months one of the notes was brought to a Chicago National Bank by a bond broker named Lipman, who had a drover with him. A clerk told him what it was worth. Lipman inquired if the bank would take such notes and cash them, and the clerk said, "Certainly, any time," and the men went away. Then the clerk remembered the circular that he had received from our office asking him to look out for Bank of Montreal new notes of the denomination of $5, and he informed our Inspector, who found the people at once. Suspicion had already rested upon a man, named Moore, who had formerly been a mail agent on the Union Pacific Road, but who was now a member of the Legislature of Wyoming, and who lived at Sidney. It was said that this ex-mail agent, when he rode up and down the road, for which he had passes, always went in the mail car and helped his old companions at the mail; and it was known that he was on the train when this registered package was tampered with. We decided that the drover who had the five-dollar note, and who said that Moore had asked him to find out about it in Chicago, was innocent in the matter, but we had him telegraph Moore to meet him on the train out on the Union Pacific, and Moore came and sat with

him in the seat. Some Inspectors who had never been out in that section sat in front of and behind Moore and the drover. The drover was entirely fair about the whole matter, and talked to Moore just as agreed, reported upon the note, and asked how many Moore had, and Moore said he had asked him to inquire for a friend of his who had asked him (Moore) to find out what they were worth. Watch was then kept on Moore and his home, which resulted in finding the money buried in a tin box in his garden. Moore was arrested, but he had means and friends. One of the ablest lawyers in the West, Hon. Cushman K. Davis of Minneapolis, was engaged to defend him. He was tried at Laramie, and after a long and stubborn fight was convicted. The Insurance Company had paid the bank, and therefore the money belonged to them. They were written after the trial that the money was all recovered, but that the Inspectors would like to frame the five-dollar note which had been exhibited in Chicago and used as evidence, and hang it in their office. The Insurance Company replied that they were not only glad to let them have that five-dollar note, but they would be glad to pay what would ordinarily be paid to detectives, any reasonable amount, if it could be done properly. They were told, of course, that the Government paid the salaries of the Inspectors, and no presents could be received.

As a rule, the post-office thieves were a very different class of men from those who committed thefts ordinarily. They were not men of criminal experience or record, but clerks and postal clerks who became tempted and yielded. Sometimes it was hard to solve the real reason. A few times it seemed as though it was just sheer waywardness of a man who felt that he had dis-

covered a new way of obtaining something for nothing, and which would not be liable to detection. In fact I think almost every official who stole from the mails felt secure and was confident that he would never be caught. Many times they made the theft in a way that would cast suspicion upon other persons and away from themselves. To illustrate: the railway mails passing through Corry, Pennsylvania, were handled in part by agents who threw off mails at various stations, and when there were registered letters that they were unable to obtain a receipt for at the time, they would affix a receipt to be later returned to them. Several registered letters, which on investigation it appeared must have been missent in some way, instead of being put off at the office where they belonged, disappeared, and one mail agent was asked to pay for two packages, amounts not large, for which he was unable to produce any receipt. Our office, in studying the cause of these losses, some seven or eight in number, began to think that they might have reached the Corry post-office by mistake and been abstracted there. No letters, however, were abstracted that properly passed through the Corry post-office. About that time Bradford, Pennsylvania, suddenly sprang into existence as a large post-office because of the oil developments near by, and the postmaster asked for a special allowance for clerks. Under the ordinary rules of the Department, he could not obtain it for a long time. I went to Bradford at once and recommended that a special allowance be given the postmaster, and suggested to the postmaster that he get a capable man, if he could, with experience, to relieve him on the registered mail and money orders. He wrote me soon afterward that a lawyer there had told him of a young man at the Corry post-office whom

he had obtained, and who was very capable and was getting along well. But soon there were some more mysterious losses, which, however, might be traced to Bradford, and we felt sure that the clerk who had been at Corry and was now at Bradford was the man who committed the depredations. I put one of our Inspectors upon the case, and agreed to come whenever notified and assist in the matter. A week or so later a letter was mailed at Corning, New York, addressed to a place in Maine and marked for registration, with a number placed upon it. At the same time a *bona fide* letter was registered to Bradford, Pennsylvania. Apparently a drop of mucilage fell upon the back of the *bona fide* letter and picked up the letter addressed as if going from Corning to Maine, the " test " letter adhering to the back of the other one. They were both placed in the registry envelope, and the Bradford letter was billed to Bradford. The Inspector examined the mail at Carrollton and saw that the registered package was still in the pouch when it went to Bradford from Carrollton. I met the Inspector and went to Bradford with him. In the mean time the Corning postmaster wrote the postmaster at Bradford, " Have you received by mistake a registered letter postmarked Corning, and addressed to a Maine post-office? Such a letter disappeared from my registry table yesterday, and as I registered another letter to you, it occurred to me that the Maine letter may have been sent you by mistake. Please reply." The Inspector intercepted at Carrollton a reply addressed to the postmaster at Corning, " No such letter came to Bradford," signed by the clerk. Then the Inspector and I went to Bradford and hastened to the post-office. I said to the clerk, whom we will call " Smith ":

"Where is that Corning letter for Maine that you say did n't come to Bradford yesterday? You say in your letter to the postmaster at Corning (which letter we took out of the pouch at Carrollton and know all about) no letter came here. Where is it, in your pocket?"

"No, sir; I have no letter in my pocket."

"Suppose you just lay out what money you have on the counter. If you are innocent of any such charge, why, of course, you want to prove it, and I should be glad to have you prove it. Just lay out the money."

He laid out his money, and the postmaster read off the numbers, and the Inspector had his notebook out. "There is one of the notes. There is another of the notes. There is the other one. Here are the numbers and dates of those notes entered in my book when we put them in that letter at Corning. That seems to settle the matter. Now I guess you probably would like to have things as easy as you can from this out. Suppose you take us to your room — to your trunk — let 's see what you have there in the way of stolen things, and then we will go to a Commissioner, and the Commissioner will probably allow you to give bail, and if you want a lawyer you can send for him now beforehand."

The lawyer was sent for, and the matter was all talked over. The clerk made no denials whatever, and the result of it was that he telegraphed to his father, who was a most excellent man, to come at once and give bail for his appearance at the United States Court at Pittsburg. I said further to the young man:

"Now you have no bad habits. You have considerable money that you have stolen put away. Where is it?"

"I have three bank accounts," he replied.

"Where are the books?"

"They are in my trunk at home at Corry, one a Savings Bank at Erie, one the Bank of Corry, and one is a bank here."

"Well now," I said, "don't you think you would feel better if you just turned over that money to the Postmaster General and authorized him to pay it back to the losers? In some cases they are poor people. Here is a sheet showing some of the money that you stole at Corry, and this was money that a working man was sending home to his wife. You don't want to keep that money in a Savings Bank, and you could n't if you want to, because we would go for it. Don't you think you had better just turn it over?"

"I think I would if I were in your place," advised his lawyer, "but don't turn over any that is not stolen."

Smith said he would do it, and a letter was made out addressed to the Postmaster General turning over this money and requesting the Postmaster General to have it returned to the losers, including the mail agent who had been obliged to pay some of the losses. The Inspector went home with Smith and his father to Corry to get the Savings Bank books. When they reached their home, the father, who was completely broken down, told the mother something of the situation. A little had already appeared in the local newspaper. The son started to go upstairs to get his two bank books, but the mother got between him and the stair door. The father remonstrated with her, but she said:

"Not a cent. Keep every cent of it, no matter how you got it. Keep it."

The Inspector simply remarked:

"When I became acquainted with the father, I wondered how a son could go deliberately into such steal-

ing. Now that I have become acquainted with the mother, I think I can tell. Madam, all I have to say is this; if he does as agreed, the Postmaster General probably will not insist upon the most severe punishment, and he will doubtless get off with a very light sentence; if he takes your advice instead of his father's, I can promise you he will get all the law allows."

"Mother," said the boy, "I am a young man. I propose to take my punishment and then live it down. If I take your advice, I shall continue to be a criminal, and I can never live it down"; and he went and got the books.

We had reason to think that our Depredation Office, as it was called, was more successful than most foreign offices. At one time registered letters going to Germany were frequently rifled, and complaints came to us and correspondence was had with the German Post-Office Department concerning the losses. Our office took up the case seriously, and decided that it was all done on the other side, and the German Post-Office Department was asked to give us the list of agents and their runs on the postal route from Bremen to Berlin. The list was received, but was apparently sent with some reluctance, and the German officials said it could not possibly be of any use to us. We made our usual study of it, however, and found that every rifled letter passed over a run where one particular man was one of the crew. His name, a long German one, appeared on the registers of arrivals and departures of postal clerks for every run on which one of those rifled letters should have passed over the route. We prepared a letter to the German Postmaster General, telling him that this man was the one who had rifled the registered let-

ters, and suggested that if they would have one of their Inspectors arrest him after he had delivered his mail, they would probably find some of the letters upon his person, and that if he were pressed and given to understand that it was known that he had been rifling on such a day, perhaps he would confess. A reply was soon received from the German Postmaster General thanking my office, and saying that the plan worked admirably, and that the postal clerk, to the astonishment of everybody, was found to be the thief and had confessed fully. Not long afterwards the German Minister in Washington formally waited upon the Postmaster General, and I was summoned and informed that the Minister was instructed to invite me to come to Germany as the guest of the Emperor. I was told to name my own time, but to inform the German Minister at Washington, who would send someone to New York with me and see me on a steamer. On the other side I would be met by an official of their Department, who would take me to Berlin, where for ten days my presence was desired as the Emperor's guest. Then I could go wherever I chose abroad, finally to return to Berlin, whence they would again escort me to the steamer and back to this country. I was obliged to decline, and as there was nothing delivered to me in writing, I only replied verbally that I was very much obliged for the kind invitation, but that I could not get away at that time. Later on I became acquainted with a German Director of Posts for the Berlin District, who was in this country, and he remarked to me:

"You were invited to come over and be our guest."

"Now," said I, "I want you to explain. The German Minister delivered the invitation to be the guest of the Emperor."

"Oh, certainly, but the Emperor does n't know anything about it. It was purely a matter of our Department. Everything runs in his name, that 's all. The Postmaster General would have taken you to the Emperor and presented you to him, but it is not a personal invitation. It is the invitation of the post-office authorities in recognition of your clever and very kind suggestions about the mail thief. We were really a little bit selfish and wanted to get hold of you and find out just how you did it, and as you would n't come over I am making a visit to you to find out about it."

"All right," said I; "all we know and do, you may learn."

One of the very efficient Post-Office Inspectors was General Charles Adams, who had the District of Colorado and New Mexico. His career is worth noting. A year or two before the outbreak of the war he came from Germany to Boston, a young man, to seek his fortune in America. He was well educated, soon learned our language, and became a bookkeeper in Boston for a very influential gentleman named Adams. When the war broke out, he went to the army in a Massachusetts regiment. His name was Carl Swabach. He was promoted to be a Lieutenant and was shot through the lungs at Gettysburg, the wound resulting in the loss of the lung and of a shoulder blade, but this fact was not generally known. Perhaps I never would have known it had I not occupied a room with him on one occasion and seen the great cavity in his back, large enough to hold my hand. He was discharged from the military service and went to Colorado under the advice of physicians that the rare air would be better for him. Adams married there a widow, whose sister was the

wife of the Governor of the Territory. His wife did not like his German name, so he petitioned the Legislature and had his name changed to Charles Adams, the name of his Boston friend and benefactor. After a while he was appointed Indian Agent, the first Agent appointed for the Ute Indians, who lived in Colorado, and who by treaty were together upon a reservation west of the mountains. The Government agreed to furnish them with supplies for the winter if they would go upon the new reservation and remain there, but the contractors failed to get the supplies over the mountains before winter set in, and the Indians, not having laid by their usual store of Buffalo meat, suffered great privations. Adams, who had taken with him supplies for himself and clerk for the long winter, placed all he had at the disposal of the Indians in their general stock of food, and lived as the Indians lived on roots and such game as they could kill. This, with his other deportment, endeared him to the chiefs and all of the Indians. They named him Washington, and had ever afterward the highest respect for him. After living with them a year or so he was appointed Post-Office Inspector, and was noticeably energetic in the performance of his duties. I found him in office when I became Chief of the force, and soon learned to appreciate his value. An army officer stationed at a fort in New Mexico told me of one incident that did not appear in full in the official reports, and I will give it as obtained from the officer. The stage was robbed of the mails several times before reaching the fort, and the Department and Post-Office Inspector Adams were notified. He came at once and asked the commanding officer to give him a team, driver, and a couple of soldiers, and said he would try to hunt the outlaws. He

accordingly set out with a buckboard wagon, a Mexican for a driver, and two soldiers. The soldiers arrived back at the fort in a few days with a story of a battle in which Adams had been killed and the team and driver taken by the outlaws, and they had escaped without their arms. They said that the ranchmen all seemed friendly with the outlaws, and warned General Adams not to proceed in the direction that he was going; that he would be overpowered, but that he kept on. A few days later General Adams came in with the two robbers bound and their legs tied under the buckboard. He was sitting at the rear with his Winchester rifle in hand, and the Mexican was driving the mules. Adams had followed the desperadoes to their rendezvous and single-handed had surprised and captured them; and the soldiers who had deserted him and returned to the fort with a lying story were severely sentenced by court-martial. At the next court the robbers were arraigned for trial in Albuquerque. The United States Attorney, who had had the case at the preliminary examination and had them indicted by the Grand Jury, had been removed from office. He now appeared as attorney for these mail robbers and, in fact, other culprits charged with violation of the United States laws. General Adams protested to the court against allowing the ex-District Attorney to appear in defense of men whose indictments he had secured, and when he knew all of the Government case that might be presented against them. He denounced the ex-District Attorney as unprofessional and as desiring to act through spite against the Government which had removed him from office. In that country such talk was not generally treated lightly, and the judge nervously adjourned the court until afternoon.

Many of the occupants of the court-room, expecting that there would be a shooting scrape, hurried out and sought places of safety. The Attorney walked out surrounded by his friends, and General Adams, after he had concluded a conference with the new District Attorney, also walked out upon the plaza. The Attorney advanced with a pistol in his hand to General Adams, and said:

"I demand that you go into court when it meets and retract every word that you have said, and apologize to me in open court."

"Well, I shall pay no attention to your demand. I shall not do it," said General Adams.

"Then you must take the consequences."

"I have no arms," said Adams, "but you don't dare shoot. You are a coward as well as a rascal"; and he advanced upon the Attorney, disarmed him, and slapped his face. The army officer who told me of the first occurrence was present as a witness at the court and saw this encounter. He declared that he had been in many battles, but that General Adams was the bravest man he ever saw. The title of "General" was given Adams when he was appointed Adjutant General of the Territory by the Governor.

When the mines at Deadwood were discovered, and bullion was being shipped out by stage, highwaymen robbed the stages of large amounts of treasure, including the contents of registered packages that were in the mails, as well as the boxes of express valuables. The post-office depredation cases were sent to the Inspector who had the territory embracing Wyoming, and his reports showed that he visited Deadwood and interviewed the local officers, the railroad detectives who were employed, the sheriff and others, and did

all that an Inspector would usually have done under the circumstances, but after a time I had the cases recalled from him and sent to General Adams of Colorado. I told him that any reasonable call for assistance would receive attention and the assistance be furnished him. He went to Wyoming and immediately recommended that $1000 be placed at his disposal to hire a posse, and he also arranged with General Crook, commanding the Department of the Platte, for the loan of some cavalry horses with equipments. At that time the law prevented the use of the military for anything other than strictly war purposes, but General Crook granted furloughs to some of his men, and General Adams hired them. In this way he organized quite a posse, and quickly started to go over the route to Deadwood. He rode on the stagecoach, however, and at night was so far in advance of his men that he participated practically alone in the encounter, but his men arrived in time to drive off the outlaws, one of whom was captured, not, however, by Adams, nor did he see Adams. The prisoner was carried into Deadwood and locked up. The sheriff had some men create a disturbance outside of the jail, and hurriedly pushed Adams into the same cell with the outlaw and said, "I won't answer for your life if the mob takes the jail. They are not in a mood to let off a horse thief." The outlaw immediately took Adams into his confidence and told him who composed the gang of robbers. They were the most noted "bad men" in the entire Western territory, who had gotten together for the purpose. He also told him where their rendezvous was, and all the secrets of the gang. At a signal from Adams the sheriff came and took him out of the cell, and said that he was going to try and get him away to

a place of safety to save his being lynched. Adams, at the head of his posse, then pursued the gang, winding up in the State of Nevada before he finished. A number were captured, but were lost (?) while being brought back to Deadwood. Others were killed and wounded, and it was thought finally that only two of the gang escaped. A large amount of bullion was recovered, and there have been no further attacks upon the Deadwood stage since that time, except those that have taken place in the Wild-West Shows of Buffalo Bill.

General Adams was thrifty and bought land in Colorado that, being well located, rose in value, including a beautiful home at Manitou. He always kept up his intimacy with the great Ute Chief Ouray, who was one of the greatest Indians known to our history. In '78 or '79 the Indians of the most northern of the three Ute Agencies massacred the Agent, N. C. Meeker, and all of his mail employees and carried off the women, five in number. These Indians about the same time also defeated and killed Major Thornburg of the army, who had been sent to the reservation. There was, of course, the very greatest excitement in Colorado. Mr. Meeker was well known, was President of the colony at Greeley, and Colorado had by this time become a State. The Governor appealed to the Secretary of the Interior, Carl Schurz, to have General Adams, the Post-Office Inspector, detailed to go after the Indians and rescue the women who had been captured. General Schurz immediately brought the telegram to the Postmaster General, and asked that General Adams be instructed to act under the orders of the Interior Department for a month. He was told that if General Adams was willing this would be done at once, and a

telegram was sent, and Adams replied that he would start immediately. The Secretary of the German Legation in Washington, who has since become one of the most prominent nobles of Germany, was visiting General Adams, and asked leave to accompany him, which was granted. Adams went at once to the Uncompahgre Ute Reservation, where Ouray lived, and asked Ouray to detail a force to accompany him to the Northern Utes. About two hundred young warriors were quickly selected, and Captain Cline, who lived on the reservation, the same man who had been the Chief of Scouts of the Army of the Potomac during the war, accompanied them as guide and interpreter; so the party consisted of three white men and two hundred or more Ute warriors. The distance was about two hundred and fifty miles, and it was in early spring. The streams and rivers were all running very high, and the mission was a dangerous one every way. An Indian who accompanied General Adams, and who spoke English fairly well, afterward told me that the Indians when ordered to go by Chief Ouray went most reluctantly, and said among themselves that Washington (meaning Adams) could never get there. When they reached the Grand River, it was overflowing its banks and full of ice and trees and floating logs. They all said among themselves, "Washington stop here; he no cross river," but Adams rode to the bank, dismounted, bound his Winchester to the saddle, called to them to come, pushed his pony into the river and grabbed him by the tail, Indian fashion, making him swim straight across. The Indian said:

"We all had to follow him, and on the other side he stop, big fires built, everybody warm; Washington ride all the time like Hell."

I asked him how Adams, who was very heavy, could ride so fast and so long.

"Washington have five horses. He change every little while. We all have two horses. He ride all night, ride all day, ride all the time. He catch up on Indian, he make him stop. Indians have big pow-wow. Indians say they kill Adams. We say Ouray sent us to protect him, and we fight. Indians throw knife in the ring. Adams step out, and he talk to them in Ute, and he say, 'If you harm a hair of my head, soldiers thicker than the leaves on the trees will come and hunt everyone of you like jack rabbits, kill every man of you. I want those women. You know I am your friend as much as I can be. I want those women, I want the ringleaders.' Some of the Indian ringleaders run off, but he get some and he bring them back and he bring the women."

Then the State of Colorado took advantage of the occasion to secure a removal of the Ute Indians from their reservations across the line into the Territory of Utah, and General Adams was directed to bring the leading Ute Chiefs to Washington, where a new treaty might be negotiated. I saw these Indians in Washington, and became quite well acquainted with Ouray, who was accompanied by his wife Chipeta. The first time I called upon them at the Tremont Hotel, where they were quartered, accompanied by General Adams, we found Ouray and Chipeta in their room sitting on the floor, which was covered with Navajo blankets they had brought. Ouray always pretended that he could not understand nor speak English, but he spoke Spanish tolerably well. The Spanish priests had visited the Utes in old times from New Mexico and taught them Spanish, and it was still kept alive by

many of them. General Adams spoke both Spanish and the Ute language, and he told Ouray that I was his most intimate friend. Ouray gave me his hand and said, "Washington's friend, my friend forever." I invited Ouray and his wife to go to the theater. They had quite a pow-wow over this with General Adams. Neither of them had ever been in a theater, and neither had ever heard very much about theaters or the drama. But they agreed to go, and I came for them with a carriage and took them to see Clara Morris in one of her emotional plays. I had secured a box and placed Chipeta in front, with Ouray next to her, and I sat back. Chipeta was much younger than Ouray and was very good-looking. That night she had dressed her hair with great care, wore a blue broadcloth skirt, beautifully embroidered moccasins, and a tight-fitting bodice of perfectly white tanned deerskin, her neck, shoulders, and arms being bare. Her arms were both heavy with armlets of crudely hammered gold and silver, and she wore large earrings. It is needless to say that she attracted a great deal of attention. Ouray wore his Indian clothes, which were rich of their style, and put on some medals. Ouray did not understand the actor's words well, and Chipeta not at all, but she followed the play and was able afterwards to give an interpreter a very good account of the whole performance. She was much moved by Miss Morris' acting, and at the critical point when many in the audience were affected by the pathos, she wept passionately. Ouray turned to me, looking a little mortified, and said, "Chipeta little fool," but he spoke kindly to her at all times, so far as I saw.

The Committees of Congress on Indian Affairs and the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of

Indian Affairs held daily sessions with the Indians, and a treaty was negotiated. It was interesting to watch the course of events. The Indians made long speeches and protested against every step proposed, except Ouray. He listened to everything but said nothing. At the crucial point, however, he made a speech and brushed aside all of the protests and arguments of the other Indians, and made an appeal for justice and at the same time such practical suggestions that most of his demands were conceded. Secretary Schurz said that he believed Ouray could rank in intellectual power with any diplomat in the world; that his grasp of the situation and his analysis of the propositions that were being considered were masterly.

The Ute Indians were warlike and an independent tribe who held their own for centuries against the most powerful tribes of the West and retained all of the territory intact which they had occupied, embracing the plains where the buffalo frequented, and the mountains and rich valleys which are Colorado's priceless heritage. It is said that they did not war offensively upon other tribes, but were always ready to defend their own territory. The Chiefs were not hereditary, but became leaders through their diplomacy and demagoguery and prowess in war. Ouray had become quite a chief when one of their important wars with the Apaches began, and was recognized as a leading war chief when the greatest of their battles occurred. His wife was killed, and his boy about nine or ten years of age was carried off a prisoner in this campaign. Ever afterward, in every treaty negotiation, in fact, on every opportunity that he had of intercourse with prominent Government officials, he stipulated that they should help him search for his boy,

and the Indian Department made a thorough search, but the boy was never recovered. After a while Ouray married Chipeta. The Indians could have as many wives as they chose according to their laws, but Ouray had but the one wife. He always sought to bring his Indians toward civilization in every way possible, and he cultivated a farm, had good buildings built, house furnished with carpets, employed some Mexican white men to work for him, and being unable to ride horseback, because of a troublesome fistula, he rode about his home with a Mexican driver in a spring wagon, which was presented to him by an Eastern wagon firm.

This treaty, negotiated in Washington, required the approval of a majority of the Indians; and General Adams with General Hatch of the regular army and Colonel Moneypenny of Ohio, who was always recognized as a friend of the Indians and had once been Indian Commissioner, were appointed a Commission to execute the treaty with the Indians upon the three reservations. I went to Colorado and visited the Indian Agency for two days while this Commission was holding its sessions. They were very stormy. No troops were at the Agency, but were within a few miles. The three Commissioners with the interpreters and clerks faced the Indians, who required much time for their pow-wows and deliberations. Violent speeches were made, and the whites were threatened, and it appeared from the accounts that I could get from the interpreters that each speaker was, as we say, playing to the galleries, that is, seeking advancement with the Indians and framing his remarks to curry favor and increase his popularity with them. Ouray drove to the Agency every day, but had but little to

say. As in all great emergencies the Indians eventually turned to him for leadership, and the treaty was completed and submitted to the Indians for ratification. The night after the conclusion at the Agency, Ouray was visited by a mob of Indian braves who appeared at his house and made threats, and several of their number went into the house and denounced him as a squaw man and threatened to kill him. He was a man of almost superhuman strength, and he took the ringleader and threw him out of the house and then turned upon the others and they cowed and ran away. His leadership and superiority were never really seriously questioned. The Indians of the Southern Ute Agency, after the Commission had been there a week, refused sullenly to sign the treaty, and the whole treaty would have failed if they had not been secured. The Commissioners then appealed to Ouray to go to the Southern Ute Agency, but he said that he could not go; that there were no wagon roads, and that he could not ride horseback over the mountains and the long distance to reach the Southern Utes at Durango. But runners came with messages reporting a sudden outbreak of the Southern Utes, and Ouray finally said, "It will kill me, but I will go, provided the doctor of the troops [who was stationed near and with whom he had become acquainted] will go with me." So he set out, accompanied by Chipeta and the doctor, driving as far as he could and then taking to the saddle. He reached the Southern Ute Agency and secured a reversal of their action, and they signed the treaty, but he died in a few days. In accordance with his course of trying to lead the Indians into ways of civilization, he had instructed that he should be taken back, if he died, to Uncompahgre and buried in the yard

at his farm, and that a white tombstone, such as he had seen East, should be placed at his grave, and that no horses should be killed, nor other rites performed, and that Chipeta should not disfigure herself nor cut her face nor go into the usual Indian mourning. She had promised this should be done, and the Indian Agents tried to carry out his wishes, but the Indians came in large numbers at night and took him off on a horse to the mountain caves, and it is not known where he was laid. Several hundred of his horses were killed, and Chipeta slashed her face with a knife and went into Indian mourning; but later she went to Captain Cline's ranch, Mrs. Cline being a favorite of hers, and told Mrs. Cline that she had not done as Ouray wished her to do, and she wanted to come and stay with Mrs. Cline and have her sympathy and assistance to recover from her remorse.

Many things were told me about Ouray that showed his shrewdness and sagacity. The first time that he met the United States officials to form a treaty, he stipulated that he should be allowed a fixed sum, I think $1500 per annum, and this was given him. He arranged that this money should be deposited in St. Louis and subject to his order, and never spent any of it until the time when a famine occurred, and the Indians on the reservation were suffering for food. Then he sent out and purchased corn, which was brought in freight teams to the reservation and issued to the Indians. He was wealthy in horses and such property as the Indians have.

Annually the Navajo Indians, who had been taught centuries ago by the Spanish priests to weave blankets of all kinds, and who kept sheep, made a trading excursion to the Northern tribes and always spent a

week with the Utes exchanging blankets for furs which they in turn sold to fur-buyers, and thus realized quite large sums of money. Festivities occurred when they were at the Ute reservation, horse-races and games and athletic sports, with attendant gambling, of which the Indians were fond. Ouray had large bands of horses, some of the finest, but he had never taken part in the racing contests. One year some white gamblers from the mines out of Ouray, which is now a city, came to the reservation at the time the Navajos were there and entered some trained race-horses with jockies in the races, and virtually won what furs and money the Navajos and Utes possessed. The Indians, however, are good losers, and they invited the white gamblers to come the next year and said they would have better horses. Ouray tried to have the Indian Agent keep the white gamblers off of the reservation, but failed; so in the autumn he sent for Captain Cline, who was the only white man permitted to live upon the reservation. He had the stage station where the stage route had to cross a corner of the reservation, and he had formerly been an interpreter for the Indian Agent. Ouray could trust Captain Cline, and he sent him to Lexington, Kentucky, where Ouray had been entertained once when taken East to Washington by an Indian Agent, and where he had witnessed horse-races and seen the thoroughbred horses. He gave Captain Cline an order for money on his bank at St. Louis, and directed him to purchase some thoroughbred colts and bring them in a round-about way to a point where Ouray met him. No one but Cline and his son and Ouray were in the secret. These colts reached the point designated in safety, and were immediately branded with the Indian brands

that Ouray's horses were branded with, and were turned in with Ouray's herd of horses. They throve well, and the next year when the Navajos came, Ouray announced that he would enter some of his horses in the races, and instead of having old Indians ride as had been the rule, he trained some Indian boys. A large band of several hundred of his horses were brought near the plain where the racing took place, and Ouray picked out several of the Indian ponies, apparently to enter in the races. He waited, however, until the races had been going on several days and the white gamblers had got pretty much all of the valuable stakes in their possession. Then his Kentucky thoroughbreds, not suspected by anybody, took all the stakes. The gamblers went away not only without money but on foot. They lost their saddle-horses and their watches and everything they brought with them, and Ouray had become possessed of all, and no one knew the secret but Captain Cline, who told me.

I had known Captain Cline well at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac. He was an officer in the Third Indiana Cavalry and was detailed as Chief of Scouts of the army. When I went to the Indian reservation, I heard the people on the stage saying they would have to stay all night at Cline's, but I did not associate Cline with my old acquaintance and had no reason to do so. Three stagecoaches filled with people going through to Ouray and the towns beyond remained over night at the ranch, after a long, hard ride from Gunnison. The house was a succession of log huts one story high with mud roofs. After quite a good supper had been served, a young man told off the passengers to sleep two in a bed, but said to me to wait. When they were all gone, he took me to a

little room which had cotton cloth partitions marking it off from the other rooms, with a very good bed and a bureau, and he set the lamp down and went out. I noticed on the bureau an old photograph of a group of people. I had been given the spare room for no reason that I was aware of, but when I looked at that group of people I saw that it was the Scouts of the Army of the Potomac, with Mrs. Captain Cline, who spent two winters with him in the army, and one or two other women. Then I saw through the whole matter. Cline was away, but his wife had evidently recognized me; so I went out to the dining-room and greeted Mrs. Cline and her son and daughter. On my return Captain Cline was at home, and I stopped over a day and visited with him.

In conversing with some of the army officers at the camp which I visited near the Indian Agency, the officers told me that they had secured, from some of the participants in the battle that Ouray fought so desperately, facts that enabled them to draw a plan of the different battles and analyze the campaign; and General Hatch and the other officers said that Ouray's conduct of that campaign showed him to be a master of strategy and, in fact, a great general.

The Railway Mail Service had its origin about the close of the war. A Special Agent of the Department named Armstrong, from Chicago, who was a very able man, was the first official detailed to that especial work, and he laid the foundation for what afterward grew to be our efficient Railway Mail Service. Under the old plan all of the large post-offices in the country were called Distributing Post-Offices, familiarly known as " D. P. O.," and the mails were sent from the smaller offices to the nearest D. P. O., there to be made up in

pouches which could be dispatched to another D. P. O., thus causing delay. The foundation idea of the Railway Mail Service was to get the mails aboard a postal car on a railroad and distribute them on the car and make them up for other railroads and keep the mails moving from railroad route to railroad route without delaying the mails at any post-office. Mr. Armstrong's successor was an Illinois country postmaster named Bangs, a very shrewd and able man, who brought to the Department as assistant Theodore N. Vail, a Chief Head Clerk of the Union Pacific line, from Omaha. Mr. Vail, while very young, was a well-known telegraph operator and superintendent in New York City, and went from there to Iowa to a fine farm that his father purchased, and after a time went on the Union Pacific Railroad as a postal clerk. He soon mastered the details in every way, and displayed such ability that Mr. Bangs brought him to Washington to assist in the general organization of the contemplated extensive Railway Mail Service. To Mr. Vail fell the duty of executive supervision and preparing statistics, data, and arguments for use before Congress in securing the large appropriations needed to establish the service on the railroads. Economy was the watchword of Congress in those days, and the proposed expenditures were very large. All obstacles, however, were overcome, and the service organized and established in so secure a manner that it has gone on without material change to the present time, except of course very greatly increasing in magnitude, because the population of the country has nearly doubled and the railroad mileage where postal cars are run has many times more than doubled. Mr. Bangs displayed great judgment in dealing with the problems that were before them

and in handling Members of Congress and all other influences necessary to carry out the general plan. He organized a Civil Service Reform in the matter of appointment and retention of postal clerks, which worked admirably. I can best describe it by relating an incident occurring in his office. I sat talking with Mr. Bangs when a clerk announced the name of a new Western Congressman who wished to see him. Mr. Bangs said, "Show him right in." I arose to leave, and Bangs said, "Keep your seat; I think I know about this man, and you will see what troubles come to me." A brusque, lively, undersized gentleman entered and laid down a package of papers which he commenced to open and said:

"I called to see you about some changes in Mail Agents in my District. I am a Representative of —— District, —— State. I am in a great hurry. I have got to go to other Departments and have just arrived here. I will tell you what I want. I expect you will accommodate me. First, I will take up this route. There are four Agents on this route living in my District, and I have the recommendations of four friends of mine for appointment in their stead."

"Wait a little," said Mr. Bangs, as he stepped to a large map, "and let me explain our plan governing such matters. Here is your District drawn out on the map, you see, and here is the number of postal clerks that your District will be entitled to have on every railroad running through it. Now, the railroad that you have just spoken of, I see by the map here, will be entitled to two clerks."

"No more?" said the Member.

"No, not any more."

"Hell fire! I won't stand it."

"And besides," resumed Mr. Bangs, "those men that are on there now, if they are satisfactory to us, cannot be removed. We are making examination as to all of the Agents in service to see whether they can be installed in the new Railway Mail Service arrangement, and I fear many of them cannot bear the scrutiny. Their packages of letters, now, are all to bear a slip with their name and date on it, and every mistake is charged up to them. Their general efficiency is also reported upon. After having been furnished with printed schemes, giving the lists of post-offices in each State, they will be called up for examination at the Chief Head Clerk's office, and will be required to 'put up' cards bearing the names of post-offices to the correct routes to which they should be sent. Of course some may fail, and vacancies may occur among these old men. Some of them may prove satisfactory, and they will be retained. There are no vacancies at present on that route. When there are vacancies, you will be asked to name a candidate meeting requirements, which will be furnished you, and that candidate, when he reports, if found satisfactory, will receive a probationary appointment for six months, and we will endeavor to make him useful in that time and also make him study the distribution of mails. If he makes satisfactory progress in that six months, he will receive a permanent appointment, and then we calculate he will be secure in his position."

"Hell fire!" exclaimed the Congressman, "do you mean to say that I can't put anybody out and put anybody in in my District?"

"Certainly not, certainly not," replied Mr. Bangs blandly. "That would overturn the whole system. It is a merit system that we are going upon."

"Why, these four men that I demand should be removed were all my enemies, worked against my nomination, and the men that I want appointed in their places were my friends who helped me to secure the nomination."

"Well," said Mr. Bangs, "that does not enter into it. If you get some men appointed, as you will, why, when you go out and some other man supersedes you and comes here, he will find that he cannot get your men out; they will be solid and secure as long as they perform their duties. Now, you can write letters here recommending each one of those men, and we will take them up and answer you in each case, telling the plan and regretting that we can't appoint your friends under the system controlling. We will make the letters strong, so you can excuse yourself to your friends."

"Hell fire! I won't stand it. I have promised these men the places. I will take these papers and go to the Postmaster General, and if I can't get satisfaction I will go to the President. Our District and our State has given the President a big majority. We propose to have what we are entitled to, and I won't stand any such nonsense. I will get on the floor in Congress and fight you to the death, if I can't do anything else! Hell Fire! I — I — I will rip the whole thing up the back."

"Oh, well, now, you will find you have n't offended anybody here. Your talk is perfectly natural, and you go and see what you can do, as you are bound to do, and you file your recommendations and we will write you letters, and then the day will come, probably pretty soon, when we will be asking you to name some husky young fellows for appointment. You won't offend

anybody here. It 's all right, but there is a change in the plan. Things are changing, sir."

I remembered the case and asked Mr. Bangs afterwards about his "Hell Fire Congressman." "Oh," he said, "he is a good fellow. He understands it all now, and we have smoothed down his chaps that he could not get appointed, and he is working all right in the harness."

This system secured excellent men, and they were perfectly safe in position, but the fatal fault was that when the administration changed — and the parties changed — this plan was liable to be dropped or partially set aside. When the first Civil Service Reform Laws were passed by Congress, the Railway Mail Service employees were exempted from its operations, but later on, with the election of Mr. Cleveland, there came a change in administration to the Democrats, and the work of slaughter went merrily on, and Democrats were installed in place of Republicans. Then, just as Mr. Cleveland went out of office, he issued an order placing the Railway Mail Service under the classified list, to protect those who had been appointed.

The Government secured, with Mr. Bangs and Mr. Vail, abilities of a character to which, considering the compensation paid, it was not entitled. Mr. Bangs became so well known that he was offered positions with very high salaries in private and corporate employment. He declined to consider these offers until he felt that his work was well along, when he accepted the position of General Superintendent of the American Express Company, and even for about a year after accepting that position he remained in the Department to complete certain details connected with the Railway Mail Service. Of course, his compensation in his new

position was many times that received with the Government, and he held the place with marked ability until he died.

Mr. Vail succeeded him, and continued raising the standard of efficiency higher and higher until a very high level was reached. When Professor Bell discovered the telephone, Mr. Vail, who had a partiality for electrical experiments developed by his early career as a telegrapher, at once saw that the telephone could be made of commercial value to the public, and connected himself with gentlemen who formed the first company to exploit the invention, Mr. Vail being General Manager of the company. It has been generally conceded that the plans adopted by the American Bell Telephone Company, with their successful execution, stand as one of the most remarkable achievements of the kind that have ever been known. Before the patents expired the entire world was using the telephone, and the rate of use has constantly increased until now it is an indispensable adjunct to civilization. Mr. Vail is now President of the parent Bell Company.

Successors of these men have found the Railway Mail Service merely a matter of executive administration, and, so far as I know, no radical changes have ever been made in the system. The postal clerks have always been a very hard-working, valuable class of public servants. Their compensation has been small, and the dangers attached to their positions have been considerable. To properly perform their duties, their minds are constantly employed in study to keep up with the changes in routes and increasing number of post-offices, and while on duty they are seldom seen idle. I do not think these men have been properly appreciated by the general public or by the law-making

power. They should be pensioned after long service, and should receive financial aid when injured in the service. The list of casualties is a very large one every year. The mental faculties will weaken under the high strain required, so that at least they cannot maintain the same activity. I think, in such cases, the clerks are shifted to lighter duties, when possible, but there should be some provision for those who from long and hard service have passed their stage of usefulness in the exacting demands of their positions.

Important improvements in the postal service, which have kept abreast of improvements in other countries, and in many cases outstripped them, have had the life service of able men. The Money Order Service, which was established during the war and has expanded to be an indispensable public convenience, was established and administered for about thirty years by Dr. C. F. McDonald of Massachusetts, a gentleman of very high scholarly attainments. He first studied what had been done at that time abroad in this line, and then perfected a system adapted to this country, and administered it most successfully at a compensation smaller than the salary of the cashier in many country banks.

The Free Delivery Service came into being at about the same time. There had been, in the large cities, licensed penny posts; namely, carriers who, upon standing orders regularly filed with the postmasters, obtained the mail for their customers and delivered it at the authorized rate of a penny a letter, which resulted in the carriers' finally selling penny post stamps to be affixed to letters for them to deliver. Of course, this was very incomplete and unsatisfactory, and the Free Delivery Service was undertaken by the Government. Mr. Gourley superintended its inauguration and estab-

lished it in the various cities and towns as prescribed by law. He arranged all the details, including the appointment of carriers, the placing of lamp-post boxes, etc., covering a system that has not been changed materially since its first establishment. Of course, he received a small salary.

Other Departments of the Government have had the life-work of men of great ability, who have served without adequate compensation and who, at best, have barely eked out a respectable existence with families to raise and educate. Such men in the various Departments became acquainted, in time, with persons holding similar positions under other great Governments. A gentleman occupying a prominent position in the British Postal Service came to the Post-Office Department several times while I was there, and once since then I met him traveling in this country, examining into some changes in service which he thought worth looking into, and I said to him:

"Why, Mr. Preece, I supposed that you had left the service before this time."

"Oh," he replied, "I could leave at any time now. I have long been entitled from length of service to retire on full pension, but I am physically, and I think mentally, active and have preferred to continue. I suppose you don't know that I was knighted by the Queen, so at home I am called 'Sir.'"

In Canada the old officials in the Government service receive recognition and provision for age. Under our old idea that the average citizen could step up after election and ask an appointment and assume the duties of any office and hold it until rotated out by the next change of administration, pensions, or permanent recognition for services rendered, of course, were not to

be expected, but with the advent of reform in the Civil Service permanent employment during the period of efficiency should be followed by provision for the inactive time of life.

I continued in the position of Chief Post-Office Inspector until 1883, when Walter Q. Gresham was Postmaster General. In the spring of that year I replied favorably when asked if I would consider a proposition to go with the American Bell Telephone Company, and one day received a telegram inquiring if I could be in Boston on Friday. Thursday night I went on, and at twelve o'clock Friday I was ushered into the President's room, where I found the Directors of the company in session at a meeting, and President William H. Forbes said that they desired to bring some men of executive experience into their service, and that I had been mentioned by Mr. Vail. I asked what the character of the duties was, and Mr. Forbes said, "to represent the parent company with some of the local companies in which we are interested and to perform such other duties as would be assigned." I said, "I am not an electrician, and doubt if I could master it." He said, "That is not the class of men we are seeking. We have electricians. Mr. Vail will explain the duties to you in every way if you decide to come with us," and a little general conversation ensued, and I went back to Mr. Vail and received an explanation of what would be expected of me, etc. I left the city at two o'clock by the roundabout Hoosac Tunnel and Erie line, which ran a car from Boston to Chicago and which passed my home at Randolph. Saturday morning I arrived at Randolph, where I was expected by my wife. As I passed the depot to go to the carriage which was waiting, the telegraph operator

brought out a bundle of telegrams to me, and I opened them in the buggy, while my wife was driving, and found that I had been appointed postmaster at Washington at the hour that I was meeting the officers of the Telephone Company in Boston. Postmaster General Gresham afterwards told me that the matter came up in cabinet session on Friday following the Monday when the postmaster at Washington, Mr. Tullock, had dropped dead. There were several candidates who had ardently pushed their claims. Postmaster General Gresham said that he thought it would be proper to appoint a post-office official as postmaster at Washington, as the Government had the large proportion of the mails and a new building was about to be erected, and he would recommend that an experienced, expert post-office official be appointed. President Arthur asked him if he had such a man, and the Postmaster General named me, and the President said, " Certainly, that is just the thing to do. What do you other gentlemen think? " They all approved, and I was appointed. So I was able to say to my wife, " I can remain as Chief Post-Office Inspector; I don't know of anyone who wants me to give up the office; I can take the place of postmaster at Washington and perhaps hold it two years, and perhaps longer, depending upon who may be elected President next time; or I can go with the American Bell Telephone Company, in a position that I think will enable me to spend more time at home, and I am going to leave it entirely to you to decide." My wife said that she would not require any time for decision, that she wanted me to go with the Telephone Company. This agreed with my own inclinations, and I telegraphed Postmaster General Gresham that I would arrive at Washington Monday morning, but did

not think that I could accept the office. Telegrams kept arriving from friends and acquaintances who saw my appointment and who learned that I had gone home to Randolph to stay over Sunday, including a dispatch from old Washington friends who offered to make my bond.

On Sunday I took a walk on my farm from the house over to the farmer's house, perhaps half a mile, taking with me a fine young collie dog that had been sent me by a friend. As I approached the Scotch farmer's house, a large collie dog that he had brought from Scotland came rushing out at my dog. They had never met. I reached down to get my dog by the collar and undertook to beat off the other dog to prevent their getting together, but in an instant one of them had one of my hands in his big jaws and the other one had the other hand, biting so hard that the teeth met. The farmer came running out, but had to get a stick from the wood-pile to pry their mouths open before they would let go their holds. They had caught my hands in their anger to reach each other, and were receiving blood from the wounds, and they could not be gotten away for a while. I was unable to return to Washington that afternoon, but telegraphed to General Gresham details of the accident, and also the reasons why I declined the post-office. The fact of my being bitten by the angry dogs was given to the press and telegraphed everywhere, as it probably would not have been had I not been appointed postmaster at Washington just at that time. But there was quite a boiling pot for a while. The dispatch said "angry dogs," and it was easy for some journals to change that to "mad dogs," and then the progress of development of hydrophobia was watched with inter-

est. Messengers and correspondents were sent to Randolph, and they climbed our long hill of a mile and a half to get interviews and particulars, and, of course, my own friends also made inquiries, and altogether I had quite a busy time.

When I came back to my house and had the hands dressed, I directed that the dog should be chained up and said, "He must not be disturbed because he bit me. I ought to have known better than to try to separate them"; but the same evening when I inquired about the dogs I was informed that both the highly prized dog that the Scotch farmer had, and my magnificent "Jack" had been taken off to the woods and killed, so I would not have rabies.

A few days later I sat on the porch with a cousin who had come to see me, and we had been reading the newspapers, and my cousin had one over his hands and one over his bald head and was asleep in his chair, and I had a newspaper over my hands which were bandaged. An old gentleman and his wife drove up with a horse and phaeton, alighted and hitched, and the lady went in the house while the old gentleman came and said:

"We live about six miles from here, and I thought that I would drive up to-day and tell Mr. Parker about a man that I saw down in Livingston County last year. My wife and I went down there to visit old friends, and while we were there a man in the neighborhood came down with hydrophobia; and they built a log pen and put him in it, and I went to see him, and he was barking like a dog, and begging for death, and they put food and water in through the chinks in the logs, but he would n't take either, and, of course, he died. Just before I came away I talked with the doc-

tor, and he said they always died, that there never was any help for them, and being as I had that direct knowledge on the subject, I thought I would come up and tell Mr. Parker."

"Well," I said, "he is asleep just now, but when he awakes we will tell him about it, and he will be greatly encouraged, of course. I am glad that you have come to tell him. He has received all kinds of sympathy and comfort from everybody, and I am quite sure he will be very much obliged to you"; and the old gentleman went away satisfied that he had done Mr. Parker a great kindness. I had no thought of having hydrophobia, but I was quite interested in the long-range study of my case that was made by various professional men, who assumed that I had been bitten by rabid dogs.

I returned to Washington in about a week and tendered my resignation. General Gresham requested me to leave the date of its acceptance until the annual reports were prepared, and said that I might be away a part of the time if I desired. He also asked me to name my successor from among the Inspectors, and I accordingly named A. G. Sharp, who was appointed and held the office until the change in administration a couple of years later.

After I considered that I was permanently separated from the Post-Office Department and had settled all my accounts, I received a dispatch while in Cincinnati on telephone business asking me to return by way of Washington. I did so, and the new Chief Post-Office Inspector told me that there was something that the Postmaster General wished to see me about, and he guessed it was some old unsettled matter. I was very curious at once, because I knew of nothing that could possibly come up of an unsettled character in which I

was concerned, but he would only say, "it is something the Postmaster General has got in his head, and he thought that he had better have a private meeting with you." After a while a messenger came in and said Judge Gresham would see me in his private room. When I got in the room, it was pretty well filled with post-office officials, and on the table there was a big album of letters and a watch and chain and some other things that did not belong properly to the Postmaster General's outfit, and Judge Gresham stepped forward and leveled a speech at me and said that they wished to give me a testimonial. I was placed where I had to stammer and show my appreciation, and thought the matter was over; but I was asked if I could stay two days and accept a banquet to be given by the officers of the Department. I accepted, of course, with the proviso, however, that there should be no speech-making. General Elmer, the Second Assistant Postmaster General, solemnly promised that there should be no speeches, and we sat down to the banquet in the large private dining-room at the Arlington Hotel. General Gresham had that day assumed the duties of Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Hatton had been made Postmaster General. After we had partaken of the repast and exchanged pleasant greetings, I thought the affair was about to end, but General Elmer arose and said, "I will be toast-master, and I will first call upon Judge Gresham for some remarks." I reminded them of the understanding that there should be no speech-making, and I was answered by everybody saying, "Oh, there won't be any speeches." Judge Gresham commenced by saying, "The President's Cabinet and the Justices of the Supreme Court are this evening giving a banquet to Lord Cockburn, Chan-

cellor and Chief Justice of England, but I preferred to be here, as I wish to pay a tribute to our friend." They all went on speaking, and some letters were read from ex-Postmasters General with whom I had served, and everything was pleasant for everybody but me; but the fact that I knew that the circle at that table would all get through their talks, which they had had plenty of time to prepare, and that sometime I would be reached and would be unable to avoid getting on my feet and trying at least to make some appropriate answer to some of the compliments that had been paid me, was not pleasant. I got through with it as best I could, but I am sure I did not deserve another banquet for any achievements on that occasion.

General Elmer, as Second Assistant Postmaster General, resigned his position to start a surety company in New York, the first company that did business on any extended scale, the American Surety Company. He took with him Henry D. Lyman, who had been Chief Clerk of the Bureau of which I was the head, and later was Chief Clerk of the Second Assistant's Department, and then Second Assistant Postmaster General. The large company they founded was successful. General Elmer died, and eventually Mr. Lyman became the President and has held the position for many years. Mr. Lyman has remarkable capacity in very many directions, and exhibited the qualities while a young clerk, which caused him to be promoted over all others to Chief Clerk, a selection approved by all of his fellow clerks. I used to think that he could do anything that he wished to do. He was asked to codify the statutes and decisions affecting post-office criminal laws, and when he set about it he found that there was no adequate system of indexing in use, and he proceeded to

invent one and get it copyrighted. All the leading law publishers in the country made arrangements and paid him a royalty. The United States Government also paid him a handsome sum for the use of the system in publishing United States Statutes. Before he entered our office he had a turn of rather bad health, and being through school was idle a short time with his father, who lived in Washington, and who was Chief of the Bureau of Navigation of the Treasury Department, and who was frequently called the lexicon or encyclopedia of the treaties and laws affecting the Treasury Department. While idle, young Lyman visited a new billiard hall in the neighborhood of his boarding-house, which was then in charge of the great French player Carme, and practiced a little by himself in the morning hours. Carme's attention was attracted, and he showed Lyman much about the game. Lyman found some books to study on the subject, and after a while Carme entered him in the amateur tournament at Philadelphia, and Lyman secured the gold-mounted cue as a trophy. He was fond of playing chess and draughts, especially checkers, and used to solve the problems published in the organs of the checker clubs, and when he was in my office he used to play occasionally at the Washington Chess and Checker Club. Then he compiled and published a book on the subject. One day Lyman brought Wyllie, a canny little Scotchman, the champion of the world, in to see me. He had been brought to this country by the checker clubs to play in all the cities. Lyman withdrew for a few moments, and Wyllie gave me a very interesting talk about devoting himself to checkers and playing championship games in various parts of the world, and so on, and also what his plan was for compensation, and

what his personal habits were to keep his mind in shape for playing, and he incidentally remarked, " This young man in your office is the greatest analyst of the game I ever knew." I asked whether he meant one who preserved the annals (as Lyman had published a book) or whether he meant a man who could analyze the game. He said, " I mean a man who can analyze the game. If he saw fit to devote himself to checkers, he would be the greatest player in the world, in my opinion." Lyman seemed able to improve anything he wished, and I have been told that the forms and rules used by the Insurance Company of which he is President show his versatile ability in very many ways.

CHAPTER VIII

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF PUBLIC MEN

I SAW President Johnson only at a distance, and never had any conversation with him. During his entire term I served as Special Agent of the Post-Office Department in Virginia, but on one occasion I received an order to turn over my keys and commission to the First Assistant Postmaster General at once, as my services had been discontinued. I went up to Washington that night and tendered my commission and post-office keys to the First Assistant. The Special Agents at that time, as are the Inspectors at present, were given the keys of all the different mail locks in use. I was unable to find out why I had been removed, until I went to the Second Assistant Postmaster General, Hon. George W. McLellan, one of the finest old gentlemen I ever knew, and asked him if he knew about it.

"Oh, yes, I know something about it," he said. "What do you go around making speeches for in Virginia against the administration? I thought better of you than that."

"I never made a speech in my life," I replied. "Never tried to talk on my feet at all. Could n't make a speech if I wanted to, and don't want to make a speech. What do you mean?"

"Why," he answered, "did n't you make this speech?" and he handed me clippings from a newspaper published at Woodstock, Virginia, which said,

President Chester A. Arthur

"Porter, the Post-Office Agent for this State, then delivered the following incendiary harangue." I glanced down a few lines and saw that he uttered the mild sentiment that Andrew Johnson ought to be hung as high as Haman. I saw the mistake at once. There was a politician named Charles H. Porter, extremely radical, not in general favor with white Republicans in the State, who was making extreme speeches, and the newspaper had confounded him with me. Just then the Postmaster General, A. W. Randall, who had apparently overheard some of our conversation, stepped in and offered me his hand.

"Well, how 's the great American radical who wants to see the President hung as high as Haman?"

"He did n't make that speech," interrupted McLellan. "Charles H. Porter made that speech, and the newspapers confounded him with our man who is n't making any speeches."

"Oh! that is it, is it? Well, you just hang around here and come in to-morrow."

The next morning I called, and the Postmaster General said, "That order is revoked. You go back and tend to your business."

"I don't know as I can afford to," said I. "That order has got into the papers, and I suppose it will be thought that I have come up here and changed my politics. I am a Republican and a member of the Republican State Committee, Mr. Randall. I am not a Democrat, and I am not following Mr. Johnson into the Democratic party. The Richmond papers, as I understand, say that I was removed for being a radical Republican, and if I go back they will say that I have come up here like some others have and crawfished."

"Never mind that. You go back and tend to your business," said Governor Randall.

The day that he handed over the Department to Postmaster General Creswell, after General Grant's inauguration, I happened to meet Governor Randall in the hall of the Department, and he took me into the office of the Appointment Clerk and said:

"I want to show you how many times your removal was ordered. There was an old Virginia shyster who used to be a clerk here before the war, and who went South to be a clerk in the Confederate offices. Afterwards he got a pardon from the President, and thought he could get your place. He kept writing the President, and here you will see a letter of his and the President has written on the back, in blue pencil, 'A. W. R. Look into this matter. Apparently this Agent in Virginia ought to be removed. A. J.' Well, such as that I could just pigeon-hole, — nothing ever thought of it, — but in my absence this letter from that applicant came with this newspaper clipping enclosed. The letter reads, in part, 'You can see what kind of a man your bread and butter Postmaster General is keeping in office down in Virginia, a man who says he wants to see you hung as high as Haman.' On the back of that you will see written, 'A. W. R. Remove this unworthy *official at once*. A. J.' When that came down, and I was away in New York, the First Assistant, of course, acted upon it, as he was Acting Postmaster General, but upon my return you explained that you did n't make that speech, so I put the papers in my pocket and when I went up to cabinet meeting I said, 'Mr. Johnson, we have made a mistake. We have removed a man down in Virginia named Parker for making a speech made by Charles H. Porter. A coun-

try newspaper down there has confounded their names.' 'Oh, well,' said Mr. Johnson, 'if an injustice has been done, correct it at once, Mr. Randall.' I did n't go into further explanation, and reinstated you. I thought I would let you see the trouble I had to keep some men in office."

I saw Mr. Johnson riding in a carriage in Richmond just before his inauguration as Vice-President. My brother, as Captain of the Guard, had charge of the mail steamer running from Washington to Richmond, and told me that he gave up his stateroom to Vice-President Johnson and Colonel Browning, who accompanied him. Colonel Browning came to my brother after the steamer had been out several hours, and said that they had made a mistake and had not brought along enough whiskey, and asked him if he thought he could get any on board. My brother said that he had a case under the lower berth in their room which had been presented to him, and which he had never opened because he did not drink, and that they were welcome to it. When the boat arrived in Richmond, Mr. Johnson was unable to walk without assistance. The next day no one called upon him, and he stayed in his room stewed with liquor and had his meals brought there. He returned to Washington on the boat with my brother and drank all the way back. I could readily believe Senator Stewart's story that when soon after this they found him and had him sworn in as President, he was grossly intoxicated.

Intemperate habits, which grew upon Mr. Johnson after middle life, clouded his reputation and usefulness seriously; but there is much to be said in commendation of his course as a staunch Union defender. He, with Parson Brownlow, Horace Maynard, Emerson

Etheridge, and other leaders, kept East Tennessee, a large proportion of whose mountain inhabitants were liberty-loving and brave, common people, and not as a general thing owning slaves, true and loyal to the Union cause as represented by Mr. Lincoln and Congress and the army. The great natural abilities and personal bravery of Andrew Johnson could not be questioned. A conductor on the East Tennessee Road, running from Lynchburg to Bristol, and who had occupied that position before the war for many years, told me that he had charge of the train which took Mr. Johnson on board at Lynchburg on his return home after delivering his great speech for the Union in the Senate in the session of '60 and '61. The speech had been widely printed in Virginia, and a very outspoken secession newspaper in Lynchburg had vigorously denounced Mr. Johnson. The Superintendent of the railroad, Colonel Owen, who, I think, was the father of the present Oklahoma Senator, telegraphed the conductor of the train coming from Washington to warn Mr. Johnson that a mob had gathered for the purpose of lynching him, and suggested that he had better leave the train at some station before the arrival at Lynchburg. But Mr. Johnson refused, and at Lynchburg walked boldly into the crowd and spoke to them, appealing to them to stand by the Union. The mob had even brought a rope to hang him with, but he faced them down so coolly that they allowed him to proceed to his home.

With General Grant, as I have said before, I was well acquainted, and I felt that I always possessed his confidence. I saw President Hayes only a few times, but in several cases when he requested that I should do so, I went to the White House to explain the reports

of Post-Office Inspectors, and he was very cordial and kind to me. He had a way of sending small cards with penciled instructions to the Department, and on several occasions when there was a protracted and heated contest over the appointment or removal of some postmaster, and Congressmen and Senators and delegations were calling upon him in connection with the case, he wrote on a card to the Postmaster General, "Ask Parker to investigate this personally. R. B. H." Finally, they came so fast that they kept me trotting about the country, but he always respected the report that I made, which in almost every case coincided with the reports of Inspectors who had had the case before.

I knew General Garfield quite well. While he was Member of Congress, I had on my force a Captain Charles E. Henry, who was perhaps General Garfield's closest friend. They were schoolmates at Hiram College. They went to the army together, and after Garfield was made a General, he had Captain Henry on his staff. At the close of the war Garfield got Henry appointed a Post-Office Inspector, and he was one of the very valuable officers of the Department. When Garfield was inaugurated President, he appointed Captain Henry United States Marshal for the District of Columbia in order to have Henry near him. The Captain and I boarded in the same house, and were always intimate. General Garfield, whenever he met me, would say, "Well, how's Charlie doing now?" or something of that sort. When General Garfield made a tour of the State of New York in furtherance of his candidacy for President, he went to New York by the New York Central Road and returned West by the Erie Road on a special train provided by the New York State Committee, Chairman T. C. Platt accom-

panying the train as far as Owego. I received a telegram in Washington from Captain Henry asking me to come over in time to go with the party up the Erie Road, leaving New York at nine o'clock in the morning, which I did. Mr. Garfield spoke at every station. He was accompanied by Senator Kirkwood of Iowa, Senator Benjamin Harrison of Indiana, and Congressman Williams of Michigan. He spoke about ten minutes generally, sometimes longer, and then one of the others would speak after him. General Garfield's appearance that day was very fine, and the impression that he made upon those who heard him seemed very striking. He was full of enthusiasm and vigor, and was felicitous in his remarks. The last speech was delivered at Olean, and a Committee from Chautauqua County and the Chautauqua Assembly met him at Salamanca and escorted him to the Chautauqua Assembly, where he remained over Sunday. I left the party at Randolph, my home station.

Senator Kirkwood, war Governor of Iowa, had more the appearance of a farmer than of a statesman, but was one of the very able and sound Lincoln style of men. He prepared himself to fire a direct shot at the target every time that he spoke; for example, his first speech was at Goshen in Orange County, and as we neared there he turned to me and said:

"What is the nature of my place that I am to speak at here? Is that the famous butter place?"

"Yes," I replied, "Orange County is famous for its butter, which is its chief industry, but they also raise very fine Hambletonian horses." A few minutes later at Goshen he said:

"Our Democratic friends claim that there is scarcely the slightest difference between their platform and

ours, between their principles and ours, that they have changed and we are now in accord, but speaking to you as farmers of Orange County, the most famous butter county in the whole United States," and then he referred to what the newspapers for several days had been publishing, namely, the report of a chemist employed by the State of New York that oleomargarine, which was then being made for the first time, could not be told from butter, that it was harmless, that it looked like butter and tasted like butter, and that there was no reason why it should be placed under the ban of the law, as the farmers were demanding it should be; and Senator Kirkwood added, " They say their platform is just like ours, but you farmers of Orange County won't accept a thing because it looks like the genuine, and tastes like the genuine, and can hardly be told from the genuine. You want the genuine thing. You don't want any oleomargarine." The enthusiasm and excitement of that crowd of several hundred Orange County farmers passed all bounds, and he displayed the same faculty of fitting his remarks to the place where he spoke, over the whole length of the Erie Road.

Senator Harrison sat in a seat by himself and read a book. When the Committees visited the train and accompanied it a short distance, they were always introduced to Senator Harrison, but he seemed diffident, and although he rose and spoke and shook hands, they left him speedily as though he had cast a pall over them. His speeches, however, were excellent. Mr. Williams of Michigan was a very popular stump-speaker, and did much to enliven things.

I saw General Garfield only twice after he was inaugurated President. He sent word to William B. Thompson, the Superintendent of the Railway Mail

Service, and myself by Captain Henry, that he wished we would come to him freely, out of hours, or any time with anything that we thought he ought to know about post-office affairs. He always seemed very frank and cordial in his intercourse with those he met.

I attended several days at the trial of Guiteau, Garfield's assassin. He appeared frivolous. When witnesses were being examined, he would interrupt with a question, and almost always the question was calculated to bring an answer that would cause a smile, at which Guiteau seemed to delight, and looked about the court-room for approval. He did not appear to have any realization of his position; and I think the feeling was general that he was a man of unbalanced mind; but the opinion expressed by the distinguished expert who examined him that " the prisoner is of unsound mind, but he is sane enough to be held responsible for his act " was accepted. I thought him egotistical and really silly. There are such men about Washington at all times. They seem to come there from all over the country, and no doubt it is true, as the distinguished doctor said, that these men are capable of understanding enough of the responsibility for their acts to be impressed and restrained by the convictions and executions of other criminals.

President Arthur I had met in New York several times, and while I did not see him at the White House very often during the time that I remained in office under him, I had, on several occasions, evidence of his confidence, especially when he appointed me postmaster at Washington. I have a very high opinion of his patriotism, ability, and entire fitness for the position. I never knew cases that were contested in the Post-Office Department, and carried before the Presi-

dent, to be decided with more wisdom than he exercised, and his decisions were independent of political influence. I will mention the matter of the postmistress at Randolph, New York. The office was filled by a Mrs. Owen, who had held it some twelve years. She was the widow of a soldier, and the mother of several daughters who were being well educated and who assisted in the conduct of the office. My family lived five miles away, but our mail came there, and the postmistress was well known to my wife, who respected her. On one occasion when I was home over Sunday, I was told that Mrs. Owen wished to see me before I went back, so Monday morning, when I went to take the train, I called at the post-office. She told me that her term was about to expire, and she was in doubt whether the Congressman would recommend her for reappointment.

"Now," she said, "I want you to help me through. You are in the Department and can."

"Mrs. Owen," I replied, "I have but a few moments, but I will give you some advice, as being a Post-Office official I would give anyone else. You are seeking reappointment when your term is out. Your proper course is to get a petition from your patrons, and obtain it at once, get also letters from prominent customers of the office who are known, and send them to the Member of Congress. Write him and keep writing him, and leave the matter in his hands."

She burst out crying and said, "Then you decline?"

"I would even decline to sign your petition, Mrs. Owen. People here know that I am in the Post-Office Department, and they would pass the word about that I was seeking to exercise an influence because I happened to be in the Department to procure the appoint-

ment of a postmaster, so you had better tell everyone that you get on your petition that you asked me to sign it and I declined. You can say that I said that, being an officer of the Department, I thought I ought not to sign your petition, and that the citizens here ought to name their own postmaster." She did as I directed, but she called up my wife and said that she had never been so surprised in her life as she had been when I plainly showed her that I was not her friend. My wife merely told her to follow my advice. She got up a petition and sent it to the Congressman. She also sent letters. Her petition, although hastily secured, embraced nearly every patron of the office whose signature would be desired.

The Congressman did not file her papers, nor did he send her any word other than acknowledging the receipt of the letters and petition and saying that they would be duly filed. But a relative of his living at Randolph went about getting up a petition. By getting the signatures of some section hands who were working on a change in the railroad work, and the patrons who lived farthest from the office, he obtained one more in number than Mrs. Owen had on her petition. He did not, however, have the business men of either party nor the leading men of the village. Eventually the Member of Congress filed both petitions and recommended the appointment of his relative. The New York clerk asked me one day to step in to the First Assistant's office with him and said to the First Assistant, "Here are the papers in that Randolph case, and I have not told Mr. Parker about them, but he lives there, and I think, perhaps, you would like to let him see how the case stands." After being informed, I had a conversation with the Postmaster General and told

him the facts in the case, and he said that he would look after it a little; that he thought the President ought to know all about it. The case hung along and the term expired, but as the postmistress was in office it was no injury to her, except the suspense. Every time that I went home I was besieged by people she would send to me at my home, and I simply told them to wait and let the case take its course. Mrs. Owen hailed me as I went by and said that she could not stand it, she must go to Washington, and I told her to stay at home and tend strictly to her duties. The Postmaster General said one day, after cabinet meeting:

"The post-office at Randolph has come up, and the President says the Member of Congress is persistent, and Mr. Warren of Buffalo and other intimate friends of the President have written him upon the subject asking him to make the appointment that the Member of Congress desires. I told him what you said, and he asked me to tell you to make a written statement, as you happened to live there. Make a statement as requested by him, and for him." I immediately wrote the President, saying:

"As you request through the Postmaster General that I should make a statement regarding the appointment of a postmaster at Randolph, New York, where I reside, I will say: the postmistress is a soldier's widow, a most estimable lady, administering the post-office in a manner meeting the approval of its patrons, and, in fact, exceptionally well in every respect. She asks a reappointment, and her opponent is a citizen of the place who did not serve in the army and has not been a prominent citizen in any sense. His reputation in some respects is rather inimical to his selection as

postmaster. He is said to have an ungovernable temper. The ladies of the village support the postmistress. The soldiers of that neighborhood, and in fact of the whole county, feel an interest in the case, as she is the widow of a soldier who lost his life. Her petition, as I know the people, has upon it the names of nearly all the patrons of the office, and every citizen of real prominence of both parties has recommended her appointment."

The President read my statement and told the Postmaster General that he would send her name to the Senate. The very next morning, when I came to my office in the Department, I found Mrs. Owen there. She said:

"I could not stay at home. I have come on and just arrived here to make a final appeal to you for help."

"Now," said I, "you go to the F Street side of this building and you will catch a car there that will take you right to the Capitol. Go to the Committee on Naval Affairs, of which our Member of Congress is a member, and which he visits mornings before going to the house. Go right to his Committee room, and if he is n't there wait until he comes. When he comes, tell him that you are anxious for his influence for your appointment, and that you have just arrived by train."

"Oh, I won't."

"You came to me first here to ask my assistance, did you not?"

"Yes."

"I tell you to do that. Now do it."

She did, and that evening she hunted out my boarding-place and reported as follows:

"I went to the Member of Congress, and he told me

that he would frankly say to me that he could not recommend my appointment; that he had recommended my opponent and that he would be appointed. I made up my mind that I was defeated and concluded to go home, but I saw in the paper that there was an afternoon reception at the White House and I went, not intending to say a word to the President about my case, but to attend the reception. I never had been in Washington before. The usher asked me my name, and I handed him my card, and as the line approached the President, the gentleman read out the card, 'Mrs. Josephine C. Owen, Postmistress at Randolph, New York.' The President greeted me kindly and said, 'I suppose you are down here to see about your appointment, Mrs. Owen.' I said, 'Yes, sir, and from what I heard I am disappointed.' He said, 'Never mind, You will be appointed to-day or to-morrow.'"

She had hunted up my boarding-house to thank me and to weep in the hall. The appointment, however, was not confirmed, but was held up at the request of the Member of Congress by Senator Miller of New York, a member of the Post-Office Committee. The Member of Congress also persuaded various associates to importune the President, and finally induced Mr. Warren of Buffalo and Mr. Hastings of New York, two of the President's dearest friends, to go to Washington and urge that the Member of Congress felt that his political life was at stake; that that appointment had worked into such a position that it meant more to him than any other appointment could in his District. The Postmaster General told me that the President said to them:

"I feel that I am right, gentlemen, and I cannot change my action unless I have additional light."

The fourth of March came, and President Arthur sat in the room off of the Senate signing the final bills. The President sent for Senator Miller and asked if they could confirm that post-office appointment in Randolph. The Senator replied:

"We are to have an Executive Session before we adjourn for a few cases, and I have told the Congressman that I should have it confirmed unless you withdrew it. I think you had better withdraw it for the sake of harmony." The Member of Congress also made a final appeal, and the President said:

"I am sorry to go contrary to your wishes, and I have not in any other case that I know of. I am sure, in this case, that I am doing right, and although my friends have importuned me to give way to your recommendation, I shall not do it."

She was confirmed, and continued in office the whole of her term.

As I resigned from Government service during President Arthur's term, I had no official acquaintance with any subsequent President.

Once in Buffalo I was invited to go to lunch with a couple of friends at a German restaurant on Exchange Street, and we were served by Peter Morganhagen and his wife to a substantial meal in the back room of the restaurant, the dishes being prepared by Mrs. Morganhagen in the German style of cooking. Mr. Morganhagen brought us a bottle of Rhine wine and asked us to share it with him, saying that he had brought it from his old home in Germany the year before. This led one of my friends who, while we were walking to the place, had said he would make Peter tell us about getting through the Custom House, to say to him:

"Let 's see, Peter, when you came back from Ger-

many, did n't you have a lot of trouble in the New York Custom House?"

"Well, we had a little trouble for a while," said Peter. "The way of it was this: Greiner and I had been talking about going back to Germany for the last ten years, and finally we got off and visited our old town and had a great time. They make a great many toys there, some of them of the kind we never saw in this country, and we both had a lot of them given to us, and we made up a big trunkful to give to all the grandchildren and the children of all of our friends here and brought it along. We were told that as it was for presents we would n't have any trouble about the Custom House duties. Of course, the wine that we bought we shipped in the regular way and paid duty on, but when we got to New York those fellows not only would n't pass that trunk of toys, but they put on great duties and penalties and talked about arresting us for smugglers, and they were mean as they could be, and I just told them, 'We will be back here and tend to this business.' We went away. Neither Greiner nor I am very much used to writing letters, but we got up a letter to President Cleveland, and we told him about it, and we asked him to help us out of the trouble, if he could. And when we went back to the wharf, I tell you everybody was just bowing and scraping. They could n't do enough for us. There were no duties and no penalties and no nothing but just apologies, and I guess we rubbed it into those fellows a little bit. Then we came home, and when we got home we got this letter."

He produced a letter, which was much worn and which was addressed on the envelope to Mr. Greiner but was addressed on the inside to "My dear old

friends," giving both names, with Morganhagen's name first.

"Now," said Morganhagen, "I wish you would give me your opinion on this; we cannot settle the question. The letter carrier delivered it to him, so he says he has got a right to keep it, but I told him, 'The President has put my name in first, so I have got a right to keep it,' and we have wrangled over it until we decided we just each of us keep it awhile to show to our friends, and I happened to have it now when you came."

The letter was, in substance, as follows:

MY DEAR OLD FRIENDS, — I received your letter, but you do not give me any address in New York, so I will have to write you at Buffalo; but I sent for a Treasury man and told him to send over word to have those things released, and if there was any duty to be collected, to send me the bill and I would remit it at once; and no doubt it was done and you got your things all right and I have n't had any bill and I presume I won't. I am glad to have the occasion to be of some service to you, and remember me to all my old German friends in Buffalo.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

An old friend, a lawyer in Buffalo and who was City Attorney, told me that when he was a law student in the office of one of the leading law firms in Buffalo, Grover Cleveland was in another leading firm's office in the same capacity. Everything had to be copied in long hand in those days, and it often happened that one of them would acknowledge service upon his firm by the other without really having copies served, and then occasionally some out-of-town client of one of the firms would be in Buffalo attending to court business, and would invite the clerk to the

theater or some other entertainment in the evening. In those cases the lucky one would try to work the other in on the invitation, and generally succeeded. They had not been admitted to the bar, but were permitted to practice in a Justice's Court, and it happened that in a small case they were on opposite sides. Justice Gardner fixed a time for the trial, and told them he would give them the afternoon, and would hold them down to the rules of evidence, and see what there was in them. They fought over the case for a whole afternoon, each one abusing the other more or less and abusing the opposing client a great deal, so that their clients were well satisfied. Cleveland won the case, and the Justice complimented them both. After it was over, Cleveland turned to my friend and said:

"Well, we have had our first case, and I think we both did pretty well. I have n't any money, but you probably have. Your client was a bar-tender, and probably he paid you."

"No," said my friend, "he promised to pay me $10 next week. Maybe he will have to steal the money; I don't know."

"Well," said Cleveland, "I know of a German around here on Exchange Street who will slate me for suppers. Let 's go and celebrate our first trial."

They were similarly situated; a relative, in each case, was paying their necessary expenses while acquiring a knowledge of the law, and they had but very little spending money. However, they went around to Peter Morganhagen's and ate a sumptuous supper.

Mr. Cleveland's hold upon his German friends in Buffalo was always firm, and they supported him for all offices where he was a candidate. Morganhagen

said to us, " We Germans always stood by Cleveland. We know he is honest, and we know he will work hard in the office he holds." The recent elaborate tributes to the memory of Mr. Cleveland hardly say more than this honest German said.

In 1897 the annual G. A. R. Encampment was held in Buffalo. In the capacity of President that year of the Veteran Association of the Seventy-second New York, I telegraphed General Sickles to inquire whether he was going to be present. He answered that he could not be there, as he had to deliver an address at the unveiling of a monument to his friend Edwin M. Stanton at Steubenville, Ohio, the second day of the Grand Army Encampment. The Bell Telephone Company of Buffalo, of which I was Vice-President and General Manager, had a large vacant room, which had just been vacated by a bank, on West Seneca Street near Main, which I placed at the disposal of the Veteran Association, and we put out a sign, " Headquarters of Sickles Brigade," and put an announcement to that effect in the newspapers. We soon received a telegram from General Sickles that he would be able to reach Buffalo Wednesday morning, and I met him at the train and took him to the Niagara Hotel to be my guest. The rooms had all been engaged long beforehand, but it happened that an apartment was vacated on the ground floor, and I secured it for General Sickles, who moves about on crutches, his leg having been amputated near the hip, which prevents his going up and down stairs. President McKinley and Mrs. McKinley were guests at the house, with several members of his cabinet, and also Governor Black of New York and staff. A notice was placed in all the papers that a reception would be given General

Sickles at the brigade headquarters on West Seneca Street at one o'clock, and quite a crowd collected. Veterans from all of the regiments of the original Sickles Brigade, which he raised and commanded, were there and were all very enthusiastic in greeting the General, who returned their salutations with cordiality. He was called upon to make a speech, and asked us to lift him up on the table and set a chair there for him, so he could look everybody in the face. This was done, and he spoke interestingly about the war and the veterans, and his speech was reported at the time. He closed by saying:

"We veterans have a friend now in the White House. William McKinley will always be found to be a friend of the soldier. By the way, he asked me this morning to name some office of importance under the Federal Government that I would accept, and I told him there was but one office that I would take. If he would declare war for Cuba, I would go there as its first Governor, and I can assure you, and the people of the country, that William McKinley's sympathies are with Cuba, and that he will be found in the right place when circumstances require action."

This was a most significant utterance at that particular time. General Sickles had been Minister to Spain, and was familiar with the situation. The country was being agitated over the question of interfering for the liberty of Cuba, and President McKinley had not before been quoted as being in favor of any action in Cuba's behalf.

While the General was speaking, he inquired if there was any soldier present who remembered him after his wound at Gettysburg, and said that he had received a letter from the Adjutant General of the army within

a few days, asking him for particulars regarding his being carried off from the field. A man spoke up and said that he was the Chief Musician of the First Regiment, and that the musicians acted as stretcher bearers at the battle of Gettysburg; that he happened to be near when General Sickles was wounded, and with two other musicians bore him from the field.

"Tell us about it," said General Sickles.

"You were placed upon the stretcher," continued the man, "and a doctor applied a tourniquet to your limb and you looked very pale, but did n't faint away. You directed a staff officer to inform General Birney that you had been wounded, and that the command of the Third Corps would devolve upon him. Another officer came up just then and said, 'The report has gone up and down the line that you are killed, General, and we are afraid that it will have a bad effect upon the men.' You then said to me, 'Feel in my inside pocket for my cigar case. Take out a cigar, light it and put it in my mouth, and then carry me along the line of battle of my Corps'; and this was done, and the men cheered, and you did n't seem able to reply to them, but you puffed the cigar industriously."

"I guess that is the statement they want," said the General, "and I wish you would write it out and send it to me."

General Sickles' career has been a most eventful one. When a young man, he was elected District Attorney of the City and County of New York, then member of the Legislature and of the State Senate, then Secretary of Legation to England under James Buchanan as Minister. He returned from England in charge of the boom to nominate Buchanan for the Presidency, which was successful. He was elected to Congress for sev-

eral terms before the war and also after the war. He was Minister to Spain after the war, Minister in special mission to South America under General Grant, commanded the Military Department of the Carolinas for a time, was Sheriff of the City and County of New York in an emergency period, and his last office was Alderman, taken in order to secure certain legislation which he and others wanted for the Bronx, where he is a large real-estate owner. He has served on various commissions, Civil Service Reform Commission, Commission to mark the Battlefield of Gettysburg, and was Brigadier and Major General in the army, and is still a Major General of the United States Army on the retired list.

We drove about the city while the encampment was going on and visited the G. A. R. camp at Fort Porter. Secretary of War Alger had directed that when the Major Generals, of whom three or four were present, visited the grounds a salute should be fired; so, as we drove into the encampment, twelve guns boomed. General Sickles was called out of the carriage to go into the auditorium and make a speech, and he aroused the veterans to great enthusiasm.

In the evening Leopold Marcus of Buffalo, who at the outbreak of the war was a Lieutenant in our regiment, but who was wounded and resigned, came to the hotel with a carriage and took General Sickles, my wife, and myself to a reception given at the rooms of one of the clubs which had been placed at the disposal of the military order of the Loyal Legion. The New York Commandery kept open house with its Buffalo members as a Committee in Charge, and Mr. Marcus, whose son is now one of the Supreme Court Justices of the District, acted as our host. I was a member of

the Loyal Legion but of the District of Columbia Commandery, so I was not an entertainer but a guest. The club rooms were well filled with companions of the order and ladies, and there were many greetings of old friends and introductions, and some speaking and some music by the ladies. General Lew Wallace was there with his old friend General McGinnis, who was the first Colonel of the regiment that Wallace afterwards commanded. These two old friends were inseparable. Their arms were locked as they went about the city among the soldiers and through the camp and at evening, as happy as two brothers who had come together after a long absence.

The next day General Sickles said he wished "to see how it looked down at Niagara Falls," because while in the Legislature he had been instrumental in passing the bill that placed the State in the position of sponsor for the Falls Park. Mr. Littell, the Manager of the Buffalo Street Railroad System, boarded at the hotel, and cheerfully placed a car at the disposal of the old General and a staff which he enrolled on the spot. Mrs. Parker he named Colonel, and Mrs. Littell, Major. I could not well go, but sent a young man to look after the arrangements, and they had a very jolly day. Everywhere they went about the Falls old soldiers would recognize the General and raise a cheer for "Dan Sickles."

That evening I went with him to call upon Mrs. McKinley at her rooms, and General Sickles, who knew her well, congratulated her upon the heartfelt attention that was exhibited towards her husband by the soldiers, but she said:

"Ah! I don't care about it. If I had had my way, he would not be President. I did n't want him to ac-

cept the nomination. He has done enough for his country, and he owed the balance of his life to himself and his family and friends in peace and quiet, but it was ruled otherwise, and we must make the best of it."

George C. Gorham of California and Nevada was a very brilliant journalist and politician. United States Senator Sargent of California was his particular friend, and when Sargent was the incoming Senator, it was decided that Mr. Gorham should aspire to election as Secretary of the Senate. The outgoing Senator from California, Senator Cole, however, was especially hostile to Mr. Gorham, and while he would not be a member of the next Senate and could not vote for or against him, the contest was really made in the preceding session. Senator Cole electioneered against Mr. Gorham very strenuously, and especially inflamed Senator Sumner against Gorham by describing Gorham as a very vulgar man. He told Senator Sumner that in a political altercation Gorham had called him an unmentionable name, and Senator Sumner said to several persons, including Senator James Nye of Nevada, who was quite a favorite of Senator Sumner, although considered a rather offhand, rough man himself, that he could not support such a man as Gorham for Secretary of the Senate, and that he hoped no such man would ever be elected to that office; and he repeated what Senator Cole had told him about the epithet that Gorham had applied to Cole. The contest seemed to be close, and Sumner's attitude rather worried the Pacific Coast gentlemen. Congressman Daggett from Nevada, who told me this story, was equal to the occasion. He proposed a very daring flank movement on Senator Sumner. A noted miner, named James Collins, who was a Republican, was in the city,

from Nevada, and the next evening Collins called at Mr. Sumner's elegant bachelor house next the Arlington Hotel, and asked the colored butler for Senator Sumner. The butler replied:

"You kyant see him now, sah. You will have to make an appointment with him at the Senate. He is busy in his library and kyant see you unless you have made an appointment!"

"Oh, that's all right," said Collins. "He is a friend of mine," and pushed by the astonished butler and into the library, the door of which was open.

Senator Sumner arose, indignant, and said, "To whom am I indebted for this intrusion?" but Collins, a handsome fellow, well dressed and wearing large diamonds, exclaimed:

"Ah, Mr. Sumner, you are just the man I thought you were! I have got your picture. I am from Nevada, Virginia City, and our Senator Nye got your picture for me, and I expect has pestered you considerable for your speeches, 'cause I have written him and written him to send every word that you ever uttered, until he told me that I better let up for a while. I have come East on business. I am a miner and interested in mines, and I came East to New York to dispose of a mine to an English syndicate, and have closed up the business and got my pay, but thought I would not go back without coming by Washington for a few days, and I asked Senator Nye to come up and introduce me, but he said that he could n't come this evening, and I want to go away to-morrow, so I came by myself. We have a strong club of miners out in Virginia City and Gold Hill, called the Sumner Club. We read your speeches to them, and they would n't forgive me if I came back without having come to see you. We have got your

picture, and we are going to have a portrait painted from it to have hung in our club rooms. Oh, you are the man for us, all right. We calculate some day to vote for you for President, and consider that that day is not very far distant. We are working to that end, and I can raise not only votes but a pretty sum to help when you do run. I would n't mind contributing, well, a pretty large amount, up in the thousands, I would give freely myself."

Mr. Sumner still stood erect. "Well, sit down, Mr. Collins, sit down, I am quite interested."

"Oh, I could n't take a chair," said Collins, "I am so excited. I really never expected to see you face to face like this. I have had an idea that you are just about my height. Let 's see; let 's measure. Just about, just about. You are larger, but I believe I could throw you, but I would like to see you walk. I have read about your walk as you enter the Senate. I am sorry that I won't be able to see you there. Just walk off across the room once for me. Oh, that 's the thing! That 's fine. I want you to understand that we appreciate and admire all of you leading Republican ——— — ———!"

"Tut, tut, tut!" said Senator Sumner. "What do you mean by using those words?"

"Oh, forgive me. I had forgotten in my excitement that I was in the East instead of in the West. Why, that 's a term of endearment out there. We call people by that name freely and don't think anything of it. I know that out here it is unpardonable, but please overlook it. Well, I don't propose to stay here and worry you, and you have got your important duties as a statesman to perform. No doubt you are studying up the material for one of those great speeches."

"Give me your name," said Senator Sumner, "and perhaps — and I will send you some volumes — public addresses. Did you say that you were going to have a large portrait painted?"

"Indeed, we are. I suppose I have got as good a photograph as there is. Senator Nye sent it to me. I think he got it from you."

"I am not sure about that," said the Senator. "I had some in my desk in the Senate, but I will see that you have a picture for your club. Don't be in a hurry."

"Oh, I have to go. I have got quite a number of men to see, and I am going away to-morrow and I must leave." They shook hands warmly, and Mr. Collins withdrew.

The next day Senator Sumner told Nye he guessed that there was not any real substantial reason why he should vote against Mr. Gorham; that he had heard that he was a gentleman of literary attainments, and while he had some Western ways and used some expressions that were not proper, he probably would drop them in his intercourse with gentlemen in the East. Sumner voted for Gorham, and Gorham was elected and served as Secretary of the Senate for many years.

At the time of the campaign in New York that elected Governor Cornell, my home was in Randolph, and I was in Washington as Chief Post-Office Inspector. Robert Marvin, the President of the Jamestown Republican Club, telegraphed me asking me to see if I could not get some prominent speakers for a meeting in Jamestown; that they had applied and done their best, but that the speakers assigned were not conspicuous men. Happening to be in New York, I carried the telegram to General Arthur, who was Chairman of the Republican State Committee, at the Fifth Avenue

Hotel, and as I was going into his room, I met General George A. Sheridan, the Register of Deeds in Washington, whom I knew well. I knew that Sheridan was one of the best speakers in the country, but I had never heard him. I asked him if he were going to speak in the campaign in New York, and he said they had sent for him and had just handed him a list of ten cities where they wanted him to speak in the eastern part of the State. I told him I wished we could get him out to Jamestown. He said he would like to speak in my neighborhood, but that they had given him his assignments and he did not suppose he could get them changed. I asked him to stay around awhile and let me see if I could not get him up there. Then I went in and showed General Arthur the telegram from Jamestown. There was quite a feeling against the Conklin and Arthur wing of the party in the western part of the State, which favored Blaine. General Arthur, with this evidently in mind, said to me:

"Why don't you get Blaine to go out there and speak? They are all for Blaine out that way, I understand."

"Why," I said, "how could I get Blaine?"

"He just arrived here this morning," replied Arthur, "is in this hotel, upstairs. Go and get him. Tell him that I would like to have him go, and will provide for his expenses in every way."

As I reached the office of the hotel, I saw Governor Fenton of Jamestown coming in. He went out of the party to support Greeley, and had just returned that fall, and was supporting Governor Cornell. I showed him the telegram and asked him to help get Blaine, and he said, "All right. Let 's go and see him, if he is in the house." The clerk first said that he was n't,

and then that he would n't see anybody, and then sent a boy with the cards, and the boy came back with the message to come right up. We went up to Mr. Blaine's room, and were told in a faint voice to come in, and when we got in the room heard him say from the bathroom, " Sit down. I will be out in a little while," and we waited for him to bathe, and when he came out Governor Fenton told him what my mission was. Mr. Blaine said:

" Oh, I cannot go. I have withdrawn from the Maine canvass because my voice has given out, and I have come down here to get a rest and consult a physician."

" Well," I interrupted, " you don't speak like a man with an exhausted voice"; and Governor Fenton urged, " Come up and stay over Sunday with me and rest, and you will be able to talk Monday."

" Well," said Blaine, " I would like to do that, Fenton, and if they will only put a good man with me that I can throw the meeting on to if I don't feel right, I will do it. Whom could you get?"

" I can get George Sheridan," said I.

" Is that so?" said Blaine. " Certainly I will go at once. He is the best political speaker — well, maybe barring Bob Ingersoll — in the United States. I have never heard him, although he has spoken with me a number of times, because when I was through I would leave the meeting. Don't dare stay on account of catching cold, but I know that he is all right."

I went back to General Arthur, and he changed three of Sheridan's meetings to Wellsville, Elmira, and with Blaine Monday at Jamestown. I sent a long telegram to Marvin and told him to make a feature of Sheridan in his announcement. Saturday I arrived home at Ran-

George A. Sheridan

dolph from Washington and saw large posters up: "Grand Republican Rally. Hon. James G. Blaine, of Maine, and other speakers will address the meeting Monday at two o'clock at the Opera House at Jamestown." I was very indignant, and immediately set the local printing office to work printing bills the same size announcing: "Hon. James G. Blaine, the Plumed Knight of Maine," and, in equally large type, "America's greatest political orator, Hon. George A. Sheridan of Louisiana." He had been Member of Congress from Louisiana. Then I arranged with some men to go out Saturday night to Jamestown and place these bills over the others all through town, which they did successfully, and Sunday the people saw the different bills pasted over those they had seen earlier in the week. Monday my wife and I went to Jamestown to attend the meeting. When we boarded the train, we found George Sheridan, who gave me these directions:

"Now look here! On arrival at Jamestown I want to go quietly to a quiet room in a good hotel and go right to bed. It will be about half-past eleven. I don't want to be disturbed, and I want to sleep just about an hour. About one o'clock I want them to serve me a dinner of a great, thick beefsteak with fried potatoes and plenty of coffee and bread, and this is all I want. Then I want a barber to come and shave me, and then I will go with whoever comes for me to the place of the meeting."

But when we got off the car at Jamestown "Sine" Jones, the Republican State Committeeman for the District, and Robert Marvin and John A. Hall were there to take charge of Sheridan. I told them that I wanted to take him right to a hotel, and they looked very queer at me and said, "That don't go. We have

fixed it. He is going to Mr. Hall's house. He is n't going to the hotel." I knew Mr. Hall very well, and I repeated Sheridan's directions to him. As Mr. Hall and Sheridan started off in a carriage, Jones said to me:

"It appears as though you are taking considerable responsibility on your shoulders."

"Well," I said, "after I had succeeded in getting those speakers, especially Sheridan — Blaine will draw people here, but he can't talk to them like Sheridan — you left his name off the bills. What 's the reason of it all?"

"Well," said Jones, "you got his name on the bills all right, but we heard from one of our friends in Akron, Ohio, when we were talking it over, that this Sheridan is a regular low-down bum and will disgrace us, and that he will go to a hotel and fill up with whiskey and talk in a maudlin way and make a show of himself." I emphatically denounced the statement as a libel and a lie, and told them that Blaine would n't have come unless we could have gotten Sheridan with him, and I quoted Blaine's remark that Sheridan was "the greatest political speaker in the country, perhaps barring Bob Ingersoll." A little later word came from Governor Fenton's that Mr. Blaine felt so well that he would make a two-hour speech in the afternoon, and that the Committee better have an evening meeting for General Sheridan at which Mr. Blaine would announce him. Sheridan stayed at home quietly in the afternoon, and in the evening made the finest political speech I ever heard. He enthused the crowded house to the greatest degree. Afterwards Jones and Marvin took him to the Jamestown Club, and Jones called for his special brand of whiskey and said to Sheridan:

"You have given us a great speech, go in now and drink all you want."

"I don't know just what you mean," said Sheridan. "It is my practice to sip half a goblet of water with a little whiskey poured in it and then go to my room and go to bed, being careful to wrap up and not catch cold, because I perspire quite freely while speaking"; and that was all we could persuade him to take.

When Mr. Lincoln made a canvass of Illinois before the war and came to Chicago, the Young Men's Republican Club put General Sheridan, then a young lawyer with fine prospects, forward as the orator to speak with him. Mr. Lincoln was so pleased that he asked the State Committee to have young Sheridan speak with him about the State, and this broke up Sheridan's law practice and launched him as a political orator. At the close of the war, in which he served as a Captain, he went to Louisiana to live and became Adjutant General of the State and then was elected to Congress. He told the audience at Jamestown, "I understand that some persons here have confused me with the great soldier, General Philip Sheridan. I am not General Philip Sheridan, nor was I a great soldier. I am not his brother, nor his sister, nor any relation to him whatever. I served in the army modestly as a Captain, but have been called General because I was Adjutant General of Louisiana." In various political campaigns he spoke with Governor Morton, Senator Sherman, General Garfield, Mr. Blaine, and other speakers, and was always in great demand. He told me many instances of his campaigning with Governor Morton and others. When Governor Morton fought the greenback craze, he had a very carefully prepared speech on the financial question, and always spoke first.

Sheridan's speech was intended to be lighter and calculated to enthuse the audience. His speeches appeared to be impromptu, but he really devoted a great deal of time to their preparation. Governor Morton, then Senator Morton, used to turn to him and borrow a greenback to use as an illustration, and would read the note to the audience and say, "This is not money. It is a note, a promise to pay money. It says, 'the United States will pay one dollar on demand,' that is, you present this note and get your money." Senator Morton got to cribbing from Sheridan's speech. He took first one bright thing after another until, in spite of all Sheridan's remonstrances, he left his speech a skeleton. Sheridan told Morton that he had worked weeks on that speech and could not fill the gaps, and threatened to get even with him when he could. Finally the time came when Senator Morton was detained. Sheridan, who had learned every word of Morton's speech, got up and began to speak as Morton arrived, and delivered Morton's speech from first to last, including the turning to Morton and borrowing a greenback. Morton was very angry and kept talking to him and telling him to stop, and at its conclusion Morton put his hand to his throat and excused himself to the audience and said he would be unable to speak. On the way back to the hotel Morton said, "George, I will let you alone if you will let me alone." When Sheridan spoke in Mansfield with Senator Sherman, who was a very solemn individual, he told the audience that Sherman had told him all about his earlier life there, and that he had told him about going out to Jake Hargas' to steal water-melons. Sherman spoke to Sheridan from the back, saying, "Don't you tell them such lies as that. They all know it is un-

true," but Sheridan invented some more pranks, and Sherman never forgave him. Once when campaigning with Garfield they were told that there was a lawyer in the town who would spring some questions about taxing the United States bonds, and Garfield was worried and said:

"I hope he will spring it on you, Sheridan, but if he springs it on me I will throw it on you some way."

"All right," said Sheridan, "I will take it." As predicted, the lawyer arose in the back of the audience and said:

"I would like to ask a question or two. I would like to inquire why the United States bonds in the hands of our bloated aristocrats cannot be taxed."

"You would? What is your occupation, sir?"

"Well, I pretend to be a lawyer. I have a practice."

"You pretend to be a lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Very well, that 's about it, I guess. Pretend to be a lawyer! You say you have some cases. Do you look at your law books?"

"Some of them I do, sir. I did n't ask the question to be insulted."

"But do you ever study the United States Supreme Court Reports?"

"I have examined them some, sir."

"Don't you know that the Supreme Court of the United States decided that those bonds could not be taxed?"

"No, I did not know it."

By this time the audience was interrupting with shouts of "Don't mind him." "He is a crank." "He does n't know any law."

"Well," said Sheridan, "I can say that he is defi-

cient as a lawyer," and went on. But the lawyer mustered up spunk and arose again.

"Will you please tell me the case in which that decision was rendered?"

"And you pretend to be a lawyer and say you have some practice! God help your clients. The case, sir, is the case of Cooley *vs.* The United States, reported in the 25th of Wallace."[1]

General Garfield was very much put out and after the meeting said:

"Sheridan, I am afraid of you. You know there is no such case and no such decision."

"But there are just such fools around," said Sheridan. "What else could I tell him?"

"Well," said Garfield, "I am glad he did n't ask me. I don't want you to do that any more."

"All right," said Sheridan, "I will give them something else."

The next day after the meeting at Jamestown, I joined Mr. Blaine at Cuba, he having gone there on a morning train and made a speech. He asked me to telegraph ahead, as he had many friends, some of whom might perhaps come to the stations. I arranged the matter, and there were numbers of people at every station, although it was a rainy day, and he shook hands and talked to them a little, and Committees and others rode short distances with us. He exhibited his marvelous memory several times during the day. Hon. Hamilton Ward, who had not seen him at the meeting at Cuba, but who got on the train and rode to Hornellsville, spoke to Mr. Blaine and Blaine said:

"Ward, do you remember when I first met you?"

"No," answered Ward, "although it must have

[1] The last volume of Wallace is *Vol. 23!*

been when I first came to Congress, and you were Speaker."

"I met you," said Blaine, "in the rotunda of the Capitol, and you were with Dan Lockwood of Buffalo, and he introduced you to me and said that you were just elected."

Blaine turned to speak to someone else, and Ward said, "I don't remember about that, but just before I took my seat in Congress I was in a lawsuit with Lockwood before the Supreme Court, and Lockwood said when I went to Washington he would go around to the Departments and introduce me."

To some Binghamton gentlemen Mr. Blaine talked about the distinguished citizens of Broome County, Daniel Dickinson and others, and spoke of Governor Clinton having been born in the county. Some of the gentlemen present said, "You are mistaken, Mr. Blaine, Governor Clinton was not born in Broome County." Mr. Blaine replied, "He was born in the southern part of your county, and his family moved while he was still small further up on the Hudson." They did not dispute further, but Mr. Blaine was right and they were wrong.

I did not see very much of Senator Conklin while in Washington, and I did not suppose that he knew me until a short time before I left the city. I had been introduced to him several times, but at such introductions he would barely glance, and say, "How do you do?" or "How are you?" and when I met him on the street or in a car or any place afterward he never recognized me. Visitors to Washington from New York, so far as I knew, never called upon him. When the Hon. A. G. Dow of Randolph, who had been State Senator and State Committeeman, and who knew

and entertained a very high respect for Mr. Conklin, visited me in Washington, he called upon the other New York Senator, but did not go to see Mr. Conklin. I never saw him at the Post-Office Department, but one evening when I went to the station to take the train to New York, and was waiting outside the gates, he was walking back and forth by the train inside the station and called out to me by name to come in and said that he wanted to talk with me. So I went inside, and he took my arm and we walked up and down. He said:

"I thought you went East this morning. I saw by the paper that you had accompanied the Postmaster General on a trip East."

"The Postmaster General and Mr. Hazen," said I, "went this morning, and I am to meet them to-morrow morning in New York and go to Hartford with them."

"Oh, yes," he said, "I see. How are things out in Western New York?" and he talked about politics and politicians, showing a thorough knowledge of men and politics in Western New York. About time for the train to leave we passed into the car, and he asked me to come into his drawing-room and sit awhile. I did so, and he continued the conversation; asked about the postal service and showed in every way that he knew who I was. The next time I met him he passed me as before. I never knew him to seek the appointment of a person in our Department. Governor Wells, whom I had known well in Virginia, and who had moved to Washington, told me that he had an engagement with Conklin at his house one morning, and while he was waiting in the parlor a woman was shown in who said she wanted to see the Senator about getting an order revoked sending her husband, who was in

the Signal Service, away from Washington. Governor Wells had no idea that she could succeed in such a mission, but when the Senator came in he said:

"This lady wishes to speak to you, and I will wait."

"What is it, my good woman?"

"My husband belongs in the Signal Service here, in the Weather Bureau. He enlisted in that service after having served during the war with the understanding that he would not be moved, and we have bought a little home here. Now he is ordered way off West, and I don't understand that there is any reason for it, except that the new Superintendent is going to shift the service about. My husband was a New York soldier, and I felt free to come and ask you to try and secure a revocation of the order. We have a large family of children and our home partially paid for."

"My good woman," said the Senator, "what do you think I am elected Senator for? What do you think the people of the great Empire State sent me here to do, to represent them in the United States Senate and consider matters of importance to them and to the nation and help make laws, or to be an errand boy, running from Department to Department, from pillar to post, asking that routine orders should be rescinded, and little appointments obtained for New Yorkers? I would n't come here to do such work. I can do nothing for you. Probably the order is a good one, in the interests of the service."

The woman seemed thoroughly broken-hearted and arose to depart, but Governor Wells said, "Senator, I have my carriage here, and if you would like me to do it, I will take this woman to the Department and use your name and say that you desire, under the circumstances, that the order should be revoked and he

be retained in Washington during his enlistment term, as he was led to think he would be." The Senator warmly shook the Governor's hand and said:

"I thank you, Governor; do it for the poor woman. I cannot do such work, though, myself. I could n't find words to talk in her behalf if I went there. Do that for me and you will do me a great favor."

The Governor succeeded, with the use of Senator Conklin's name, which was really "open sesame" at the Departments when he cared to interest himself, in having the man retained in Washington.

I knew Speaker T. B. Reed. He came to the Department frequently with matters that took him into my office, and he was always very gracious and pleasant when I met him. When my wife and I were journeying on the Erie Road through Ohio on one occasion, Mr. Reed came into the sleeping-car where we happened to be the only occupants. When he saw us, he came over to our seat, and while speaking to us, he took hold of the rod running along the top of the car to which the curtains were affixed when the berths were made up and stood there supporting himself by his hold of that rod. I realized then what an immense man he was. He was in a merry mood. He said that he was making a few speeches out there for his friends McKinley and Taylor, and that he had spent the evening before at the station where he had got aboard and was going to speak at a place an hour ahead of us. I asked him if he found it tiresome to go about making speeches.

"Oh," he said, "it 's all in a lifetime. There is n't very much variety in this business, very much less than any one would suppose. Now, let me predict what will come to me before you leave me, and then you watch

out and we will compare notes. About the next station a Committee will come in here. There will be a serious, sober, gray-haired man, with billy-goat whiskers, who won't say a word but who will really be the rich man of the town. Then there will be a man who will do the talking. They will call him Judge, and he will talk in quite a learned way to me about the hardship of traveling, of making speeches, and that it must be worrying and tiresome, and he will also refer to my career in Congress and he will be quite a talker. Then there will be at least two young men, who will be smart-looking, well dressed, have a big heavy watch-chain hitched in the lower button of the vest and with a big Masonic badge on the chain, Knight Templar, maybe thirty-second degree badge. These fellows will be awfully bashful and they won't say much, but they are the workers in that town. They are Committeemen. There will be one or two more, but these are the types of the Committee. Sometimes I feel like having a little fun with them, but it won't do as a rule, and I try my best to put them at their ease, for they are very bashful generally. Then we will come up to the station, and I understand that the town is over half a mile from the station and that the speech is to be delivered in the village. At the station there will be a brass band that will commence tooting long before we get there, 'Hail to the Chief' and maybe 'Hail Columbia,' and there will be a big four-horse wagon with a lot of little girls on it all dressed in white with sashes and flags, bareheaded on this cold day, shivering in the cold, but all standing there for liberty, and each one of them representing one of the States of the Union. Then there will be a fellow with a Grand Army hat and a badge, mounted on a horse flying

around directing everybody. Then there will be a marching club, quite likely, having a banner of first voters or something of that kind. Then there will be a carriage, provided there is one in that town, most likely an open rig, with four horses maybe, and maybe two, but most likely four horses, and a very important fellow sitting on the box. The Chairman of the Committee, probably the Judge, will ride with me in the carriage, and he would n't let anybody else in there on any account, and we will go ahead, and the band will toot, and the procession will march, the girls will shiver and wave their flags, and I will be sorry for the children for fear they will take cold."

The Committee came aboard, and they were actually pretty near as he described them. There was the lawyer, and there was the richest man in town, and he did have chin whiskers, and there were two young fellows with the big watch-chains and the cuffs with big sleeve-buttons, and then, when we arrived at the station, there was almost identically what he had described; and as Mr. Reed got in the carriage he looked back and saw we were at the open windows, and he made a big sweeping gesture with his arm, as much as to say, "Here they are, just as I told you."

In addition to the time that Mr. Greeley came to Richmond to sign the bond of Jefferson Davis, I met him on several occasions. Once when in New York I called on Samuel Sinclair, publisher of the "Tribune," and while we were talking Mr. Greeley came in.

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Greeley, "I told you I would let you know how oats turned out up at Chapauqua. The straw is more than five feet long, but there ain't oats enough on that piece of ground to feed a horse once, hardly."

"I told you, Mr. Greeley, and so did Mr. Robinson, that you were making that land so rich that it would just run to straw."

"Yes, I know you did, Sam, but I have always thought you could n't have land too rich to grow grain. I will know better next time. Don't tell Robinson. Maybe he will find it out, but don't tell him."

Robinson was the agricultural editor of the paper. Mr. Sinclair said that was a fair sample of Mr. Greeley's farming; that he was not a farmer, but that he did much to encourage farmers, and his newspaper was very popular among the farmers of the whole country.

In the fall of 1864, while I was at the house of Colonel Augustus F. Allen, of Jamestown, Mr. Greeley stayed over night there. He did not speak in Jamestown, but he was driven in the morning to Panama, where he spoke, and then went on and visited his brother in the town of Clymer, Chautauqua County. He had been speaking elsewhere in the State. Colonel Allen and Mr. Greeley's family were intimate friends, and Mrs. Allen's sister, Mrs. Drury, who lived with them at that time, had received a letter from Mr. Greeley's sister, Mrs. Cleveland, to make him change his clothes there, as he had been out a week. So Mrs. Drury opened his traveling bag and laid out some clean clothes, and reminded him of it before he retired, and he said, "All right, all right." There were many callers in the evening to see Mr. Greeley, and the large parlor was filled with people. He walked about the center of the room and talked with everybody there. Very many of the people were personal acquaintances, as he had once lived in Jamestown and had been there from time to time. He was a most entertaining and

instructive talker upon general subjects and the politics of the country, his remarks being full of well-digested information. In the morning Mrs. Drury was on the watch for him when he came downstairs, and she found he had not changed his clothes. She stopped him and said:

"Now you go right back and change your clothes."

"Oh," he said, "it does n't make a bit of difference, not a bit of difference."

"Well, Mrs. Cleveland wrote me to be sure and make you change your clothes, so you must go up and change them."

"Well, but I am in a hurry."

"It does n't matter. There is plenty of time, and we will wait breakfast. You can't go into breakfast until you have gone back and changed your clothes, and I will go up and fix your bag for you."

He went back, muttering, and when he came down he had his necktie, which was one of the old square black ties, wapsed about his throat and the tie sticking up in his ear and his collar turned around, and Mrs. Drury unbuttoned his vest and straightened things out and got his collar and necktie in the right place, and it was disclosed through all this that he wore a red flannel shirt and a dicky, which was only a bosom and a collar, tied by tapes around the body. She fixed him up and allowed him to go into breakfast, and as he sat down he said:

"These women actually make life almost unbearable by their exactions. They are always making a fellow change his clothes."

Mr. Sinclair once told me that Mr. Greeley went to Jamaica for his wife and daughter, who had been spending the winter down there, and that he met them

at the wharf when they returned. The voyage had been tempestuous, and all had been sick. Mr. Greeley always was when he went on the water. They were completely used up, and Mr. Sinclair took them up to their city house, and they all straightway started for bed. Mr. Sinclair assisted Mr. Greeley, who was very weak and somewhat irritable. The trunks had not come. The Customs Inspectors did not finish them in time so they could be brought. Mr. Sinclair, however, found a night shirt in the bureau drawer and helped Mr. Greeley to get it on, but it had no buttons at all, and Mr. Sinclair tried to find some way of fastening it on the fat, baby form of Mr. Greeley, when he feebly said:

"Never mind, Sam, it won't button. There are no buttons. There never were any buttons. Sam, if Mormonism comes this way, I 'm damned if I won't get one wife that will have buttons sewed on things."

A lawyer acquaintance in New York once told me that he was executor for an estate owning some houses in a very disreputable neighborhood in the city, and that a real-estate agent who attended to the business had an office in the basement of one of the houses. He went around there one day to see the agent, and as he was coming out the doorway to ascend to the sidewalk he saw Mr. Greeley close by, walking with his head down, muttering, and his overcoat pockets full of newspapers. As Mr. Greeley was passing, a woman ran down the steps of the house and spoke to him, inviting him in. Mr. Greeley stopped and said:

"No, no, I don't want to go in the house. I would n't go in any house that my wife would n't approve of, but I will say this to you, young woman, I would go in any house, I would go anywhere, if I

could be of any real service to you and such as you are. Now, if there should be a time that I can really do any of you folks any real good, you come to the 'Tribune' office and ask for Mr. Greeley. I want you to understand that there are some good men and good women in this world who would be glad to be real friends to you folks, if they could, but it is a hard question, and we can't do anything for you unless you want us to and tell us how. That 's all. Good-bye"; and he walked away. My friend said the girl went up the steps crying.

The last time I saw Mr. Greeley, he came and took a seat by me in the ferry-boat crossing to Jersey City. He was going to take the same train that I was, and go out to Owego to lecture. It was the winter before he was nominated for the Presidency. We conversed as we got up and went forward as the boat entered the slip, but he stepped a little ahead of me, and a young man took my place by his side, and Mr. Greeley said to him:

"You married Chet Howe's daughter, did n't you?"

"No, I married Mr. Benedict's daughter. He is a friend of yours and I met you with him once."

"Oh, you are another fellow altogether. I thought I was talking to this young man back here, but it 's all right."

We went into the depot, and he gave me his ticket to Owego, and said, "You get me a berth in the sleeper and I will lop down a little, although I am not going to ride all night." So I got a lower berth for him beside me, my own being already engaged. We conversed for some time, and he "lopped" down, kicking off his shoes, which were elastic side gaiters, but so loose and old that he could kick them off, and he wore

blue, knit woollen stockings. He took off only his overcoat and his hat. He showed me a pass when I brought his ticket back to him over the Erie Road, an annual pass, and said:

"I have got a pass over this road, but I don't use it. I want to be free to criticize Fisk and Gould, and I could n't very well do it if I rode on their pass, but they send me the pass every year just the same, and I make no use of it. Do you know, I can't help but kind of admire that Jim Fisk. He is a tough citizen, but he is a generous-hearted fellow, and I don't believe would lay deep plans to wrong anybody very bad. Maybe I am mistaken, but he has some kindly traits."

Mr. Greeley, in the course of conversation on the train, talked about the agricultural future of the country, and predicted that the dairy sections of the State of New York would eventually be the highest-priced land in America. He placed Chautauqua, Cattaraugus, and Allegany, and then jumped to Herkimer, St. Lawrence, and Washington, and here and there a county, as, in his opinion, the best dairy sections of the whole country, but, as in many of his conclusions as to agriculture, he seems to have been mistaken. Oleomargarine, however, had not been thought of when he expressed this opinion. He said:

"You will never see the dairy farms of New York State sold for less than an average of $60 an acre after ten or twenty years."

Frederick Douglass was the most noted colored man of his time. He rose from a slave in Maryland to a foremost position as a scholar and leader in matters pertaining to his race. In person he was a very commanding presence, nearly white, but with a large head of kinky gray hair. I saw him frequently in Washing-

ton. He was Registrar of Deeds of the District of Columbia by appointment of President Grant, and afterward Minister to Hayti.

On one occasion, several years before I lived in Randolph, I visited the place on business, and was entertained at the home of Judge Henderson. Mr. Douglass lectured in the village that evening, and Mrs. Henderson, one of the Committee in charge of the lecture course, invited Mr. Douglass to their house, where a reception was given him after the lecture. Mr. Douglass was worried about making connections at Jamestown so as to reach Warren, Pennsylvania, to lecture the next evening, and it happened that I found an acquaintance who had driven some friends from Jamestown and would return in the morning with room in his sleigh for both Mr. Douglass and myself. We rode the distance together, and I was very much entertained by his conversation. I told him that, the day that Richmond fell into our hands, a friend of mine visited the attic of the State House, and happened to look through a pile of papers on the floor. He saw a large bundle marked "*In re* Frederick Douglass." They did not seem to be filed as State documents, but were with a lot of miscellaneous papers in the garret. He brought the bundle away with him, and upon examining it found that it contained a copy of an indictment found in one of the counties of the Eastern Shore of Virginia, charging Mr. Douglass with inciting slaves to escape and to insurrection. In those days the punishment for this offense was death. The papers showed that a man who had visited that section in a schooner to purchase wood for the New York market had distributed among the slaves some speeches made by Douglass and others, and it was determined to at-

tempt to bring Douglass to Virginia and place him on trial. The papers also showed the whole plan and arrangement, including the correspondence with the Attorney General of the United States and the Postmaster General. It was arranged that an agent of the State of Virginia, with others in company, should go to a point in Michigan where, from the published announcements of his lecture engagements for the winter, it appeared that Douglass would be on a certain date to lecture, and that he should be arrested there and then brought by the officers riding in the mail cars to Virginia. It appeared, further, that the entire plan of extradition had been arranged by the Attorney General of the United States with the Michigan authorities. Copies of telegrams in arbitrary cipher, which would mean certain understood information, were with the papers, as, for instance, a dispatch to a commission merchant in Richmond that "we are unable to purchase the wheat at the prices you named, if at all, in this section," meant that the plan had failed, and they could not get Mr. Douglass. Such a dispatch was received, and in the report made by the agents it appeared that Douglass canceled the engagement and did not come to the expected place. He had been taken with a somewhat protracted illness in Canada. I told Mr. Douglass all this, and told him the address of the officer who carried away those papers as a relic, and told him that no doubt he could get them if he would write to him, but Mr. Douglass simply said:

"No, I don't want them. I have carefully eliminated from my memory every instance of that kind that I am aware of, and there were many, and I don't wish to become possessed of any new statements of that nature"; and he changed the subject at once.

Mr. Douglass had a son who was a clerk in the Rochester post-office, and who was arrested by an Inspector, while I was Chief Post-Office Inspector, for robbing the mails. The newspapers had a great deal to say about the case because of the man's relationship to Mr. Douglass. It finally transpired that President Grant saw the dispatches in the paper, and wrote Mr. Douglass a letter with his own hand, saying that he had seen the report of his son's arrest, and that he greatly regretted it and hoped that he might be found innocent, and that, furthermore, he would leave the matter entirely in Mr. Douglass' hands to indicate to him any moment before or after trial that he wished his son pardoned, and that a pardon would be issued without any conditions whatever. Mr. Douglass carried this letter in his pocket, never told of it at the time, secured able counsel for his son, and sat through the trial, which resulted in his son's conviction. He acknowledged the letter to President Grant afterward, and said that his son protested his innocence, and many of his friends insisted that his arrest was due to racial prejudice, but that he had seen that he had a fair trial and that he had been justly convicted; that when his term of confinement was over he would do all in his power to help him to reform and become a useful citizen, but under the circumstances he did not think he ought to be pardoned at that time.

This son was by Mr. Douglass' first wife and, unlike his father, was very dark. I think these two instances show Mr. Douglass' true nobility of character.

Parker Hill

CHAPTER IX

COUNTRY LIFE IN WESTERN NEW YORK

IT was well known that Mr. Lincoln was very fond of J. K. Hackett, the famous comedian, and never missed an opportunity to see him play. Mr. Hackett came to Washington a number of times during the war, and I can see him now, as I saw him then, as Sir John Falstaff in the " Merry Wives of Windsor," with his short, fat form, encased in large top boots, leathern trousers and doublet, gauntlet gloves, and sword and belt with a large buckle, broad-brimmed slouch hat with ostrich feathers and the brim turned up in front showing a most remarkable countenance as made up, leering eyes, surmounted by shaggy white eyebrows, a week's growth of stubby white beard upon a background of complexion almost deep crimson; his large pursing mouth, with rasping, crackling voice, boastfully recounting his prowess and conquests in love and war. Every gesture and motion was exactly correct for a very short fat body. It was conceded that this presentation of Falstaff was one of the notable productions of the stage. After Mr. Hackett's death I saw it stated that while he was studying the character of Falstaff he played an engagement at Buffalo, and there saw at the hotel a man named Rork, who was accepted by him at once as his ideal to study for the part. He became acquainted with Rork and spent

much time in his company, going with him to his farm near Fredonia, New York, and always carefully studying his every motion, gesture, and walk. Rork was a noted horse-dealer who matched and trained the fine horses for which Northern Chautauqua was noted in those days, and fitted them for the markets of Buffalo and New York. While my people lived in Fredonia, I saw Rork many times, and when I read this reference to him in Hackett's biography, he was brought vividly to mind. Our home in Fredonia was but a short distance from that of Judge Mullett, who had been for many years a Judge in Chautauqua County and was a noted jurist of the time. After leaving the bench, Judge Mullett practiced as counselor and referee at his office on the street near his fine residence in Fredonia. He was fond of children and encouraged me to visit him at his office. He had very many things that were interesting to me. His library was large and of miscellaneous character, as well as law books; and he used to show me interesting volumes, including quite a number of books and pamphlets that he had received from Lafayette, who, when passing through Fredonia on his trip to and from the West, was a guest of Judge Mullett. He was very enthusiastic in his description of Lafayette, and said that the time he stayed with him over the Sabbath was a constant feast of interesting information and reminiscences. Some of the books and pamphlets that Lafayette sent, which gave accounts of his travels and experiences in different parts of the world, and especially in this country during the Revolution and his visits afterward, were in French and some in English. I remember that Lafayette, in speaking of Fredonia, mentioned the fact that he arrived after dark, and that the village was illuminated, and

a large nail factory was brightly lighted with natural gas, which came from a spring and which seemed to be an entire novelty to Lafayette.

One day while I was at Judge Mullett's office, a man drove up and hitched his horse in front of the office and came in, coughing violently and seeming very feeble. After seating himself, he said:

"Judge Mullett, I have n't got any money, but I have come to ask you to help me collect a debt. I chopped railroad wood last year for Mark Rork in Sheridan, and what I did came to $60, and he refuses to pay me a cent. He delivered the wood to the railroad and got his money and is perfectly responsible, but he won't pay me a cent, and I am very poor."

"Well," said the Judge, "you had a written contract with him, did n't you, that you signed?"

"I did sign something, but I don't know what it was."

"Did n't keep any copy?"

"No; he said it was just to cover the amount of wood that I was to cut."

"How much were you to cut?"

"Two hundred cords."

"You did n't cut it all?"

"No, I could n't, Judge. I was taken sick with pneumonia, and I have been weak ever since and could n't do a bit of work. I would have cut it all if I had n't been taken sick."

"Yes, I know," said the Judge, "I know that Mark Rork. He made you execute a contract that has put you in his power, and like as not, if he went to law, he could get a judgment against you for not fulfilling it. I know just as well now as I would after looking into it that he has got you down and you can't collect

a cent of him. I am sorry, but I cannot do anything for you"; and he went to the back door and called to his son James in the barn to bring a bag of wheat and put it in the buggy in front of the office. The Judge had a fine tract of land in the outskirts of the village, and his son James conducted the farm operations.

"Well," said the man, "I suppose I will have to give up on it then. I will just go across to the leather store and see if I can't get a little leather to tap my children's shoes with."

"Got any money?"

"No, I have n't got any money, but I guess they will give me some scraps."

"Here 's a dollar to get the leather with"; and the man started across to the leather store. Just then Mark Rork drove up to the tavern on the opposite corner with a magnificent pair of horses, and getting out of his buggy tied them to a post. The Judge stepped to the open door of the office and called out, "Rork! Rork! Come over here quick!" and Rork waddled across the street.

"What is it, Judge?"

The Judge put his hand on his shoulder and said:

"Do you see that man going across to Green's leather store?"

"Yes, I see him."

"You owe that man $60, and he has come here and employed me to collect the money of you. You go after him quick and pay him every cent. If you don't, you will catch Hell!"

And Rork did what men had always done before the voice and commanding manner of Judge Mullett; he obeyed. We soon saw him with his fat leg up on the fence and his big wallet spread out on his knee

paying the man the money. After a while the man came back with quite a large roll of leather and put it in his buggy and then came in again and said:

"Judge, he has paid me every cent and you made him do it. How much do I owe you?"

"You don't owe me anything."

"You gave me a dollar to get leather with."

"Well, that 's all right. You keep the dollar. You seem to have a big roll of leather?"

"Oh, I bought more leather. I am something of a cobbler, and I have a kit of tools, and I guess I can do some work for neighbors and get in a little money."

"Where do you live? Have you got a house?"

"Yes; I bought a small place when I came into this section last year, and I paid something on it and hoped to work and pay for it, but I was taken sick and I can't pay anything more on it. But the man is well off that I bought it of and he said, 'Never mind the interest and never mind the payments. You just live right along there'; that I had paid in enough so it could stand for quite a while. So I have arranged and made a deed to him, and my wife has got it to give to him whenever he wants it, so he won't have no costs of foreclosure."

"You don't keep a horse?"

"No; I borrowed this horse of a neighbor to come down to see you, and I am mighty glad I did. I have got a cow and chickens and have managed to make a garden and raise a potato patch, and my neighbors came last winter when I was sick and had a big bee and got up a splendid lot of wood, all fixed for the stove; and they say they will come this winter again; and they came and cut my hay and put it in the barn, so there is plenty to winter the cow, and now with this

money I can pay the taxes and get along first-rate this winter, if I hold out so long."

"Well, you better go to the mill while you have got a buggy here and get the wheat ground and take it home, and when that gives out maybe I can spare another bag for you. You come to me, and if Rork tries to trouble you, and he would be just smart enough to try to do it some way, you let me know and I will take care of him."

The Judge had the reputation of being harsh and overbearing, but his heart was easily reached.

In those days they had an associate Judge elected by the people, who received a very small salary and attended the sessions of the Court, sitting with the presiding Judge. No lawyer having any practice would accept the position. They were called "Side Judges" and sometimes "Basswood Judges." It was the custom of the Judge to deliver the opinion of the Court in all cases and then turn toward the Side Judge, who would gravely nod his approval. After Judge Mullett's death I heard several lawyers discussing him and their experiences with him. One of these lawyers referred to the Side Judge, who had sat many years with Judge Mullett on the bench, and said he asked this Side Judge if he could recollect any cases where Judge Mullett consulted with him. After a moment he said:

"I can recollect two instances. One was while we were sitting in very hot weather. Judge Mullett turned to me and said, 'Judge, it is mighty hot and we have had a pretty long session already. Don't you think we had better adjourn court and go down to the lake and go in swimming?' and I agreed with him. The other instance was while sitting in a murder trial, which lasted far into the night, a very long session, Judge

Mullett turned to me and said, 'This chair is getting mighty hard and I am getting sore. Don't you think it would be a good idea to have these two chairs cushioned?' and I concurred with him fully."

The name of this Side Judge was Wilson, and his nickname over the whole county was "Puddin'-head Wilson." I understand that Mark Twain's folks came from near by.

My mother had two brothers named David and George, David being the older. There were others and also half-brothers. David was well grown when my grandfather, Major Samuel Sinclair, settled in Chautauqua County where Sinclairville now stands, but George was born there, and died there in 1908 at the age of ninety-seven. David learned the trade of millwright, and built many of the grist-mills and sawmills of Chautauqua County. He was quite a remarkable man in many respects. He was a very powerful man physically and a very capable man as to designing and building mills, and possessed extraordinary judgment and ability as to matters generally. Samuel Sinclair, son of a half-brother, and publisher of the "New York Tribune," once told me that Uncle David was the wisest man he ever knew; that he had been to him with some very complicated questions, often as to matters concerning which it would not be supposed he would have any knowledge, and Uncle David's decision and opinion were always sound.

In those early days the young settlers indulged in various athletic sports and target-shooting. Wrestling by shoulder and elbow, as it was called, was seen on all occasions of public gatherings, and matches were made between local celebrities. One of my uncles told me that a man rode into the village of Sinclairville and

found my grandfather at the hotel which he kept, and said to him that he was from the Hudson River; that he was land-looking and going to visit some relatives who lived in the south part of Chautauqua County, but that he had heard all across the State of David Sinclair, the wrestler, and as he himself claimed to be the champion of the Hudson River country, he had deviated from his road a little to come to Sinclairville and see if he could not wrestle Dave Sinclair. Grandfather said:

"David is at the sawmill some distance away, but I have got a boy eighteen years old in the garden who will come out and try you one, and if you throw him he will go after David."

There was a place covered with tan bark near the hotel to which the wrestlers resorted, and the boy, George, was called from the garden, and the villagers gathered around, and the stranger was thrown twice. It was said that George was almost equal to David in skill as a wrestler, and that David was never thrown.

The two brothers purchased some soldier's land warrants and went West to locate them, spending considerable time looking at the country. They were advised by someone to go to Arkansas and locate their warrants on public lands there. Uncle George told me that they stayed at a tavern on a main highway where quite a number of others were staying and travelers stopped, and from there they went about to examine the country. There was a gambler at this tavern who tried to get them to play cards, and he did win considerable sums from other men. Uncle David had a great contempt for him, and did not hesitate to express it; said that he did not play cards and would not play anything for money, but that the man was a cheat. They supposed

that this was repeated to the gambler, but there was another incident, also, which sufficed to promote a quarrel. While they were seated under the trees, just at evening, a pair of jaded horses with a covered emigrant wagon stopped at the watering-trough below, between the house and the barn, and a woman, who was driving the horses, got off to uncheck them and water them at the trough. The gambler was coming from the stable to the house, and when he saw this comely young woman beside the horses, he went to her and made remarks which she resented, but not in very loud tones. She pushed him away, however, and tried to get to the horses, but he persistently attempted to kiss her. Uncle David stalked out to the side of the team, caught the gambler by the collar and gave him a throw. Then he asked her why she did not call for assistance. She said, speaking in a low tone:

"My husband is lying very sick in the wagon. If he knew what was going on, he would make an effort to get up and use his gun. We moved to Illinois and all got the ague, and my husband is near dead. We are trying to get back where we started from, and it is only three miles from here where our folks live."

Uncle David checked the horses, and she drove on. The gambler got up from the dusty road and said:

"I will kill you for this."

"No, you won't kill anybody, unless you can shoot them in the back. You are a coward and a sneak. You would n't fight anybody."

"I will show you whether I will or not. You are a big, powerful man, but pistols make us equal, and I have a pair of pistols, and I challenge you to meet me at twenty paces at six o'clock in the field back of the house to-morrow morning."

"I will be there," said Uncle David, and he told George to get out their pistol. They had had a gunsmith at Sinclairville make a rifled pistol with rifle sights, and either of them could shoot it as accurately as a rifle. In the morning they got up very early. Uncle David took the pistol and loaded it and put some more ammunition in his pocket, and they went down in the garden before the time they were to meet the man, and Uncle David put up as a mark a piece of paper as large as a silver dollar on a tree and paced off twenty paces, fired at the mark, and it dropped, the bullet having hit the pit in the center. He put it up again and loaded the pistol again and shot with the same result. Then he loaded the pistol again and said, "I guess that will do, George," and went into the house and waited about, but when six o'clock came he did not see the gambler. He found the landlord and asked him if the man had been down.

"Oh, yes, he came down at daylight and got me up and called me in the bar to get him some liquor. He drank a full tumbler of whiskey. Said he wanted to brace his nerves up. He did n't tell me what for. We heard some shooting out in the garden and went to the window and looked out, and he said you had just shot, and I saw you shoot again and drop the little mark at twenty paces and I said, 'Well, that Yankee is a dead shot, sure.' He seemed considerably worried and excited, and called for his bill and paid me, and said he would n't wait for breakfast. In a few minutes I stood at the front door and saw him galloping down the road fast with his saddlebags on the saddle."

At the time of the opening of the Erie Railroad and while father lived at Fredonia, Uncle David came driving a very fine mare that afterwards became fa-

mous as a trotting mare at New York, and stayed over night. In the morning he took me with him down to the celebration at Dunkirk (three miles), where we saw President Fillmore and Daniel Webster and others. When he went to care for his mare in the morning, he found a leg somewhat swollen and said that she had put her foot through a hole in the bridge the evening before, and he guessed he would take her down to Colburn's mill and shower it. I was close at his heels always when he was at our house, and was with him then. So he placed me on the mare's back and led her down to Colburn's mill and went to the door of the mill and said to Colburn, who came out:

"Colburn, I want to go to the flume and pull a pin out a little ways there and shower my mare's legs. I know just where to find it. I built this mill and I know all about it."

"Yes, I know you did, Sinclair, but there is a better place than that. I have put in a pipe and arrangements out there for the street sprinkler to get water. You can turn it on, and there is a hose there that goes into the barrel on the sprinkling wagon. You can use that and shower her legs and get it better than you can from the stream in the flume."

Uncle David went out and showered the mare's leg, and while he was doing it the sprinkling wagon came up with a large, powerful man on the wagon.

"You get away from there. You are wetting everything up. What are you there for, anyway? You don't seem to know anything. What are you doing?"

"Well," said Uncle David, "I am about through, but you don't want to talk to me that way."

"I will do worse than that," said the man, swearing.

"Keep cool," said Uncle David, "keep cool! You

won't hurt anybody. I will be through in just a moment now."

But the man jumped forward and struck him. Instantly Uncle David threw his arms around him and squeezed him. Colburn came running from the mill. The man's face grew black, and he could hardly speak. Colburn said:

"Sinclair, don't hurt the man."

"No, I don't intend to hurt him; but he not only swore at me, but he struck me."

"Well, you won't strike him?"

"No, I don't dare strike anybody, ever."

"I will beg, I will beg," gasped the man.

"All right," said Uncle David, "try to treat strangers more politely"; and Colburn said:

"You are lucky to get off that way. He is the most powerful man I ever knew, and he might easily have crushed your ribs in."

"Well, I suppose I did wrong anyway, and I apologize. I am too quick-tempered."

"All right," said Uncle David, "I have no animosity," and went away with his horse.

Uncle David was as tender as a child. It was said of him that he could catch any animal he chose. He could tame them and teach them anything he wished. Before he died I drove to Sinclairville once with my wife. We reached Uncle David's farm home just before evening, and after he and his wife had welcomed us, I said:

"I would like to look around your place with you, Uncle David. I would like to see the animals that you have about you."

"All right, I always have something to show you when you come to see me."

We first went to a yard where some fine Chester pigs were eating grass. He said:

"They know it is n't feeding time, and they know that I don't want them. They would n't come if I called them to feed unless I had feed for them, but they will come for this quick enough."

He stepped up to a post where hung a kind of ladle, which he took down and held in his hand. The moment he did so all those pigs came running and stood on the inside of the low fence holding their backs up. It was a device that he had made to scratch their backs with, and they did not go away until he had scratched the back of each one with that sharp-edged scraper. Then he hung it up, and they went back in the yard. He went over by the barns where there was a covered barrel and took a stick and rapped on the barrel two or three times, and more than a hundred white hens and chickens came flying and hurrying. He said to a handsome dog at his heels, "Separate them, and I will feed the chickens first." The dog rushed among them and pushed them around with his nose until the chickens all took one side and the old fowls the other. There were two or three of the oldest chickens that seemed to puzzle the dog, and he looked back at Mr. Sinclair, who told him they were chickens. Then Uncle David took some corn from the barrel and fed the chickens, while the older ones stayed off by themselves. Then he said to the dog, "That 's enough; drive them away, and I will feed the older ones." So the dog rushed among the chickens, and they all flew away and the old ones came up to be fed. When we were called to supper, he said:

"I guess I will get the cows up so they will be ready to be milked as soon as supper is through."

"I will go back with you," said I, for I could not see any cows.

"Oh, no," he said, "I don't go back. They are in the back end of the pasture all right, and without bars or gates, but they would n't think of coming in until I call them. If they did, the dog would drive them back. He knows when I want them."

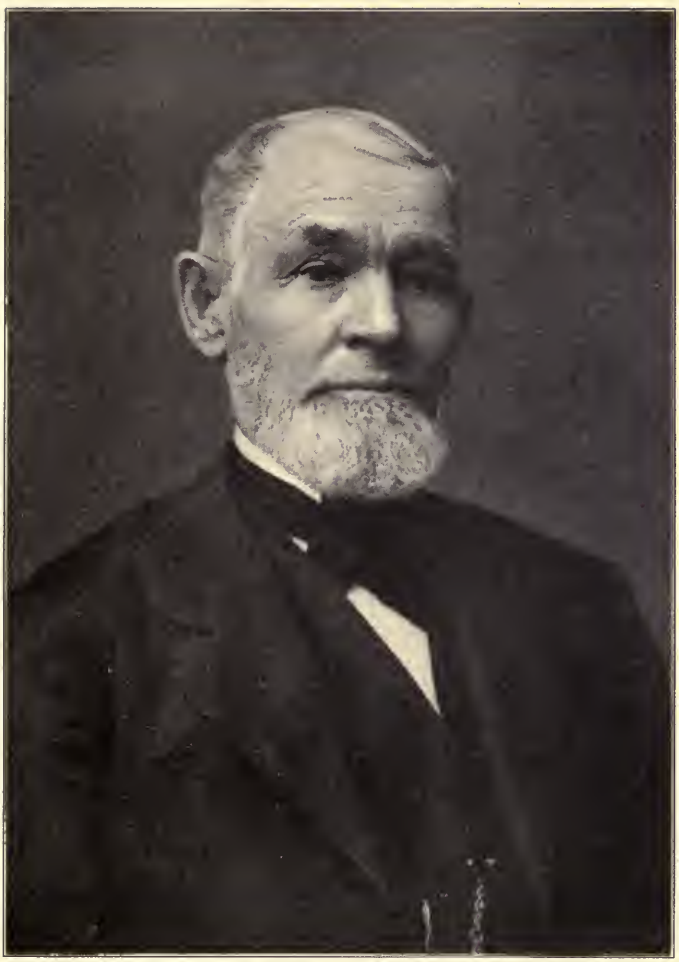
He stepped out and called, "Come up! Come up! Come up!" in a very loud voice. In a little while I saw the head of the column of cows coming over a rise of ground, and then when they came to the barns (there were two different milking barns) they entered and took their places, but were not fastened. When supper was through, the men all went out to milk the cows, and I said:

"The cows seem to take their places all right."

"Oh, yes, they all know their places. I sold one of the best milkers because I could n't teach her to take her place."

As fast as a cow was milked she would go out and start back up the lane towards the pasture. There was a small wooden trough behind one of the cows, and two white cats had been running back and forth on the backs of the cows. When this trough was reached, it was filled with milk and the cats had their supper. The milk was taken out and strained into the milkcans which stood on the wagon ready to go to the cheese factory, and Uncle David called, "Come out, Jimmie, we are all ready." I saw a horse harnessed standing in the stable. He backed out and came to the wagon and got between the shafts. After he was hitched and the man started off for the cheese factory, Uncle David laughed and said:

"I won't have anything around that I can't teach to do something."



George Sinclair at the age of 87

Uncle George was a noted shot with a rifle, and after the game got scarce in near-by Pennsylvania, he made yearly excursions to Michigan to shoot deer, until he was seventy-five years old. The last time I saw him he took from his wallet a handbill announcing a turkey shoot at Sinclairville two days before Thanksgiving Day, at which a man would put up a hundred turkeys, and to which he invited everyone from Chautauqua and adjacent counties. The shooting was to be at seventy rods, ten cents a shot. At the bottom of the bill was printed "George W. Sinclair, Esq., barred." Uncle George explained:

"For a man in his seventies I take that as a compliment. The fact is, that the year before I went and shot a turkey, and the man said, 'That 's all you want, is n't it?' and I said, 'No; I counted up this morning and there are thirteen widows in Sinclairville who have families and keep house, and I thought I would come and get thirteen turkeys for them. I hope they won't cost me more than $1.30.' I got the thirteen turkeys for $1.50, so this year, when they issued the notice, they barred me."

During the time that I was in the Post-Office Department at Washington, and afterward, I lived at or near Randolph in Cattaraugus County, at first, for four years, in the village, and then I built a house and other buildings on a tract of land about six miles out on a very high hill, over six hundred feet rise in a mile and a half, and we resided there until 1900, when we sold the place and moved to Ellicottville. We thought to call it "Mesa Farm," Mesa being an entirely appropriate name for a plateau of land on a hill or mountain, but the people of the section called the place "Parker Hill," and that name went into general use

and I presume will remain. We had a large tract of land, eight hundred and forty-three acres, and I had cleared before we moved upon the place, and soon afterward, enough to bring three hundred acres into cultivation and pasture. There were some attractive views, and the sunsets were superior to any I have ever seen elsewhere. The view extended twenty miles to Jamestown, Chautauqua Lake, and, with a powerful glass, to Lake Erie, and the sun, in setting, always dropped into Lake Erie finally. But almost every night, unless it was very stormy, we had the dark clouds gilded with the brightest gold on the lower side, and it was customary for our own people and all visitors to watch the sunsets. The land was productive, and we had very good stock, — cattle, sheep, and horses. We had no near neighbors, but after the first year or two we had a telephone line communicating with Randolph, and later a through East and West line was built by the New York and Pennsylvania Telephone Company across our place, and the wires were brought to the house, so that conversation could be had with all local points and even as far as New York and Boston. My wife was with me at times while away, but we maintained our home there, with the exception of five winters when we moved the family to the village for the winter, for nineteen years. We always had fireworks the Fourth of July, and invited people in the immediate neighborhood to come up to see them. It finally grew to be a general place of resort on that day for many of the people for miles around, and my wife had sandwiches and coffee prepared for refreshments in the evening, on one occasion feeding one hundred and forty persons. We always had some friends invited to spend the day, and Judge

Henderson, a Justice of the Supreme Court living in Randolph, and Dr. Saunders, an elderly physician, came every Fourth of July for many years. When I used to see them about a week or two beforehand, they would edge up, like bashful boys, and inquire whether "there was going to be any cherry pie up at the farm on the Fourth," and I would say, "Yes, I think there will be." Then there would be an embarrassing silence for a little, and then one of them would say, "Well, don't suppose you intend to invite anybody to come up," and I would say, "Why, people that belong there and come there every Fourth and are partial proprietors of the cherry pie and roast lamb and all, I should n't suppose they would need an invitation." "No, I guess they don't," they would say, and they always came and spent the day and night. We generally had shooting at a mark and some sports of that sort and then a dinner, the material for which came from our farm. We would have spring lamb with green peas, young turkeys or ducks and a boiled ham, vegetables from the garden, including new potatoes, and cherry pie made from a variety of cherries that we thought were unsurpassed.

One time when I walked through the forest looking after the timber, I suddenly came upon a figure which startled me. Before me, on a knoll, stood a woman with a long staff, which she grasped about the middle, a dress coming about to the ankle, barefooted, large frame and large face, coarse gray hair flitting over her shoulders, and, in every way, resembling the make-up of Charlotte Cushman in Meg Merrilies, as I once saw her in New York at the great Sanitary Commission benefit during the war. I stopped suddenly, and the woman said, "You are Mr. Parker, I

guess. I am Mrs. Brink and live over on the old Young's place, and am searching for my cows, who strayed off in the woods. I thought I heard a bell over this way." She and her husband had come to live on a little abandoned farm because they belonged to the mountains. They had originally lived in West Virginia in the mountains, and although they had tried to live on a farm on the flats, not very far from us, they were not contented. They were of a class seen in the Appalachian Range in West Virginia, Virginia, and North Carolina, "Sang Hunters." The old man raised a little crop and had a team, and the wife raised some young cattle every year, and they gathered roots and herbs which they sent away to a patent medicine vender. This woman used to come to our place occasionally, and Mrs. Parker aided her in various ways. On one occasion Mrs. Parker asked her if she would n't come over and spend the Fourth of July and take dinner, and told her that Mr. Brink could come in the evening to the fireworks and take her home. She said she "had n't anything fittin' to wear." My wife asked her if she could make a calico dress if she had the material, and she said she could. A nice calico dress with the trimming was sent over to her, and when the Fourth of July came she appeared with her hair well combed and a fairly well fitting calico dress, with the big label, six or eight inches square, which was pasted on the calico, appearing between her shoulders, "Amoskeag Mills." She sat at the table with our guests, and before the dinner was through was considered able to take care of herself. My wife had her placed at her side, so that she could look after her a little, but she really did not need any assistance. Dr. Saunders, trying to be a little funny, said to her:

" Mrs. Brink, are there many rattlesnakes over your way this season? "

" Oh, no," she replied instantly. " There are no rattlesnakes on these hills now. They say there used to be, but they have all gone down on the flats. I heard that Mrs. Scudder, down near your house in the village, killed one in her pantry last week, and I heard of another one being killed over near Sample Hill. Oh, it must be *awful* dangerous to live down where you live! I would n't think of living there! " The Judge poked the Doctor, and the Doctor shut up.

A lady in our family was well versed in poetry, and quite given, on suitable occasions, to reciting something. At this dinner she repeated some stanzas from Milton's " Paradise Lost," and when she had finished Mrs. Brink said, " Are n't you mistaken about that? I think you are." So, of course, we quickly said, " How is it, Mrs. Brink? " and she repeated enough to show that she could have repeated the volume from cover to cover. Then we drew around as well as we could, and found that Goldsmith's gems, Coleridge's " Ancient Mariner," John Bunyan's " Pilgrim's Progress " and all of Milton's poems were at her tongue's end. We quite enjoyed the old lady's presence.

One feature of the Fourth of July occasion seemed to be that before the people left in the evening they would draw up in a crowd near the end of the porch, and one of the number would call out, " Three cheers for Mrs. Parker and Mr. Parker! " The cheers were given with a will, and everybody recognized that the arrangement of names was perfectly appropriate. We had the Declaration of Independence read, and for music, a very fine singer, a Miss Dreager, from Jamestown, would sing the " Star-Spangled Banner " for

us. In front of the house there was a flagpole with a large flag floating in the breeze.

We had some pets that generally made a show on all occasions when we had visitors. A peacock (that is now stuffed and in our hall) always came out whenever he thought there was anyone present to notice him, strutting about with his tail spread. Of course, I understand that Burroughs and Mr. Roosevelt say that birds and animals have some instinct but no intelligence, but many things led me to think that we saw many glimpses of intelligence on the part of both animals and birds. I had a little Chihuahua terrier, a beautiful little dog, weighing about four pounds, which was said to be from Mexico, and was exceedingly instinctive, as Mr. Burroughs would say. We thought intelligent. This little dog would watch the peacock, and whenever he got out in good sight, she would steal up and jump on his back. At first he used to try to throw her off. He would lower his tail and whirl around and try every way to get the little dog off his back, but she would grasp his feathers in her teeth and spread her legs out and hang on, and he was unable to dislodge her. Finally he accepted the situation, and would let her ride while he was spreading his tail for our guests.

I used to sit in the sheep pasture where there was a fine view of forty miles of valleys and hills, and incidentally watch lambs at play. I suppose sheep are about the least intelligent of all animals, but they displayed something more than instinct. I have seen a dozen lambs get around a stump that stood a couple of feet high and try, one after the other, to jump upon that stump. Finally one would succeed, and he would stay up there and appear to triumph over the rest for

quite a long time. Then, when he jumped down, they would try again. It seemed to me as though that was a contest for superiority.

The farmer used to take lambs who were disowned by their mothers, or in cases where the mothers had died, and try to start them by hand and sometimes raised them. One year there were a couple of black-faced fellows whose mother died the day they were born, and they were so lively that the farmer said to me, "I believe they will get along right well with these ewes," and I said, "Try it." The ewes were fed in the sheep sheds every night, and these little thieves would steal up behind ewes that had lambs and get what sustenance they wanted. Occasionally a ewe would look around to see whether it was her own lamb, and on discovering it was not, would butt the little fellow all over the stable. But they kept it up, and after they were in the pasture they would run around and get behind complacent ewes and get considerable nourishment before discovery, then they would take their punishment and keep right on, and they thrived and grew to be large sheep.

I had a brood mare that I obtained at an insignificant cost because she would not pull an empty buggy nor work for anybody, it was said, and I exchanged with a butcher something of little value for her. He said it was the first animal that he ever saw he could not work, and asked me if I did not want her for a brood mare. We looked her over, and she seemed to be very well bred and, in fact, had been brought from Kentucky by a lumberman, who rode her, but could never drive her, and as she was not wanted for saddle purposes she went the rounds of the jockeys and horse-traders. I had her turned out and she raised five fine

colts. Once, when I was at home, I inquired if she had foaled, and the farmer said:

"We are keeping watch for her and we have not seen her this morning."

"I will go over to the pasture," said I, "and see if I can find her."

"Don't you go anywhere near her," warned the farmer, "especially if she has a colt. If you get within three rods of her, she will run for you and give you both feet"; but I went along with my cane and went through the large pasture until I found her in the corner where about an acre of underbrush had been allowed to grow up because of the presence of numbers of large, flat sandstones. In the midst of these bushes I found the mare with a colt lying on his back, caught between a couple of big rocks, but still alive. The mare whinnied when she saw me, and I hurried in and lifted the little fellow to his feet, and he followed the mother out into the open all right and was able to run, and she acted very grateful instead of giving me both feet. I think this displayed some intelligence when she whinnied to call me. Her colts were always docile, and all became well-broken, good horses.

I had fourteen polled-angus cows, black heavy cows, without horns. One time I took some gentlemen out into the pasture to see them. The cows were all lying down and, of course, we did not submit them to any very cruel punishment, but we tried the flat hand and a stick and twisted their ears and called to them and kicked them with the side of our shoes, but without avail. We could not make one of them get up. They remained there, chewing their cuds. We all sat down on their backs and thought perhaps we could start them that way, but we had to wait until they came in to be milked.

Almost every domestic animal has some ways that are interesting; and also fowls, turkeys, ducks, and even birds of the air. There were song sparrows that would perch on the tallest limbs of a row of trees in front of the house whenever our porch had anyone sitting upon it, and sing by the hour, and if you came in and looked out the window you could see that they flew away. Certainly they came there for our entertainment.

One time when I arrived home, the Scotch farmer, who was always a pessimist, met me at the station and said:

"Well, you 'd better go out of sheep."

"What 's the matter, Peter?"

"Two sheep bit last night. There will be no end of it. That 's the way it always goes in Scotland."

"Well," I said, "I am glad you spoke of it in time. I will go in the drugstore here and get some strychnine."

So we put some strychnine on the carcass of one of those sheep and buried the other one and shut up the balance of the sheep that night, and the next morning there was a fine shepherd dog lying dead. This dog belonged to a drover and farmer who kept sheep twelve miles away, and he had left his owner's herd and passed through other flocks on the way and come twelve miles to kill our sheep.

The year after we sold the place, the herds of sheep in the neighborhood were devastated and many killed by dogs. Finally they killed several of the sheep on the old farm. I had a magazine shotgun that was still there, and the new owner was quite a good shot. He stayed up at night on the road through the forest, where he felt sure the dogs would pass and where he had found tracks; and before morning, in the moon-

light, five dogs came trotting along. He used the magazine gun with such effect that he got three of them, and it was found that those dogs all lived at points several miles distant from each other. Some wily fellow had told the others, and convinced them that it was a good thing to band together and go and kill sheep, and they had committed all the depredations, none nearer than ten miles to their homes, and every morning they were back at their own sheepfolds quiet and innocent. It seems to me there was some intelligence shown in the generalship or organization of those rascals.

We had colts growing up all the time, and they were named by the children, names that were generally retained. One of the colts, being part Percheron, grew to be a mammoth big fellow. A farmer's little girl named him "Jim Blaine." I asked her why, and she said, "Father says Jim Blaine is the biggest thing in the bunch." This colt would open all the doors and gates and go where he pleased, until we had to fasten them with some device that he could not manage. One of the barn doors had a slide with a pin coming out through an aperture to move it by, and Jim Blaine would take the pin in his teeth and push the bolt back and bite the pin and pull the door open and go in and wander about the barns and find the grain. He would open any of the gates that came from the pasture and let the other colts out. The man on the place hesitated about breaking him, he was so big and powerful, so he had not been harnessed at four years of age. One day, when at home, I observed that while the farmer was plowing up and down the field, going parallel to the pasture fence, Jim Blaine walked down and back the other side of the fence abreast of the plow team, and as he kept this up, I said to the farmer:

" Jim Blaine wants to be put in harness. Why don't you put him in and break him? He is for sale and would sell better if broken."

" Well, I suppose we will have to, but I don't hanker after that job."

" Let 's harness him in at noontime," I said. " He wants to plow."

The farmer remonstrated, but after dinner Jim Blaine was caught and brought to the barnyard and harnessed beside Old Maje without the slightest objection, and they were driven out and hitched to the plow, a second man going along to drive and help, if needed, but Jim Blaine kept his eye on the older horse and plowed as though it had been his life occupation. That was all there was to breaking that colt, who at that time was seventeen hands high and weighed over fifteen hundred pounds. I disposed of him to the Home for the Friendless, of which Judge Henderson was the patron in the village, and Jim used to do the farm work and also haul supplies back and forth between their farm and the buildings of the Home. I have seen him at this task, hitched to a wagonful of boxes and barrels of vegetables, with as many small boys as could get on the wagon and as many more as could get on the back of the horse between his tail and his ears, looking like clothes-pins on a line. I asked the farmer for the Home how the colt behaved, and he said, " Well, we try to interest the boys in farm work, teaching them what we can, and Jim Blaine is assistant teacher."

Memories of development of my farm pass quickly through my mind; the improvements made and work done for two or three years before we moved upon the place, and the employment of a Scotch farmer and his

family, — a true Scotchman, a pessimist as to everything that was to happen, but a faithful, industrious, and wonderfully strong man. He had been chief plowman on an Earl's estate in Scotland, and his wife was head dairy maid. He was installed in a log house standing on the edge of the woods, and I set to work to get a pair of horses for him. Good horses were scarce and very high-priced. After making quite extensive inquiries I despaired of getting just what I would like, and bought a fine, big, chestnut young fellow who had a bad reputation. A horse-trader whom I knew had him, and I said:

"Now, don't keep anything back. You want to sell that fellow, and I want about his style of a horse if he will suit me. Just tell me all about him honestly."

"All right, I will. Up to six months ago he was considered all right in every respect. Then a confiding owner got out of his buggy, opened his gate, and told the colt to go through. Then he tried to stop him while he shut the gate, but the colt kept on, and then the old man hollered and ran and scared him, and the colt ran away and smashed the buggy up and then ran away the next time he was hitched up, and everybody was frightened, and he has been traded around two or three times and I got him. He is working here beside another horse and is true as steel and perfectly sound, and I have had no trouble with him, but I will sell him very cheap." After he named a price I said:

"If you will haul a load of lumber up to the farm to-morrow morning, I will drive up behind you, and when you get up to the farm I will pay you for hauling up the load of lumber or I will pay you for the horse."

He did that, and I saw him pull up the long hill and at the top told him that I would buy the horse. He

lived to a very old age, and under our treatment was faithful and never gave any trouble whatever.

Then I hunted for a mate, but the best that I could find was a fine young mare owned by a drayman in the village, who had bought her at a very high price and had then left her standing with his wagon before she was fully used to the town, and she had run away, smashing things. When he caught her, he proceeded to whip her with a powerful whip, put a very cruel bit in her mouth, and proposed to hold her back with the bit and force her ahead with the big black snake-whip. The result was, a balky horse. She had refused to pull the empty wagon from his barn. He was a high-tempered man and beat her unmercifully, built a fire under her and tried such devices, but she simply stood and cringed as the blows fell upon her. I asked him what he wanted for her. He named a very low price, less than half what he had paid for her, and I told him if he would have his boy take her up to the farm I would take her. I instructed the boy, who rode her up to the farm, to deliver her to the Scotchman, but not to tell him anything at all about her, and say that I would be up in the morning. As I drove over the top of the hill to the farm the next morning, I saw a cluster of men ahead moving an old log fence away from the side of the road. The Road Commissioner was there at work. The Scotchman saw me come up over the hill, and he ran excitedly down the road to meet me, gesticulating and shouting at the top of his voice, "That mare you sent up ain't worth a shilling! Send her away at once. She won't pull a pound." I drove up to where the horses were, and found he had harnessed her in beside Major and hitched them to a small log, and she had refused to pull, but she stood,

as balky horses do, with her head over the other horse's neck. I asked if they had beaten her. He said, "No, I have n't struck her, but I was just going to get a club and knock her down as you came." I asked the Road Commissioner to hitch his team on and haul the logs out, and we would let our team stand awhile, and after they had stood for fully half an hour I took up the reins and spoke to the horses. Major started off, and the mare flinched and then plunged and jumped a few times and looked around to see where the man was that had the whip. She could not see any such man or feel a whip, so she started along by jerks and jumps, and we hauled a little log away and then came around, hitched on to a bigger one, and so kept at work. She hauled logs all right all day, and before night was pulling well with heavy loads. I told the Scotchman that I would come up the next morning and we would start to plow.

"Not with me, you won't. I will not plow with such a team as that. That mare won't work."

"I thought," said I, having in mind the medals for prize plowing that he had showed me, "that you were a plowman."

"So I am, the prize winner, but I have to have a decent team to plow. I will not stop here if you expect me to work with such a team as that."

"They are handsome horses."

"Handsome enough. Handsome is as handsome does. That mare ain't worth a shilling."

"Did you ever have any such horses develop on the Scotch farm?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes the horsemen would have trouble with the colts and they would be balky."

"What would you do with them?"

"Swap them off to the gypsies."

"What did the gypsies do with them?"

"Oh, they hitched them to their big vans."

"Drove right away, did they?"

"Yes, they can drive anything. They have an Evil eye."

"Well," I said, "Peter, I will come up in the morning and we will see how they go. I guess they will go all right. Everybody in the village knows that I bought that balky mare, and when I go down to-morrow night they will probably say to me, 'What have you done with that good-for-nothing mare?' I will say, 'She is plowing good. I have got a man on that farm that can work anything; and she is plowing good.' That 's what I will tell them to-morrow night."

"I don't believe it. I am not — "

"Oh, yes, you are. I will come up in the morning and we will put them in."

So in the morning I said, "I will drive while you hold the plow and strike the first furrow."

"There will be no furrow around this field."

"We will start up and see."

The mare jumped a few times, and nobody whipped her or yelled at her, and she went on and we plowed around a couple of times. Then I said, "Peter, tie the reins over your shoulders and go on." That mare worked for fourteen years without ever, at any time, giving the least bit of trouble.

The land had stumps over it. The mowing was by hand in some fields for a number of years. The sight of the stalwart mowers swinging the scythes, cutting the tall clover and timothy, across a field was very inspiriting. There was badinage about cutting each other out of a swath. Then the end of the field was

reached, the whetstones were produced, and all went to sharpening the scythes and joking each other. Jim Vail, a well-to-do Irishman from the village, who applied every year early for a job, and who was one of the best mowers, would say to Peter, "Don't you lead off next time with those long arms of yours. You are killing us. We can't keep up"; and Peter would say, "I have a scythe six inches longer than any other one and can cut that much wider swath, and if you fellows can't keep up with me you don't deserve to be called mowers." Then they joked each other about being old and stiff. The fact was they were the best mowers one can imagine. A smooth board was nailed against a beam in the barn and a record kept each year, something like this:

"Commenced haying June 26th.
Mowers: Swaney, Ellis, Bishop, Vail and O'Day."

Then each day's entry would show a tally of the loads hauled into the barn. Then the entry would come, "Finished haying," with date and the loads counted up and totaled, the highest for any year being one hundred and forty loads.

And then there came stump machines drawing all the stumps, big and little. Pine stumps, although the bark was gone and they were somewhat shrunken, more than five feet in diameter, and with roots reaching out in every direction, making a circle of twelve or fifteen feet, were all lifted out of the ground by the powerful machine. The largest and soundest stumps were hauled to the edge of the field and set up very carefully to make a straight fence, roots at the bottom and sides being cut so that each stump would sit close

against the next one. Such a fence would last indefinitely, and I think it handsome. Blackberries and raspberries would grow along the fence, and climbing roses, woodbine, clematis, and wild honeysuckles covered many of the stumps. Wild flowers abounded at the place, and the trailing arbutus, lilies, fleur-de-lis, orchids of various kinds, jack-in-the-pulpits, lady's slippers, and in May pink azaleas without limit grew in places in the forest. We used to have them brought to the house and massed in the open fireplaces. I remember finding the sidewalk in front of a florist's establishment on Broadway, New York, packed with people once because the large windows were full of pink azaleas. I asked the proprietor where he got them, and he said they came from the mountains in Sullivan County, that they were a great rarity in New York, and that he brought them in in carloads and they were used to decorate the houses of the rich. We poorer people could have had a pile as big as a house every year if we had wished it.

When the stumps were out, the fields were smoothed and old-fashioned haying became obsolete. Then it was a pleasant sight to see the tall timothy grass mowed by a modern machine, George Barber, the farmer for the last nine years, sitting behind a handsome pair of young grays weighing eleven hundred pounds apiece, a little over sixteen hands high, carrying themselves well, the "Deering" mower cutting a swath six feet wide in the field directly opposite the house, going click, click, and the handsome team walking rapidly. "Four hours and ten minutes mowing that field of a little over six acres. These are the fastest walkers I ever drew a ribbon over," Barber would exclaim as he finished. It is an excusable pride one feels at seeing

horses raised on one's own place develop without fault or blemish, to be pronounced a perfect team.

Then there came the thrashing of grain. " The Eastman Boys " came up that hill annually for twelve or fifteen years, with their big separator, the engine and boiler and a water-tank wagon. After we had helped them up the hill, the separator would be set up on the big barn floor, connected by a long belt to the engine out in front of the barn with the water-tank alongside. The hands obtained in the neighborhood would each be given his particular place, — some to throw the bundles of grain down to the table at the side of the feeder, some there to cut the binder and pass the bundles of oats to Eastman, who would feed them into the machine. Meanwhile the straw would be coming out the carrier at the other end to be mowed away by the men stationed there, the grain would be pouring out at the side of the separator into bags that were hung upon racks, the dial would be recording each bag as it was taken away from the machine, the men would be carrying the bags of grain to the granaries and emptying them in the bins, and all would be going on merrily until the feeder wanted a few minutes' rest and a chance to apply the oil-can to parts of friction, so he would signal his brother at the engine, and the machine would stop. The tin pail of fresh water would be handed to the men, and all would drink heartily. The feeder would be asked, " How is it runnin'? " " Heavy oats." A neighbor would put his hand in a bag and grasp what he could and hold them up and pour them back and say, " Those oats will go forty pounds to the bushel," and Eastman, who had fed the bundles, would say, " I am betting they will go heavier than that. I can tell pretty close when I feed the bundles of oats

into the old machine." "Well," would say another neighbor, "I am betting they don't go any forty pounds. My oats did n't go twenty-five and they looked pretty good." Eastman would say, "I will bet a quarter and we will weigh some at noontime." "I will take you," would say the neighbor. So at noontime a half-bushel measure would be brought, filled with oats, a straight edge used to "strike" them, that is, to even them off with the top of the measure. A pair of scales would be brought from the house, the measure set on and weighed, then emptied and the measure weighed. "Twenty-one pounds and a quarter to the half bushel!" Eastman would say. "I knew they was over forty pounds." The neighbor would say, "Here 's your quarter," and Eastman would reply, "Well, never mind, we will treat with that when we meet at the Fair."

One time I arrived to find the oats all thrashed and the machine set up in the barnyard to thrash barley that was stored in the sheep-pen, and as I came up the machine was stopped, and I said:

"Well, Eastman, how is the grain going?"

"Well, this barley is going good and heavy, all right, but I hate barley. I would give up the business if there was very much barley raised in this section. I can't keep the beards from getting under my shirt and going down my back, and they keep a-working until they get to my heels, and then you will find a red streak that gets real sore, and I get them in my mouth too. You can't get a piece of barley beard out of your mouth; it will go down — work its way. I don't know what they grow on the grain for. They tell me that there was only three acres of this grain, but from those bags setting out there with barley in 'em, I don't

believe they ever grew on any three acres, and we are not through yet."

When the barley was all out and the machine stopped and sweepings gathered up and put into the machine and all finally run through, the men gathered around and counted the bags, and there were ninety bags full. They were generally called two-bushel bags, but they will hold, when full, nearly two bushels and a quarter of grain.

"Well," Eastman said, "I have been thrashing a good many years, and you can't make me believe that those ninety bags of barley, more than one hundred and eighty bushels probably, by weight more than two hundred bushels, ever grew on any three acres."

"Well, there is time before dinner, let 's go and measure the ground."

"Well, I am bettin' a quarter it is more than three acres."

"I am taking you," said Barber, "and I will make it a dollar."

"No; quarter 's 'nuff, but I will bet a quarter with anybody else too."

"All right," said neighbor Blood. "I seen that barley, and I never saw such fine-looking barley on the ground. I will go you a quarter. Where 's the rod pole?"

They all went out and measured the ground and figured it on pieces of paper, and those farmers can be trusted to figure the size of a piece of land. All agreed that it was nearly a tenth of an acre less than three acres.

"Well," said Eastman, "we are going to drive through town, and I 'm going to stop and put that in the newspaper and vouch for it myself and folks will

believe me. This is the thirty-third stand we have made this season, and we hain't thrashed any such grain or yield of grain anywhere else, and it is so every year."

So the village newspaper contained the announcement, on the authority of Thrasher Eastman, that more than one hundred and eighty bushels of good barley were grown on less than three acres of ground at our farm, and I think for over a year friends in the far West and elsewhere kept sending me clippings from their newspapers copying that item with my name, as the greatest yield they had ever known.

The forest is all cut off and the timber has gone the way of all other American forests, slaughtered by the sawmill. The Independence Day celebrations are of the past. The Judge and the Doctor have long since gone from this world, but I am told that the eleven hundred fruit trees I left growing on the old place are bearing great quantities of fine fruit, and that the sunsets are as beautiful as ever.

INDEX

A

Abington, Virginia, 131, 132.
Accotink, Virginia, 23.
Acquia Creek, Virginia, 23, 24, 38, 40, 41, 42.
Adams, Charles of Boston, 253, 254.
Adams Express, 26.
Adams, General Charles, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 263.
African Church, Richmond, 122, 189, 190.
Akins Wharf, Virginia, 55.
Akron, Ohio, 316.
Alabama, State of, 116, 190, 191.
Alabama, The, 173.
Albany Penitentiary, 164, 167, 168, 172, 173.
Albemarle, The, 65, 70, 73, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 86.
Albuquerque, New Mexico, 255.
Alexandria, Louisiana, 197, 198, 199.
Alexandria, Virginia, 22, 23, 37, 39, 176.
Alger, Secretary of War, 307.
Allan, Mrs. "Scotch," 186.
Allegany County, New York, 208, 331.
Allen, Colonel Augustus F., 327.
Allen, Mrs. A. F., 327.
Allen, of Virginia, 182.
American Bell Telephone Company, 274, 277, 278.
American Express Company, 273.
American House, Richmond, 19.
American Surety Company, 283, 285.
"Amoskeag Mills," 352.
"Ancient Mariner," 353.
Andersonville Prison, 28.
Annapolis, Maryland, 66, 68, 69, 85.
Antietam, Battle of, 23.
Apache Indians, 87, 262.
Appalachian Range, 352.
Appomattox River, Virginia, 51, 95.
Arizona, State of, 87, 178.
Arkansas, State of, 342.
Arlington Hotel, Washington, 310.
Armies Operating Against Richmond, 38, 88, 97, 113, 160.
Armistead, General L. A., 86.
Armstrong, Special Agent, 268, 269.
Army of the James, 51, 52.
Army of the Potomac, 12, 17, 23, 30, 36, 44, 73, 77, 86, 87, 94, 113, 205, 259, 267, 268.
Army Regulations, 10, 24.
Arthur, President C. A., 278, 294, 297, 298, 299, 300, 312, 313, 314.
Ashland, Virginia, 184.
Ashville, New York, 1.
Astor House, New York, 104.
Atlantic Fleet, 155, 156.
Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, 243, 244, 246.
Austrian Minister, The, 150.
Aylett of Virginia, 182.

B

Ballard Hotel, Richmond, 184.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 34.
Baltimore and Ohio Station, Washington, 26.
Baltimore, Maryland, 8, 25, 32, 34, 35, 91, 140, 142, 173, 174.
Bancroft Hall, Annapolis, 85.
Bangs, Superintendent Railway Mail Service, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273.
Bank of Montreal, 244, 245.
Barber, George, 365, 368.
Barksdale, of Virginia, 182.
Barnum, P. T., 114.
"Basswood Judges," 340.
Baton Rouge, Louisiana, 198.
Battery, The, New York City, 77.
Bayard, Senator, of Delaware, 241, 242.
Beach, J. N., 164, 165, 166, 167, 173, 174.
Beauregard, General P. G. T., 72.
Beckwith, W. M., 43, 44, 111, 112, 113, 116, 117, 118.
Belle Plain, Virginia, 40.
Bell, Professor Alexander Graham, 274.
Bell Telephone Company of Buffalo, 304.
Bemus Point, New York, 1.
Benedict, Mr., 330.
Bennett, Mr., of Philadelphia, 115.
Berlin, Germany, 251, 252.
Bermuda Hundred, Virginia, 51, 52.
Binghamton, New York, 321.
Birney, General D. B., 306.
Bishop, Charles, 14.
Bishop, Jack, 364.
Black, Governor of New York, 304.
Blaine, James G., 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 320, 321.
Blair, Postmaster General M., 54.
Blake, Commodore, 69.
Blood, of Parker Hill, 368.
Blount, Mr., of Georgia, 231, 234, 235.
Boggs, Captain, 69, 77, 78.
Bolling, Colonel Robert, 158.
Bonash, of Richmond, 164, 167.
Bond, Honorable H. L., 173, 174, 175.
Booth, J. W., 107.
"Boots and Saddles," 108.
Boston, Massachusetts, 70, 121, 219, 224, 253, 277, 350.
Botts, Honorable John Minor, 154.
Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury, 161, 164.
Bowers, Adjutant-General T. S., 27, 37, 38, 48, 55, 100, 101, 102.
Boyden, Martin, 2.
Bradford, Pennsylvania, 247, 248, 249.
Branch, Thomas R., 157.
Brandy Station, Virginia, 37, 92.
Bremen, Germany, 251.
Brink, Mrs., of Parker Hill, 352, 353.
Bristol, Tennessee, 290.
Bristow, Secretary of the Treasury, 195.
British Postal Service, 276.
Broad Street, Richmond, 164, 165.
Broadway, New York, 5, 19, 78, 365.

Brockenborough, Judge, 155.
Brooklyn Navy Yard, 77, 78.
Brooklyn, New York, 50, 224.
Broome County, New York, 321.
Brown, Captain J. M., 2.
Brown, General, of Indiana, 239.
Brown, John, 183.
"Brown," of the Treasury Department, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149.
Browning, Colonel, 289.
Brownlow, Parson, 289.
Bryan, William Jennings, 212.
Buchanan, President James, 306.
Buffalo Bill, 258.
Buffalo, New York, 68, 207, 300, 302, 303, 304, 321, 335, 336.
Buffalo Street Railroad System, 308.
Buford, General John, 106.
"Bull Ring," 96.
Bull Run, First Battle of, 91.
Bull Run, Second Battle of, 22.
Bullus, Lieutenant, 52, 53.
Bunyan, John, the Poet, 353.
Burke, of Richmond, 164.
Burnside, General A. E., 23.
Burr, Aaron, 185.
Burroughs, the Naturalist, 354.
Burton, General, 120.
Butler, General Benjamin F., 51, 52, 53, 218.

C

Cabell, Dr., of Richmond, 123.
Cadwalader, General, 175, 176.
Caldwell, Steven, 21.
California Militia, 210.
California, State of, 22, 30, 199, 200, 202, 206, 309.
Callahan's, Virginia, 183.
Camp, Colonel, 133.
Campbell, Judge J. A., 48.
Camp Seward, Washington, 7.
Canada, Dominion of, 190, 244, 276, 333.
Cannon, Speaker, 232, 235.
Capitol at Washington, 298, 321.
Carme, 284.
Carolinas, Military Department of, 307.
Carrollton, New York, 248, 249.
Carter, Colonel, 161.
Carter, Judge, 177, 178.
Carter, Wyoming, 177.
Casey, James, 151, 195, 196, 199.
Cassadaga, New York, 2.
Cassel, Colonel, 52.
Castle, Mount, of Richmond, 164, 166.
Cattaraugus County, New York, 207, 331, 349.
Cavis, John M., 203.
Census of 1870, 157, 158, 159.
Centennial Celebration, 209.
Center Grand Division, Army of the Potomac, 17, 23, 24, 30.
Central Pacific Railroad, 205, 243.
Century Magazine, 46.
Chancellorsville, Battle of, 4, 30, 31.
Chandler, Mr., of Virginia, 122.
Chandler, Zach, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 239.
Chantilly, Battle of, 22.
Chapauqua, New York, 326.
Charleston, South Carolina, 73.
Charlotte County, Virginia, 188.
Charlotte Court House, Virginia, 187.

Charlottesville, Virginia, 208.
Chase, Chief Justice Salmon P., 152, 153, 154, 155.
Chattanooga, Tennessee, 196.
Chautauqua Assembly, 292.
Chautauqua County, New York, 42, 54, 207, 208, 292, 327, 331, 336, 341, 342, 349.
Chautauqua Lake, New York, 350.
Cheeseman's Creek, Virginia, 13.
Chesapeake Bay, 85.
Chicago, Illinois, 65, 226, 227, 228, 244, 245, 246, 268, 277, 317.
Chihuahua, Mexico, 354.
Chimborazo Hill, Richmond, 102.
Chipeta, 260, 261, 263, 264, 265.
Christianson, Judge, 208.
Church Hill, Richmond, 55, 58.
Cilley, Colonel Joseph, 1.
Cincinnati, Ohio, 173, 281.
City Hall Square, New York, 5.
City Point, Virginia, 27, 43, 48, 51, 53, 54, 55, 56, 94, 96, 97, 100, 101, 119, 160.
Civil Service Reform, 270, 273, 277.
Civil Service Reform Commission, 307.
Clarke, Colonel, 34.
Clarke, S. B., 218.
Clarkson, Colonel, 130.
Cleveland, Mrs., 327, 328.
Cleveland, President Grover, 273, 301, 302, 303, 304.
Cline, Captain, 259, 265, 266, 267, 268.
Cline, Mrs., 265, 268.
Clinton, Governor of New York, 321.
Clymer, New York, 327.
Cockburn, Lord, 282.
Cockpit Point, Virginia, 8.
Coey, General, 209.
"Coffee Coolers," 39.
Colburn, of Fredonia, 345, 346.
Colburn's Mill, Fredonia, 345.
Cold Harbor, Battlefield of, 110, 115.
Cole, Senator, of California, 309.
Coleridge, the Poet, 353.
Collins, James, 309, 310, 311, 312.
"Colonel Carter," 160.
Colorado, State of, 100, 253, 254, 258, 260, 262, 263.
Columbia River, 206.
Columbia, South Carolina, 174.
Commodore, Aaron, 153, 154, 155.
Comstock, Colonel, 111.
Congress, 27, 70, 81, 84, 85, 89, 109, 173, 175, 191, 202, 214, 231, 234, 235, 237, 238, 269, 270, 290, 291, 306, 315, 317, 321.
Congress, The, 12, 65.
Conklin, Roscoe, 215, 313, 321, 322, 323, 324.
Connecticut, State of, 223, 224, 225.
Conrad, of Virginia, 182.
"Conspiracy against General Grant," 195.
Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, 76.
Cooper Institute, New York, 42.
Corea, 83.
Cornell, Governor of New York, 312, 313.
Corning, New York, 248, 249.
Corry, Pennsylvania, 247, 248, 250.
Cortlandt Street, New York, 5.
Costello, Mr., 114.

Couch's Corps, Army of the Potomac, 18.
Covington, Virginia, 125.
Cox, S. S. ("Sunset"), 238.
Creswell, Postmaster General J. A. J., 288.
Crook, General, 257.
Cuba, 156, 157, 305.
Cuba, New York, 208, 320.
Cuban Revolution, 155.
Culpepper County, Virginia, 37, 92.
Culpepper Court House, Virginia, 37.
Culpepper, Virginia, 140, 142, 143, 144, 145.
Cumberland Gap, 131.
Cumberland, The, 12.
Cushing, Alonzo, 22, 86, 87.
Cushing, Caleb, 73.
Cushing, Howard, 65, 87.
Cushing, Mary, 65.
Cushing, Milton B., 65, 73, 74, 84, 85, 87.
Cushing, Mrs., 65, 79, 85, 87.
Cushing, Mrs. William B., 85.
Cushing, William B., 22, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87.
Cushman, Charlotte, 351.
Custom House, New York, 300, 301.

D

Daggett, Congressman, of Nevada, 309.
Dana, Charles A., 49, 50, 51.
Dana, Richard H., 121, 122.
"Dandy," 113, 114.
Daniel, Senator, 182.
Danville, Virginia, 109, 162, 163, 164.
Davenport, Isaac, 151.
Davis, Cushman K., 246.
Davis, Jefferson, 117, 118, 120, 121, 326.
Deadwood, South Dakota, 256, 257, 258.
Declaration of Independence, 353.
Delaware River, 175, 176.
Delaware, State of, 241.
Delmonico's, New York, 104, 105, 106.
Dennison, Postmaster General W., 29.
Department of Justice, 155, 173.
Department of the Interior, 226, 228, 258.
Department of the Platte, 257.
Detroit, Michigan, 186.
Devens, Charles, 218.
Dickinson, Daniel, 321.
Dickson, of Virginia, 183, 184.
"Distributing Post-Offices," 268, 269.
Dix, J. A., 236.
Douglas, Senator S. A., 43.
Douglass, Frederick, 331, 332, 333, 334.
Dow, Honorable A. G., 321.
Doyle, Captain, of Dunkirk, 21.
Dreager, Miss E. M., 353.
Drury, Mrs., 327, 328.
Dry Tortugas, Florida, 53.
Dunkirk, New York, 2, 3, 4, 17, 21, 42, 67, 87, 190, 345.
Durango, Colorado, 264.
Dyer, Colonel, 162, 163, 164.

E

"Eagle," The Steamer, 11.
Eastman, the Thrasher, 366, 367, 368, 369.
East Tennessee, 133.
Edmond, Robert, 151.

Edmunds, George F., 240, 241, 242.
Eightieth New York, 91.
Electoral Commission of 1876, 240, 241.
Eleventh Corps, 31.
Eleventh Street, Washington, 7.
Ellery Center, New York, 1.
Ellery, New York, 1, 2.
Ellicottville, New York, 349.
Ellis, Stewart, 364.
Ellsworth, Captain E. E., 4.
Elm City, The Steamer, 12.
Elmer, General Richard A., 282, 283.
Elmira, New York, 220, 314.
Emperor of Germany, 252, 253.
Erie County, New York, 207.
Erie, Lake, 350.
Erie, Pennsylvania, 250.
Erie Railroad, 277, 291, 292, 293, 324, 331, 344.
Estillville, Virginia, 132.
Etheridge, Emerson, 290.
"European Hippodrome," 114.
Excelsior Brigade (Sickles'), 14, 304, 305.
Exchange Hotel, Richmond, 156.
Exchange Street, Buffalo, 300, 303.

F

Fairfax Court House, Virginia, 23.
Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, 115.
Fair Oaks, Battle of, 18, 19.
Falmouth, Virginia, 23, 77.
Falstaff, Sir John, 335.
Farmville, Virginia, 153.
Fenton, Governor Reuben E., 6, 313, 314, 316.
Fifth Army Corps, 17, 30.
Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, 312.
Fifth Avenue, New York, 5.
Fifth Street, Richmond, 117.
Fillmore, President Millard, 345.
First Army Corps, 23.
First New Hampshire, 1.
First Regiment, Sickles' Brigade, 8, 306.
Fisk, "Jim," 331.
Fithian, Major, 116.
Flood, O'Brien, Mackey and Fair, 209.
Flood, of San Francisco, 209.
Florida, State of, 177.
Floyd, of Virginia, 182.
Forbes, William H., 277.
Forestville, New York, 1.
Fort Bridger, Wyoming, 177.
Fort Fisher, North Carolina, 86.
Fortress Monroe, Virginia, 51, 52, 53, 58, 120, 234.
Forty-Second Street, New York, 5.
Fourth of July at Parker Hill, 350, 351, 352, 353, 369.
Fourth United States Artillery, 86.
Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, 69.
Franklin, State of, 133.
Franklin Street, Richmond, 123, 185.
Franklin's Division, Army of the Potomac, 13.
Frederick, Maryland, 32.
Fredericksburg, Virginia, 23, 40.
Fredonia Academy, Fredonia, New York, 66.
Fredonia, New York, 1, 4, 65, 66, 79, 87, 145, 336, 344.
Free Delivery Service, 275, 276.

Freedman's Bureau, 142, 143, 144, 145, 229.
Freeland, John, 117, 118, 119.
Freeland, Mrs. John, 117, 118.
French, C. Jay, 58.

G

Galt's Jewelry Store, Washington, 107.
Gardner, Justice, of Buffalo, 303.
G. A. R. Encampment of 1897, 304.
Garfield, President J. A., 158, 291, 292, 293, 294, 317, 319, 320.
Garnett, Judge, 153.
Georgetown, District of Columbia, 11.
Georgia, State of, 235.
German Post-Office Department, 251, 253.
Germantown, Pennsylvania, 115.
Germany, 251, 300, 301.
Gettysburg, Battle of, 31, 32, 33, 36, 86, 253, 305, 306.
Gettysburg, Commission to Mark Battlefield, 307.
Gibbs, Squire, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139.
Gilmer, of Virginia, 182.
Gilmore, Harry, 32.
Ginseng, 126, 127, 352.
Golden Gate, San Francisco, 210.
Gold Hill, Nevada, 310.
Goldsmith, the Poet, 353.
Goochland County, Virginia, 158.
Good Hope, Maryland, 6.
Gorham, George C., 309, 312.
Goshen, New York, 292.
Gould, Jay, 331.
Gourley, Superintendent of Free Delivery, 275.
Grace Street, Richmond, 55.
Grand Army of the Republic, 304.
Grand River, Colorado, 259.
Grant, General U. S., 18, 24, 27, 32, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 48, 49, 51, 52, 54, 55, 56, 58, 59, 60, 61, 63, 92, 110, 111, 115, 123, 138, 150, 167, 168, 173, 192, 193, 195, 196, 200, 226, 227, 228, 288, 290, 307, 332, 334.
Grant, Miss Nellie, 110.
Grant, Mrs. U. S., 109, 151.
Grant's Headquarters, 37, 38, 51, 53, 54, 87, 116.
Greeley, Colorado, 258.
Greeley, Horace, 6, 120, 122, 123, 193, 313, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331.
Green's Leather Store, Fredonia, 338.
Gregory, Rear Admiral, 82.
Greiner, of Buffalo, 301, 302.
Gresham, Postmaster General W. Q., 61, 62, 63, 277, 278, 279, 281, 282.
"Gretna Green," 134.
Guiteau, 294.
Gunnison, Colorado, 267.
Gwynn's White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, 127.

H

Hackett, J. K., 335, 336.
Hall, John A., 315, 316.
Halleck, General Henry W., 41, 43.
Haman, 287, 288.
Hambletonian Horses, 292.

Hampton Roads, Virginia, 12.
Hampton, Wade, 175.
Hardie, Colonel J. A., 41.
Hargas, "Jake," 318.
Harney, General W. S., 94.
Harris, Henry Clay, 158, 159.
Harrison, Colonel Burton M., 117, 118, 119.
Harrison, of Virginia, 182.
Harrison, President Benjamin, 292, 293.
Harrison's Landing, Virginia, 20, 21, 22.
Hartford, Connecticut, 322.
Hastings, Mr., of New York, 299.
Hatch, General, 263, 268.
Hatcher, Elder and Wife, 133, 134, 135.
Hatton, Frank, 282.
Haupt, General H. U., 34.
Hay and Nicolay's "Life of Lincoln," 46.
Hayes, President R. B., 61, 239, 240, 241, 290, 291.
Hayti, Island of, 332.
Hazen, A. D., 62, 63, 322.
Heintzelman, General S. P., 13, 14.
Helena, Montana, 244.
Henderson, Judge William H., 332, 351, 353, 359, 369.
Henderson, Mrs. W. H., 332.
Henry, Captain Charles E., 291, 292, 294.
Henry, of Virginia, 182.
Henry, Patrick, 182.
Herkimer County, New York, 331.
Hester, Captain, 173.
Hewitt, Abram, 236, 237, 238.
Hiram College, 291.
Hogg, of the Adams Express Company, 26.
Home for the Friendless, Randolph, 359.
Hooker, General Joseph, 9, 11, 13, 17, 18, 21, 22, 23, 24, 30, 31, 32, 33, 77.
Hooker's Division, Army of the Potomac, 7, 14.
Hoosac Tunnel, Massachusetts, 277.
Hoppe, William of Richmond, 164.
Hornellsville, New York, 320.
Howe, Hon. Chester, 151, 330.
Howe, Victoria Anna, 151.
Hudson River, New York, 321, 342.
Hutchinson, of New Orleans, 196.
Hydrophobia, 279, 280, 281.

I

Ice Houses in Virginia, 101.
Idaho, State of, 243.
Illinois, State of, 235, 317, 343.
Indiana, State of, 239, 292.
Ingalls, General Rufus, 97.
Ingersoll, Robert G., 314, 316.
Internal Revenue Department, 152, 179.
Iowa, State of, 269, 292.
Ireland, William M., 215, 216, 217, 218.

J

"Jack," Collie, 280.
Jackson, Stonewall, 31.
"Jacob," Cushing's Servant, 74, 75.
Jamaica, Island of, 328.
James, Department of the, 51.
James River, Virginia, 51, 54, 56, 58, 72, 113, 114, 120, 138, 160.

James, Thomas L., 215, 216, 218.
James *v.* Campbell, 218.
Jamestown Club, Jamestown, 316.
Jamestown, New York, 1, 2, 53, 57, 135, 151, 189, 216, 312, 313, 314, 315, 317, 320, 327, 332, 350.
Jasper, Rev. John, 186, 187.
Jersey City, New Jersey, 330.
Jewell, Postmaster General, 195, 196.
"Jim Blaine," Percheron, 358, 359.
Johnson, President Andrew, 109, 124, 135, 139, 140, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290.
Johnson, Reverdy, 173, 174, 175.
Johnston, General Jo, 13.
Jones, John Paul, 71.
Jones, "Sine," 315, 316.
Jones, William Hemphill, 179, 180.
Jonesville, Virginia, 132.

K

Kanawha Canal, Virginia, 113.
Kearny, General Philip, 14, 21, 22, 23.
Kearny's Division, Army of the Potomac, 13.
Kentucky, State of, 131, 134, 267, 355.
Kirkwood House, Washington, 75.
Kirkwood, Senator, of Iowa, 292, 293.
Knox, General Henry, 176.
Knoxville, Tennessee, 133.
Kountz Brothers, 244.
Ku Klux Klan, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175.

L

Lafayette, Marquis de, 336, 337.
Lake Shore Road, 68.
Laramie, Wyoming, 246.
Leathers, Captain Thomas, 196, 198.
Lee, General Robert E., 20, 23, 32, 34, 38, 64, 72, 86, 123, 138, 158, 183.
Lee, Major General William F., 158.
Lewisburg, West Virginia, 125.
Lexington, Kentucky, 266.
Lexington, Virginia, 123.
Libby Prison, Richmond, 56, 57.
Lincoln, Abraham, 2, 6, 7, 22, 30, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 54, 70, 72, 73, 76, 77, 81, 82, 87, 107, 135, 139, 140, 214, 234, 290, 317, 335.
Lincoln, Tad, 48.
Lipman, of Chicago, 245.
Littell, Mr., of Buffalo, 308.
Liverpool Point, Maryland, 11.
Livingston County, New York, 280.
Lockwood, Dan, 321.
Loeb, Sergeant Daniel, 3, 4.
Long Branch, New Jersey, 125.
Long Island, New York, 50, 236.
Louisiana, State of, 196, 197, 241, 315, 317.
Lownsbury, Captain, 57.
Loyal Legion, District of Columbia Commandery, 308.
Loyal Legion, Military Order of, 307.
Loyal Legion, New York Commandery, 307.
Lyman, Henry D., 283, 284, 285.
Lynchburg, Virginia, 63, 109, 147, 290.

M

MacDonald, Captain, 19.
McClellan, General G. B., 9, 13, 14, 20, 21, 22, 23, 30, 91.
McDonald, Doctor C. F., 30, 275.
McGinnis, General, 308.
McKinley, Mrs. Jack, 107, 108.
McKinley, Mrs. William, 304, 308.
McKinley, President William, 232, 304, 305, 308, 309, 324.
McKinley, Sergeant Jack, 106, 107, 108.
McLellan, George W., 286, 287.
McNulty, Major, 142, 143, 144, 145.
Mail-bag knot, 223, 224, 225.
Maine, State of, 154, 248, 249, 314.
Mallory, of Oregon, 208.
Malvern Hill, Battle of, 20.
Manila, Philippine Islands, 84.
Manitou, Colorado, 258.
Manning, Captain, 52.
Mansfield, Ohio, 318.
Marcus, Leopold, of Buffalo, 307.
Market Street, San Francisco, 205.
Mark Twain, 341.
Marvin, Robert, 312, 314, 315, 316.
Maryland, State of, 7, 8, 25, 32, 152, 331.
Mason, Colonel, 98, 99.
Masonic Temple, Elmira, 220, 221, 222.
Mauvey, of Virginia, 182.
Maynard, Horace, 289.
Mayo's Bridge, Richmond, 63.
Mayville, New York, 15.
Meade, General G. G., 18, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 37, 48, 51, 54, 92.
Meagher, General Thomas Francis, 44.
Meagher's Brigade, 44.
Meeker, N. C., 258.
"Meg Merrilies," 351.
Memorial Hall, Harvard, 4.
Merrimac, The, 12, 13, 65.
"Merry Wives of Windsor," 335.
Metropolitan Telephone Company, 49.
Mexican War, 5, 88, 89.
Mexico, 354.
Michigan, State of, 292, 333, 349.
Miller, Polk, 160.
Miller, Senator, of New York, 299.
Mills, Ku Klux, 172.
Milton, the Poet, 353.
Minneapolis, Minnesota, 246.
Minnesota, State of, 246.
Mississippi River, 196, 197, 198.
Missouri, State of, 150.
Mitchell, Senator, of Oregon, 200.
Money Order Service, 27, 28, 29, 275.
Moneypenny, Colonel, of Ohio, 263.
Money, Senator, of Mississippi, 232.
Monitor, The, 12.
Montana, State of, 244.
Montgomery, Alabama, 197.
Monumental Hotel, Richmond, 116.
Moonshiners, 129.
Moore, of Wyoming, 245, 246.
Morganhagen, Mrs. Peter, 300.
Morganhagen, Peter, 300, 301, 302, 303.

Morgan Line, 196.
Morris, Clara, 261.
Morton, Governor L. P., 317, 318.
Mosby, Colonel John S., 39, 182.
Mount Vernon, Virginia, 23.
Mowry-Cowboy, 210, 211.
Mullett, James, 338.
Mullett, Judge, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341.

N

National Hotel, Washington, 232, 234.
National Theatre, Washington, 7.
Navajo Indians, 265, 266, 267.
Naval Academy, 66, 67, 69, 85.
Navy Department, 65, 72, 82.
Nevada Bank, San Francisco, 209, 211, 212.
Nevada, State of, 258, 309, 310.
Newark, New Jersey, 222.
Newbury, Captain, 208, 209.
Newfoundland, 85.
New Mexico, State of, 253, 254, 260.
New Orleans, Louisiana, 167, 196, 197, 198, 199.
New River, The, Virginia and West Virginia, 128.
New York and New Jersey Telephone Company, 50.
New York and Pennsylvania Telephone Company, 350.
New York Central Railroad, 291.
New York City, 4, 5, 28, 42, 46, 49, 50, 51, 68, 70, 77, 78, 79, 82, 97, 103, 118, 119, 120, 121, 156, 168, 183, 196, 215, 216, 217, 218, 229, 230, 237, 238, 243, 244, 252, 269, 283, 291, 292, 294, 302, 307, 312, 322, 326, 329, 332, 336, 350, 351.
New York City Bar, 117.
"New York Herald," The, 97, 204.
New York State Agricultural Society, 114.
New York Telephone Company, 117.
Niagara Falls, New York, 308.
Niagara Hotel, Buffalo, 304.
Ninety-fourth New York, 91.
Ninety-third New York, 91.
"Norfolk," Race Horse, 211.
Norfolk, Virginia, 12, 13, 22, 63, 76, 155, 156, 176.
North Carolina, State of, 70, 79, 124, 125, 133, 152, 171, 352.
Norton, Marcus P., 214, 215, 219.
Nye, Senator James, 309, 310, 312.

O

Oberlin College, 159.
Oceana, West Virginia, 127.
O'Connor, Charles, 121, 122.
O'Day, of Parker Hill, 364.
Ogden, Utah, 205, 244.
Ohio River, The, 126.
Ohio, State of, 159, 241, 324.
"Old Alec," Stephens' servant, 232.
"Old Blue-Bottle Fly," 145.
"Old Maje," Work Horse, 359, 361, 362.
Olean, New York, 292.
Oleomargarine, 293, 331.
Omaha, Nebraska, 245, 269.
One Hundred and Twelfth New York, 53.

Orange and Alexandria Railroad, 37, 140.
Orange County, New York, 292, 293.
Orange County, Virginia, 37.
Ord, General E. O. C., 51, 53.
Oregon, State of, 203, 206, 207, 209, 239, 240.
Ouray, Chief, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268.
Ouray, Colorado, 267.
Owego, New York, 292, 330.
Owen, Colonel, 290.
Owen, Mrs. Josephine C., 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300.
Owen, Senator, of Oklahoma, 290.

P

Pacheco, Lieutenant Governor, 210.
Pacific Coast, 200, 201, 205, 209, 212, 309.
Page, of Virginia, 182.
Panama, New York, 327.
"Paradise Lost," 353.
Parker, Charles, 101, 289.
Parker, Dr. Charles, 1, 68, 189.
"Parker Hill," 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369.
Patrick County, Virginia, 171.
Patrick Court House, Virginia, 171.
Patrick, Provost Marshal General, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 111, 113, 114, 115, 116.
Patterson Mills, Philadelphia, 217.
Peck, General John J., 72.
Peddie, Thomas B., 222.
Pelton, Colonel, 236, 239.
Peninsula, The, Virginia, 18.
Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, 107.
Pennsylvania, State of, 23, 28, 32, 33, 62, 178, 189, 190, 193, 247, 349.
Penny Posts, 275.
Penrose, Captain, 55.
Pensacola, Frigate, 9.
Petersburg, Virginia, 51, 109, 119, 120.
Petrea, General, 147, 148, 149.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 75, 76, 115, 140, 142, 175, 209, 215, 217, 218, 284.
Philippine Islands, 84.
Pickett's Charge, 86, 87.
"Pilgrim's Progress," 353.
Pinkerton Agency, 228.
Piscataway, Virginia, 25, 26.
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, 249.
Platt, T. C., 291.
Pleasanton, Alfred, 179.
Plume, Sergeant, 42.
"Plumed Knight of Maine," 315.
Plymouth, North Carolina, 79, 81, 82.
Pocahontas, 7.
Poe, Edgar Allan, 186.
Poindexter, Colonel, 170.
Point of Rocks, Maryland, 34, 36.
Pope, General John, 22.
Porter, Charles H., 287, 288.
Porter, Commodore D. D., 22, 48, 71.
Porter, Fort at Buffalo, 307.
Portland, Oregon, 206, 207, 208, 209.
Post-Office Department, 27, 52, 54, 59, 60, 109, 110, 125, 129, 146, 149, 195, 197, 198, 200,

203, 204, 206, 213, 214, 216, 219, 222, 223, 224, 225, 228, 231, 232, 235, 247, 268, 269, 276, 281, 282, 288, 291, 294, 295, 296, 298, 322, 349.
Post, Sergeant, 15, 18.
Potomac River, 6, 7, 8, 25, 34.
Pratt, Mr., of Baltimore 35.
Preece, Sir, of British Postal Service, 276.
Presbyterian Synod, 126.
Prince Edward County, Virginia, 191.
Proudfit, William H., 53.
Pruden, Secretary, 227.
Pryor, General Roger A., 119, 120.

R

Railway Mail Service, 196, 223, 268, 269, 271, 273, 274, 294.
Ramsdell, Charles P., 192, 193, 194.
Randall, Postmaster General A. W., 146, 147, 149, 287, 288, 289.
Randall, Samuel W., 231, 235.
Randolph, John, of Roanoke, 183, 184.
Randolph, New York, 277, 279, 280, 292, 295, 296, 297, 299, 312, 314, 321, 332, 349, 350, 351, 364.
Randolph, of Virginia, 182.
Rappahannock River, Virginia, 12, 32, 38.
Rappahannock Station, Virginia, 39, 40.
Rathbone Block, Elmira, 220, 221.
Rathbone, Rev. Mr., 189, 190.
Rawlins, General John A., 53.
Redding, California, 206.
Red River, The, 167, 197, 198.
Red River Landing, Louisiana, 197, 198, 199.
Reed, T. B., 324, 325, 326.
Revolutionary War, 126, 336.
Richmond, Capitol, 55, 184, 332.
"Richmond Dispatch," 169.
Richmond Post Office, 55, 56, 58, 61.
Richmond, Virginia, 18, 19, 22, 48, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 61, 62, 63, 84, 102, 109, 110, 113, 114, 115, 117, 118, 119, 120, 122, 123, 126, 143, 144, 147, 151, 152, 156, 157, 160, 164, 168, 169, 172, 174, 176, 182, 183, 184, 186, 188, 190, 191, 193, 244, 289, 326, 332, 333.
"Richmond Whig," The, 102.
Richmond's Falls, West Virginia, 127, 128, 130.
Richmonds, The, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131.
Ripley, New York, 208.
Rip Raps, Hampton Roads, 13.
Rives, of Virginia, 182.
Roach, of Richmond, 164, 165, 167, 168.
Robinson, John, 188, 189.
Robinson, of the "Tribune," 327.
Rochester, New York, 334.
Rocky Mountains, 177.
Rodgers, Admiral, 155, 156.
Roosevelt, President Theodore, 354.
Rork, Mark, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340.
Roseburg, Oregon, 206.
Ross, of Richmond, 56, 57, 58.
Rucker, Major D. H., 9, 10, 11.
Ryan Crew, The, 83.

S

Saint Lawrence County, New York, 331.
Saint Louis, Missouri, 150, 265, 266.
Salamanca, New York, 292.
Salem, Oregon, 203, 206.
Salisbury, North Carolina, 130, 135.
Sample Hill, Randolph, 353.
Sands, Admiral, 151.
San Francisco, California, 200, 202, 203, 204, 206, 209, 211.
Sanitary Commission Benefit, 351.
Santiago de Cuba, 83.
Sargent, Senator of California, 200, 309.
Saunders, Dr., of Randolph, 351, 352, 353, 369.
Schofield, General John M., 32.
Schurz, Carl, 258, 262.
Scoville, Captain C. E., 43, 56.
Scranton, Pennsylvania, 100.
Scudder, Mrs., of Randolph, 353.
Sedan, Indiana, 243.
Sedgwick, General John, 42, 92.
Senate, The, 151, 192, 193, 203, 240, 241, 290, 298, 300, 309, 310, 312.
Senica Street, Buffalo, 304, 305.
Seven Days' Battles, 20.
Seven Pines, Battle of, 18, 19.
Seventh Regiment, New York, 4.
Seventh Street, Richmond, 123.
Seventy-second New York, 14, 53, 304.
Severn River, Maryland, 85.
Seward, William H., 6, 7.
Seymour, Governor Horatio, 6.
Shakespeare, 240.
Shallcross, Thomas P., 228, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234.
Sharp, A. G., 281.
Sharp, Alexander, 58, 109, 110.
Sharp, Mrs. Alexander, 109.
Sharpsburg, Maryland, 23.
Shelby, Colonel, 133.
Shenandoah Valley, 126.
Sheridan, General George A., 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320.
Sheridan, General P. H., 48, 96, 317.
Sheridan, New York, 337.
Sherman, General W. T., 32, 39, 176, 177, 178.
Sherman, Mrs. W. T., 178.
Sherman, Senator John, 317, 318, 319.
Shreveport, Louisiana, 167, 196, 197, 198, 199.
Sickles, General D. E., 2, 11, 12, 18, 19, 23, 30, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308.
"Sic Semper Tyrannis," 107.
"Side Judges," 340, 341.
Sidney, Nebraska, 245.
Signal Service, 323.
Sims, Surgeon, 103.
Sinclair, David, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348.
Sinclair, George, 341, 342, 343, 344, 349.
Sinclair, Major Samuel, 1, 341, 342.
Sinclair, Samuel, 120, 326, 327, 328, 329, 341.
Sinclairville, New York, 1, 341, 342, 344, 346, 349.
Sixth Corps, 92.
Smith, Captain Joseph, Jr., 65.
Smith, Colonel Prescott, 34, 35.
Smith, F. Hopkinson, 160.
Smith, Gerrit, 121, 122.

Smith, Inspector, 224.
Smith, John, 7.
" Smith," of Bradford, 248, 249, 250, 251.
Smith, of Southern California, 210, 211.
Smith, Rear Admiral Joseph, 65, 69.
" Snowball," 114.
Soldiers' Home, Dayton, Ohio, 90, 94.
South Carolina, State of, 152, 173, 174.
Spanish Government, 83, 156.
" Spirit of the Times," The, 22.
Spotswood Hotel, Richmond, 164.
Springfield, Illinois, 46, 47.
Stansbury, Henry, 173, 175.
Stanton, Major, 116.
Stanton, Secretary of War, E. M., 33, 40, 41, 42, 43, 45, 72, 304.
Stanton, Virginia, 140.
" Star-Spangled Banner," 353.
State Department, 83, 155, 169.
Staten Island, New York, 4, 5, 15.
Stephens, Alexander H., 232, 233, 234, 235.
Steubenville, Ohio, 304.
Stevens, Colonel William Oliver, 2, 3, 4, 5.
Stewart, Senator W. M., 289.
Stockton, California, 200, 201, 202, 203.
Stone, of Richmond, 164, 165.
Strong, Doctor, of Buffalo, 207.
Strong, Judge, of Oregon, 207, 208, 209.
Stuart, General James E. B., 42.
Sugargrove, Pennsylvania, 189.
Sullivan County, New York, 365.
Sumner, General E. V., 14, 22.
Sumner, Senator Charles, 309, 310, 311, 312.
Sumner's Corps, 22.
Sumter, Fort, 2.
" Sun," New York, 49, 50, 51.
Supreme Court of the United States, 48, 181, 182, 218, 321.
Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, 190.
Swabach, Carl, 253.
Swaney, Peter, 357, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364.

T

Taliaferro, General William B., 92, 93.
Taliaferro, Mrs. William B., 93.
Tappahannock, Virginia, 153, 154.
Tappahannock County, Virginia, 153.
Taylor, Colonel Nelson, 5.
Taylor, General Zachary, 88, 89.
Taylor, R. W., 179, 180, 181, 182.
Tennessee, East, 290.
Tennessee, State of, 133, 134, 135.
Terry, General, 110.
" Test Letters," 140, 141.
Texas, State of, 197.
Thayer, Governor, of Oregon, 207, 209.
Third Army Corps, 17, 30, 306.
Third Indiana Cavalry, 267.
Third United States Cavalry, 98.
Thomas, General George H., 39.
Thompson, William B., 293.

Thornburg, Major, 258.
Thurman, Senator, of Ohio, 241, 242.
Tidball, Captain, 228, 230, 237, 238.
Tilden, S. J., 235, 236, 237, 239, 240, 241.
Tombstone, Arizona, 87.
Topeka, Kansas, 208.
Torrance, Jared, 207.
Towne, of California, 201.
Treasury Department, 53, 84, 89, 145, 146, 149, 164, 179, 181, 228, 284.
Tremont Hotel, Washington, 260.
"Tribune," The New York, 120, 193, 326, 330, 341.
Trotter, Mr., of Virginia, 140, 142.
Tullock, Postmaster, 278.
Turner, Major, 57.
Tweed, "Boss," 168.
Twenty-first New York, 91.

U

Uncompahgre, Colorado, 264.
Uncompahgre Utes, 259.
Union League, 35.
Union Pacific Railroad, 205, 244, 245, 269.
United States Building, Richmond, 118.
United States Court, Richmond, 120, 164, 176, 182.
United States Ford, Virginia, 39.
United States Hotel, New York, 77.
United States Supreme Court, 175.
Utah, Territory of, 260.
Ute Indians, 254, 258, 259, 260, 262, 263, 264, 266.

V

Vail, "Jim," 364.
Vail, Theodore N., 269, 273, 274, 277.
Valley of Virginia, 140.
Vanderbilt, Cornelius, 120.
Van Lew, Elizabeth, 55, 56, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64.
Vermont, State of, 215, 217, 240, 241.
Vicksburg, Mississippi, 198.
Virginia City, Nevada, 310.
Virginia, State of, 25, 37, 123, 134, 138, 140, 147, 150, 151, 152, 154, 157, 158, 161, 162, 172, 173, 176, 192, 193, 208, 286, 290, 332, 333, 352.
Virginius, The, 83.

W

Walker, General Francis A., 158.
Wallace, General Lew, 308.
Wallace Reports, 320.
Wall Street, New York, 146.
War Department, 33, 39, 40, 41, 42, 49, 72, 97, 106, 117.
War of 1812, 147.
Ward, Honorable Hamilton, 320, 321.
Warm Sweet Springs, Virginia, 184.
Warren, Mr., of Buffalo, 297, 299.
Warren, Pennsylvania, 332.
Warrington, Virginia, 182.
"Washington," 254, 259, 260, 261.

Washington Chess and Checker Club, 284.
Washington, City of, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 17, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 37, 39, 40, 42, 44, 49, 51, 53, 54, 58, 61, 65, 68, 69, 72, 73, 76, 100, 106, 112, 146, 147, 148, 150, 155, 157, 158, 169, 176, 179, 180, 193, 195, 196, 197, 199, 203, 212, 215, 216, 219, 221, 224, 230, 263, 266, 269, 277, 279, 281, 286, 289, 290, 292, 294, 297, 299, 310, 312, 313, 315, 321, 322, 323, 324, 332, 335.
Washington County, New York, 331.
Washington, George, 23, 175, 176.
Washington Market, New York, 168.
Washington Navy Yard, 9, 73, 74, 84.
Washington, Post Office, 37.
Washington, Territory of, 206.
Watkins, Judge, 153.
Watterson, Henry, of Kentucky, 233.
Watterson, Judge, 233, 234.
Weather Bureau, 323.
Webster, Attorney, 156, 157.
Webster, Daniel, 184, 185, 345.
Weitzel, General Godfrey, 54, 55.
Welch, Mr., of Philadelphia, 121.
Welles, Secretary of the Navy, 70, 82, 83, 85.
Wells, Governor, of Virginia, 170, 322, 323, 324.
Wells, of Patrick Court House, 171, 172.
Wellsville, New York, 314.
Western Union Telegraph Company, 239.
West Indies, 85.
Westminster, Maryland, 33.
West Point, New York, 86, 87, 88, 100, 178.
West Virginia, State of, 125, 152, 228, 352.
Westover Estate, Virginia, 160.
Wheeler, Judge, 215, 216.
White, Dr., of Fredonia, 66.
White House, The, 40, 45, 176, 227, 241, 290, 294, 299, 305.
Wickham, of Virginia, 182.
Wild-West Show, 258.
Wilkes, George, 21, 22.
Williams, Attorney-General, 218.
Williams, Congressman, of Michigan, 292, 293.
Williams, General Seth, 31.
Williams, Mr., of Alabama, 232.
Williamsburg, Battle of, 13, 16, 17, 18.
Wilmington, North Carolina, 71, 72, 73, 76.
Wilson, Bluford, 195.
Wilson, "Puddin'-head," 341.
Winter Garden Theatre, New York, 78.
Wirt, William, 185, 186.
Wisconsin, State of, 112.
Wise, Governor Henry A., 182, 183.
Wise, John S., 183.
Wood, Mrs. John, 7.
Woodford, General Stewart L., 215.
Woodstock, Virginia, 140, 286.
Woodward, P. H., 212.
Worms, Captain Henry, 228, 229, 230.
Wriborg, Carl, 15, 16, 17.
Wright, General H. G., 42.

Wyllie, J., 284, 285.
Wyoming, State of, 245, 246, 256, 257.
Wyoming, The, 83.

Y

York River, Virginia, 13.
Yorktown, Virginia, 13.
Young's Farm, Parker Hill, 352.

Z

Zevely, A. N., 213, 214, 215, 216.
Zouaves, 103, 104, 105.

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below

RECEIVED

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 001 173 811 9
3 1158 00700 8765

ENIA

RENTAN
ellers & Stat